HOW WICKED IS LAS VEGAS? A REPORT FROM NEVADA'S BABYLON

OUR TEACHERS COLLEGES: HAVE THEY FAILED TO MEASURE UP?

The Saturday Evening POST

Nov. 11, 1961 20¢

363 GROV B60 P DEC 62
RMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Newest tile flooring idea! Entire floor, including step, in new KENTILE® Mosaic Solid Vinyl Tile. Color: Venetian Buff. Orange Feature Strips. Beige Wall Base is Vinyl KenCove®.

Hundreds of colorful vinyl cubes in each tile, surrounded by translucent vinyl. That's new KENTILE Mosaic Solid Vinyl Tile. Greaseproof. Wears long. Easy to clean. Deep, dimensional beauty with a smooth surface that's comfortable underfoot. Your dealer? See the Yellow Pages.

Send 25¢ for a full set of ten 3" x 3" actual tile samples to: Kentile, Inc., P. O. Box 12, Dept. B9, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

KENTILE VINYL FLOORS

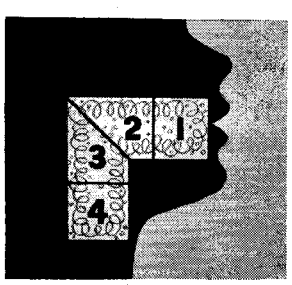
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BE PREPARED...

You never know
whom you'll meet...

so, always be sure your breath is fresh!

Stop bad breath 4 times better with Listerine



**See directions on label*

The Listerine way kills germs that tooth paste doesn't even reach

Tooth paste covers only a small area of the mouth, yet most bad breath is caused by germs throughout the mouth and throat. With the Listerine way*, the recommended way, you get antiseptic action all over the mouth and in the farthest recesses of the throat . . . and in germ-harboring crevices too tiny for tooth paste, or even water, to enter. This means Listerine acts in four times as much area—to stop bad breath four times better than tooth paste, and for hours on end. Why settle for less when so much is at stake?

REACH FOR LISTERINE®—and feel the difference

ANTISEPTIC

©1961 Warner-Lambert Products Div.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music lovers wanted... no experience necessary

How anything could *look* as intricate as this new Conn Organ and yet be so easy to play is a marvel of this electronic age! Fact is, you can play songs —with accompaniment and exciting effects—your first try with "Instant Music," Conn's color-coded, simplified course. But the Conn story doesn't end here as it does with "makeshift" and "gadget" organs. It's just the beginning of a lifetime of pleasure for you and your family.

You see, the Conn was created for people who love music and who look forward to going beyond the easy-playing stage. Music men build this professional-quality instrument... music *specialists* who know *tone* because for 86 years they've made more fine orchestra and band instruments than anyone else in the world! With a Conn you enjoy true organ tone, exclusive Acoustic Tremolo and Sustain Reverberation. You'll delight in its versatile range—from elfin bells to pure pipe-organ ensemble. Why, even to its hand-rubbed cabinet you'll find a noticeable difference in a Conn!

For a *free* "Instant Music" lesson, take this advertisement to your nearest Conn dealer's showroom now. For his address write: Conn Organ Corp., Dept. P-1, Elkhart, Indiana. Come and see this new Conn "Minuet" (in Italian or French Provincial, or Traditional styling), one of seven superb Conn Organs priced from $995. Come and see why music lovers say: Don't buy any organ until you try the incomparable

CONN ORGAN

MADE BY C. G. CONN, LTD.

World's largest manufacturer of band instruments...since 1875

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in this issue

INDEX

VOLUME 234, NO. 45

ARTICLES

How Wicked Is Vegas? by Peter Wyden . . . 17
Have Our Teachers Colleges Failed? by Evan Hill . . . 30
The Sea Is Their Beat, by Jean Muir . . . 36
Angkor: Mystery City, by John Masters . . . 56
Television USA, Conclusion: The Big Squeeze, by John Bartlow Martin . . . 62
The Curious Cult of Ayn Rand, by John Kobler . . . 98

FICTION AND POETRY

Terror Tied With a Bow, by Kem Bennett . . . 24
Heartless Heidi, by Gerald Kersh . . . 28
Never Turn Your Back, by Williams Forrest . . . 46
The Peacemakers, Part V of a novel by Marquis Childs . . . 74
Four Poems by Robert Graves . . . 93

DEPARTMENTS

Letters . . . 4
Speaking Out: I Don't Want "Well-Adjusted" Children, by April Oursler Armstrong . . . 10
People on the Way Up: A seagoing radiation expert; a cattle-raising beauty queen . . . 26
Face of America: Razzle-Dazzle . . . 32
Post Scripts . . . 85
Hazel . . . 96
Editorials . . . 102

HOW WICKED IS VEGAS? Wary hands, anxious hands, tense hands—all hands are busy playing the game in that town in Nevada where "the lights never go off" and "a man's past whisks away like a stage set" (page 17).

RAZZLE-DAZZLE—A double-strength Face of America in dazzling patterns of color and motion (page 32).

Angkor: Mystery City. Novelist John Masters, reporting from the Far East on special assignment for the Post, describes a centuries-old city of sculptured stone and gold, deep in the jungles of Cambodia (page 56).

Have Our Teachers Colleges Failed? In some teacher-training programs it is thought "the kind thing" to give high grades to poor students (page 30).

THE CURIOUS CULT OF AYN RAND. Believing the Sermon on the Mount to be positively evil, she preaches to mankind a doctrine of natural selection, or survival of the fittest, symbolized by the dollar sign (page 98).

The Sea Is Their Beat. California's fish cops hide in nets, leap from moving vessel to moving vessel, and risk death at the hands of desperate poachers to nab fishermen with illegal catches (page 36).

THE COVER. When the grown-ups come back from the theater and wake a fellow up with their talking, he can hardly be expected to pass up a chance to eat turkey and ham and potato chips. Especially when he clearly never has passed up a chance to eat turkey and ham and potato chips—or anything else good, for that matter. Artist George Hughes's barefoot party crasher has done his crashing so quietly that one startled guest finds himself in danger of an unexpected collision. But to mother, busy with the cheese fondue, it will come as no surprise to see a small and sleepy chow hound waiting in line for a roll. She'll know that the plate will be clean in a matter of minutes, whereupon the little seeker of a snack will crawl back into the sack.

Peggy

ALSO: Peggy Romero, "living proof that beauty and homemaking are a girl's best blend" (People on the Way Up, page 26). STORIES: A bomb beneath a park bench may go off any minute (Terror Tied With a Bow, page 24). A young executive returns from vacation to find his job in danger (Never Turn Your Back, page 46). An aged actress, who never gave anything to anyone, is left with only a mysterious strength she calls Schwung (Heartless Heidi, page 28).

Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

3–Arthur Shay; Bill Shrout. • 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23–Arthur Shay. 24–S. Neil Fujita. • 26–Larry Keighley. • 27–Bill Shrout. • 28–Thornton Utz. • 30–Jim Burns. • 32, 33, 34, 35–Arthur Rickerby. • 36, 44–Sid Avery. • 46, 47–Lemuel B. Line. • 56, 57–Ernst Haas (Magnum). 60–Ferenc Berko (Pix). • 62–Larry Keighley; Slim Aarons; Robert Phillips. • 66–Hans Knopf. • 72–Bill Bridges. • 74–Irv Bahrt. 93–Marion Morehouse. • 94–Bill Shrout. • 95–Jim Burns.

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*

Assistant Managing Editors:
William J. Stevens Jr., John Bird, Clay Blair Jr.

Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith Jr., *Washington Editor*

Senior Editors: **E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Frederic Nelson, Robert Murphy, Wesley Price.**

Contributing Editors: **Stewart Alsop,** *National Affairs;* **Arthur W. Baum,** *Business;* **Demaree Bess,** *Foreign;* **Ernest O. Hauser,** *Foreign;* **Harry T. Paxton,** *Sports;* **Steven M. Spencer,** *Science;* **Harold H. Martin, John Kobler, Peter Wyden, Bill Davidson, Peter Maas,** *Special Assignments*

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, Davis Thomas, *Photography Editors*

Associate Editors: **Marione R. Nickles, Peggy Dowst Redman, Arnold Nicholson, Ashley Halsey Jr., Robert L. Johnson Jr., Merrill Pollack, Richard L. Lehman, Bill Breisky, Morton D. Hull, Robert N. Taylor, Irv Goodman, Don A. Schanche, Thomas B. Congdon Jr., Barbara Graybeal Kremer, Robert Cahn, Art Seidenbaum, Katharine Britton Mishler, Benton R. Patterson.**

Editorial Assistants: **William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Zen Yonkovig, Jack Haring, Vivian Croake Ward, Daniel Knapp, Mary Duncan Wright, Dick Pryce, Homer Grosvenor, David A. Lyle, Harold P. Hostetler, Nathan A. Haverstock, Elizabeth Frazee, Don Oberdorfer.**

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1961 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Issued weekly with the two year-end issues combined. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

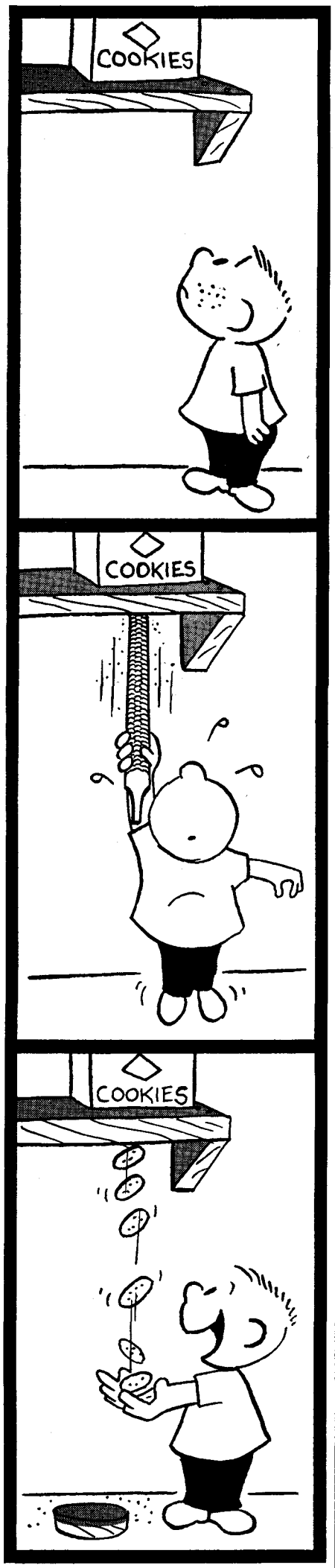
The Curtis Publishing Company, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President, 1883-1932; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE"

NICHOLSON

NICHOLSON U.S.A.

Files, Hacksaw and Band Saw Blades, Hole Saws, Rotary Burs, Industrial Hammers, Ground Flat Stock

BLACK DIAMOND U.S.A.

NICHOLSON FILE COMPANY. PROVIDENCE 1, RHODE ISLAND

LETTERS

BATTLE OF THE BOOZE

Dear Sirs:

Having read only the first half page of SPEAKING OUT: IN DEFENSE OF THE COCKTAIL PARTY [by Hannah Lees] in the Oct. 7 issue of SEP, I have a question! How many people wrote in regarding the article?

LAWRENCE B. KEESLER
Chicago, Ill.

● *At last count, 206. Some of their letters appear below.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Have just finished Hannah Lees' IN DEFENSE OF THE COCKTAIL PARTY. Now all we-uns what enjoy meeting others at these gatherings have to do is just sit back and relax, waiting for

the old tabbies [among your readers] to unsheath their claws and scream "Yeow!!"

CHARLES H. EDWARDS
Portland, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

Poor Miss Lees must have missed most of America, even though her home is in Philadelphia, its birthplace. Almost any wholesome gathering in our country—from the weekly cub-scout meeting to a great cathedral service, from the suburban *Kaffeeklatsch* to a political rally—will furnish better miracles faster and in greater numbers than all the cocktail parties put together.

MRS. W. R. SKILLEN
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

When author Lees was singing the praises of the cocktail party and asked where could you find a better place to meet someone you would like to marry, apparently she is tragically unaware of another institution. It is spelled C-H-U-R-C-H.

I feel very sorry for her, as she hasn't yet discovered that man can be saved with a "b" that stands for Bible, not booze.

VON SMITH, *Principal*
Lincoln School
Bryan, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Hannah Lees' IN DEFENSE OF THE COCKTAIL PARTY . . . provided me with enough choice memories to last at least until New Year's Eve.

JOHN P. BOUTILIER
Concord, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Why not be scientific about it? Take tape recordings and movies of people at cocktail parties. Later, when they are cold sober, let them see themselves as they were at the party and let them decide whether they were wittier, more charming and more kindly.

EDITH MORRIS
Bath, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

It sickened me when I read IN DEFENSE OF THE COCKTAIL PARTY. Day after day my husband, a minister, and hundreds more like him, work with people for whom alcohol is a master. . . .

Cocktail parties may make those who attend more human, but it is a sad commentary on this nation if the humanity of man is exhibited only after he has a couple of Martinis and a pickled mushroom under his belt.

MRS. DENVER FARLEY
Baltimore, Md.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAW

Dear Sirs:

I read with considerable interest—and annoyance—Virgil Peterson's THE CROOKS GET ALL THE BREAKS in the SPEAKING OUT feature of the September 23 *Post*. In his zeal to detect and apprehend criminals, in his striving to maximize police efficiency, Peterson, as do many law-enforcement officials, seems to have forgotten that there are *other* values in our society which must be balanced against every American citizen. . . .

I believe the pressure to do something about the rising crime wave is causing too many law-enforcement officials and too many citizens to forget that "a civilized system of law is as much concerned with the *means* employed to bring people to justice as it is with the ends themselves" (Justice William Douglas) . . . that "it is a fair summary of history to say that the safeguards of liberty have frequently been forged in controversies involving not very nice people" (Justice Felix Frankfurter).

YALE KAMISAR
Professor of Law
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minn.

BLASTING THE BISHOP

Dear Sirs:

As an Episcopalian old enough to be Bishop James A. Pike's mother, I found your story [BATTLING BISHOP, by Jerome Ellison, Oct. 7] on this exatheist of more than passing interest. . . . Bishop Pike is making a Baptist out of me "but fast."

NELL BENTLEY
Burnet, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

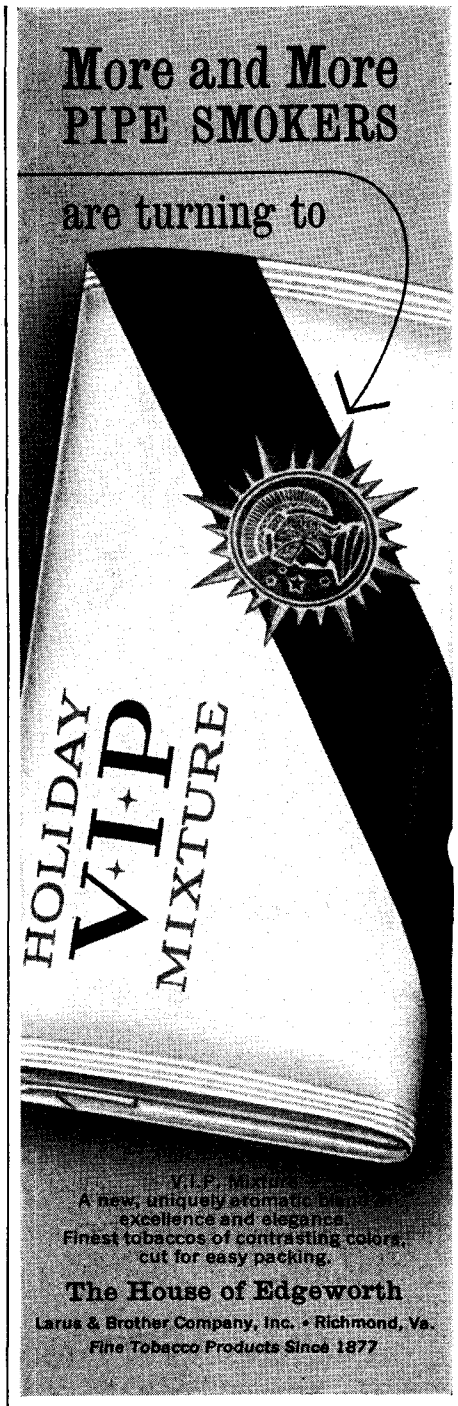
Probably hundreds of readers are writing you to protest the untrue statement that Bishop Pike was ever divorced. The writer of your index page should know the difference between divorce and annulment and should have read Jerome Ellison's excellent article more carefully.

J. C. LONG
Princeton, N.J.

● *Bishop Pike was divorced in a court of law; his marriage was later annulled by the church.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

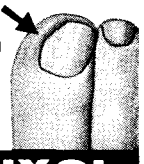
I am interested, if dubious, at the statement that the Bishop has achieved a rewarding faith, since your article, and everything else I have read by or


More and More
PIPE SMOKERS
are turning to
HOLIDAY
VIP
MIXTURE
V.I.P. Mixture
A new, uniquely aromatic blend of excellence and elegance.
Finest tobaccos of contrasting colors, cut for easy packing.
The House of Edgeworth
Larus & Brother Company, Inc. • Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

FALSE TEETH
KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate . . . If your druggist doesn't have Klutch, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.
KLUTCH CO., Box 119K, ELMIRA, N.Y.

Ingrown NAIL



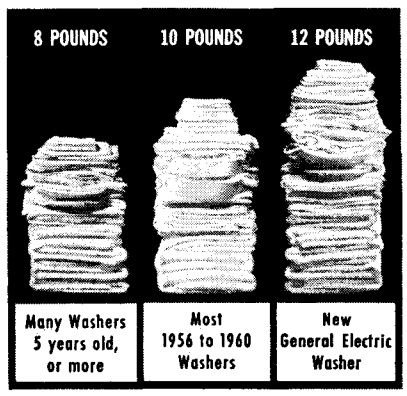
Just a few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL in nail groove relieve soreness and pain, soften embedded part of nail for easy removal. Sold everywhere.
Dr Scholl's ONIXOL

Every Home Needs This
'All-Purpose' Oil
Clean • Lubricate • Prevent Rust
3-IN-ONE® OIL
REGULAR — OIL SPRAY — ELECTRIC MOTOR

fast relief!
COLD SORES
LIP-EZE®
CHAPPED LIPS
FEVER BLISTERS
SUNBURNED LIPS
LIP SALVE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washes a big 12-lb. load truly clean!

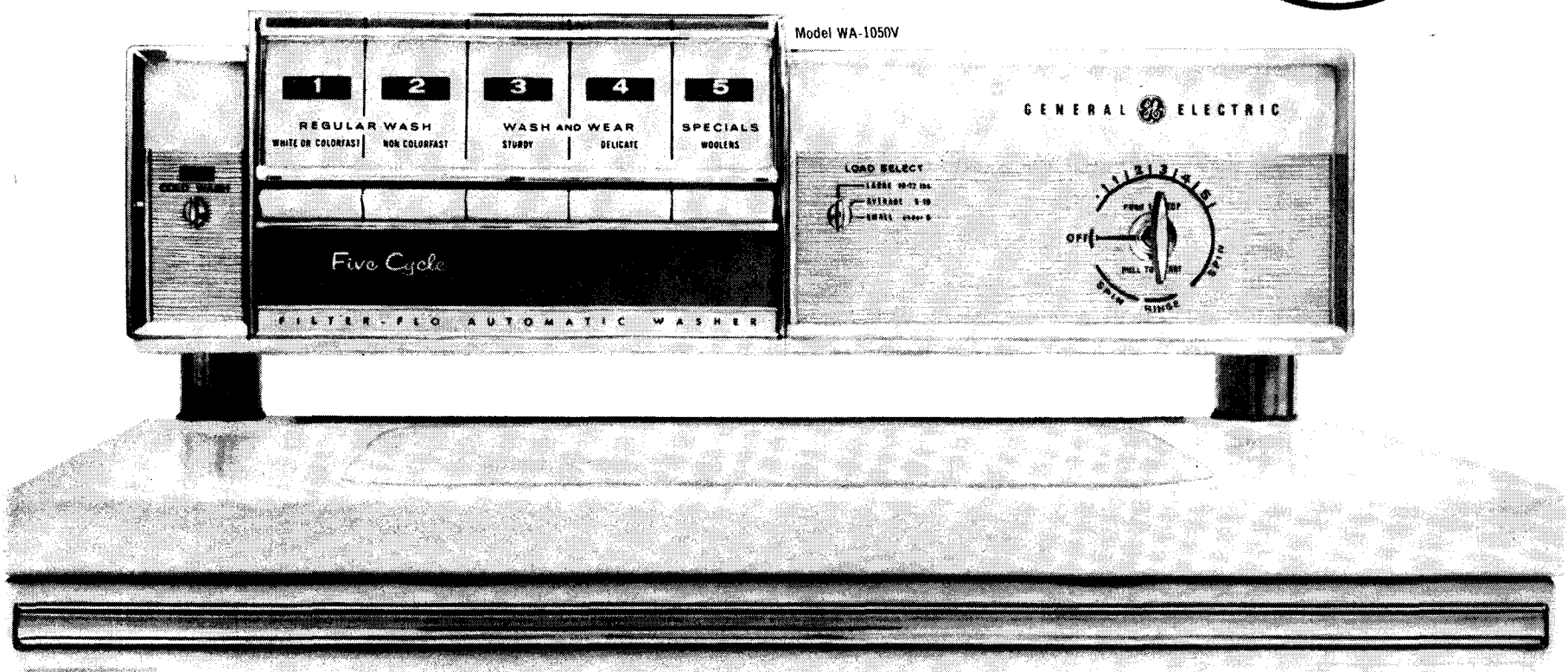


12 pounds of wash in one load! That's 20% more than previous models. This new General Electric washer does in 4 loads what many others take 5 or even 6 loads to do. Saves you time, work, water and detergent.

And every piece gets truly clean—thanks to a powerful new motor, new Activator® and new, quick, gentle wash action. 3 water levels for small, medium or big 12-pound loads. Fits like a built-in, flat against the wall. See it now at your General Electric dealer. General Electric Co., Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.

New General Electric V-12 Filter-Flo® Washer

gets bigger-than-ever loads cleaner than ever—gives big capacity PLUS new, more efficient washing action. The famous Filter-Flo Washing System leaves no lint-fuzz on clothes.



Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's how Mayflower protects fragile articles when you move

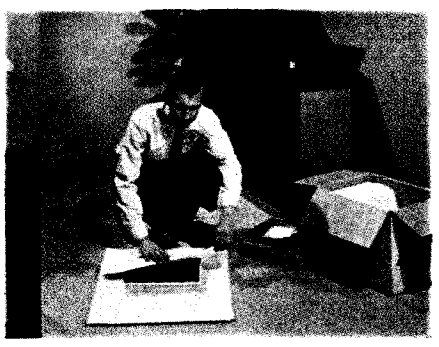
Edges and stems of valuable crystal are carefully protected and cushioned inside strong, "safety-cells."

● Maximum protection for your fragile articles is assured with any of Mayflower's Pride-Pack "Safety-Cell" methods. But that's not all. Mayflower Pride-Pack saves you money by packing these items in fewer cartons, with less weight than ever before. There's no bother . . . no mess. "Accredited" packers are skilled in employing specially designed materials and methods to protect all your other fine furnishings. Just another reason why it will pay you, next time, to ask your local Mayflower warehouse agent about this and many other important Mayflower advantages.

AERO MAYFLOWER TRANSIT CO., INC. • INDIANAPOLIS

World-Wide Moving Service

Lampshades are carefully handled, kept clean with white tissue, and fully protected in special cartons.



To avoid breakage, phonograph records and albums are properly wrapped, then packed on edge in special cartons.

Find Aero Mayflower in the Yellow Pages under "Moving"—Mayflower agents, each a highly-respected warehouseman in the community, stand ready to serve you at origin and destination in all key cities throughout the United States, Canada and overseas.

America's Most Recommended Mover • Helping Homemakers Since 1927

LETTERS

about the Bishop, has dealt entirely with what he does *not* believe.

CYNTHIA C. FOY
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

As representative for more than a few "minority group" Episcopalians of his diocese in California, I sum up our feelings about "Bishop Jim" as follows:

Right or left, wrong or right,
It isn't a question of "like,"
But is he working for Jesus Christ
Or is he working for Pike?

RUTH FRANKLIN DIXON
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

According to one dictionary I have, the word *Pike* has as a few of its meanings "a thorn,—a barb,—a prod." Appropriately enough, Bishop Pike often

prods the whole Church forward, pricking a few people, including me, in the process. He serves a necessary function. Without "prophets," the Church becomes the dormitory of the dormant.

E. O. NORQUIST, *Minister*
First Presbyterian Church
Bloomington, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

In his excellent article on Bishop Pike Mr. Ellison says that "Pike's progress from seminarian to bishop in fourteen years is without modern precedent."

This is in error. Two exceptions coming to mind are the Rt. Rev. William Jones Gordon, Bishop of Alaska, who entered the seminary in 1940 and was consecrated Bishop in 1948, and the Rt. Rev. George Moseley Murray, Bishop Coadjutor of Alabama, who matriculated in 1945 and was consecrated in 1953. Each of these men was a bishop in eight years.

THE REV. HOYT WINSLETT, JR.
Curate of All Saints' Church
Mobile, Ala.

● *Reader Winslett is correct. Author Ellison's statement should have read* ". . . *is* almost *without modern precedent.*"—*ED.*

NO MIDGET

Dear Sirs:

You recall the story of David and Goliath—the little fellow who tumbled huge creatures. I was vividly reminded of this Biblical exploit by the article entitled GENERAL OF OUTER SPACE, by Mr. Don Schanche [Oct. 7].

I refer in particular to the sentence from which I make a direct quote: ". . . The Systems Command controls . . . research contracts involving 1500 major contractors who range from such giants as General Motors . . . to midgets such as Caswell Electronics, which operates . . . with a total work force of two engineers and a secretary." . . . We are a hard-driving, fast-moving corporation of *sixteen* eager and earnest individuals.

ROY T. STROMBERG
Caswell Electronics
San Jose, Calif.

● *Our apologies to the thirteen other Caswell employees.—ED.*

TROUBLE IN THE AIR

Dear Sirs:

The story RFI: INVISIBLE KILLER? by Richard Haitch in the Sept. 30 issue of *The Post* described with dramatic intensity the mounting problem of Radio Frequency Interference. It will undoubtedly shock many people into an awareness of RFI and the need to control it. . . .

We feel obligated to point out, however, that RFI can be controlled successfully—at least in some of its manifestations. In fact, a new industry has sprung up in recent years to meet this need. Part electronics, part architecture, this new industry produces shielded enclosures, or screen rooms, to surround vital electronic equipment as a barrier to radiating electrical signals. . . .

In every case, these enclosures are supplying the interference-free environment so essential to safe, predictable operation.

CHARLES C. BORDEN
Vice President
Ace Engineering Machine Co., Inc.
Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The article is interesting and instructive—and frightening!

It behooves us, does it not, to give some thought to overcrowding outer space with man-made satellites?

ELIZABETH BURGOYN
Hanover, Mass.

GUIANA GIVEAWAY

Dear Sirs:

I have just read your editorial in the Sept. 30 issue of *The Post*, ARE WE GOING TO SUBSIDIZE BRITISH GUIANA'S RED REGIME? and I declare you people are writing some of the best editorials now that I have read anywhere. Certainly, you hit the nail on the head with this one. . . . I agree with you that we just ought to stop giving money away to people who are known Communists or who are not willing to cooperate with us.

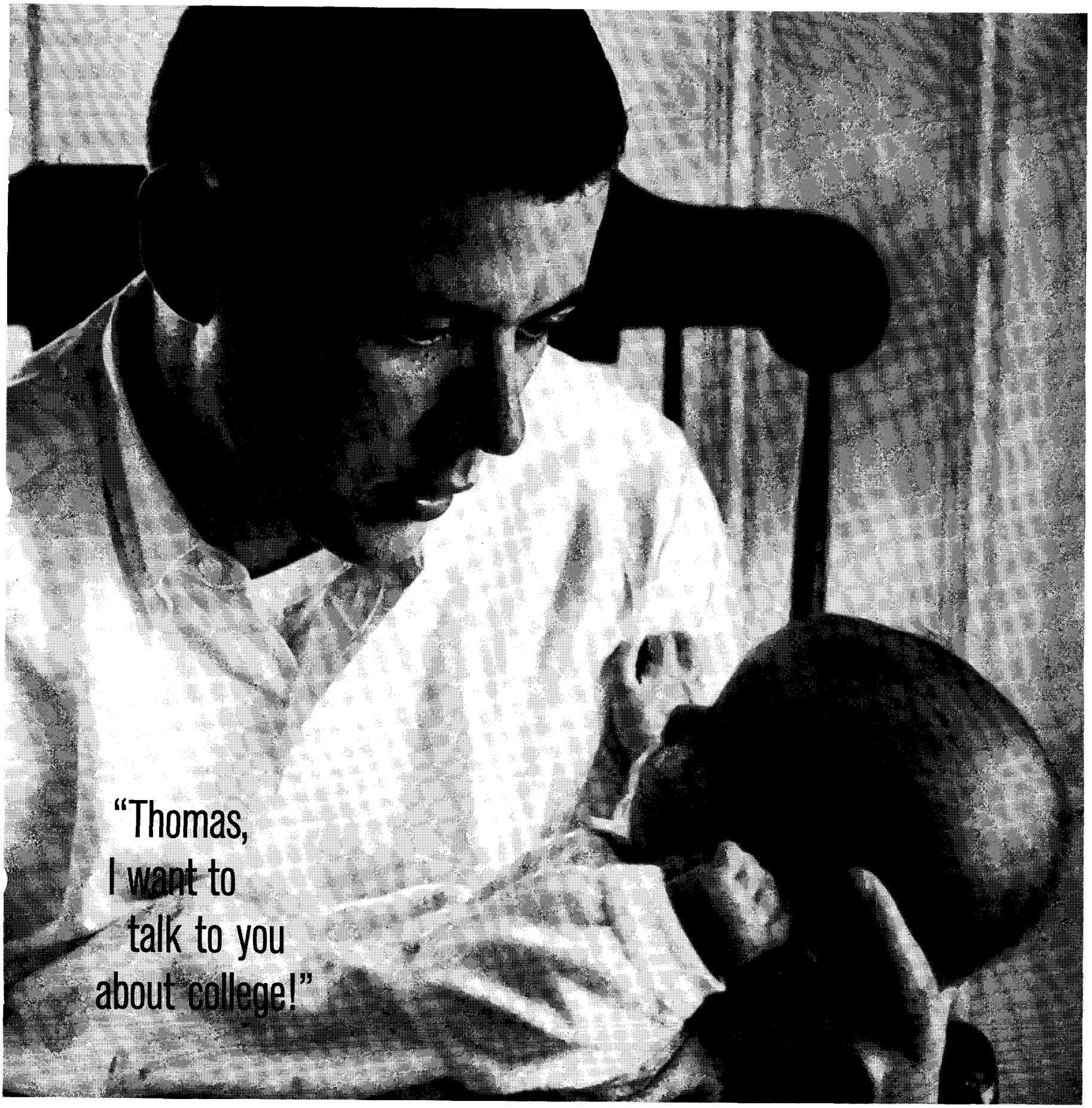
L. N. BAGNAL
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

You had me worried; for a while there, I thought you were all asleep! There are a good many Canadians from here who have lived in British Guiana for many years, and the consensus is that Cheddi Jagan and his w' Janet . . . are very dedicated Communists. . . . Keep plugging, *Post* dear, and maybe someone in Washington will see the light.

C. WHITE
Arvida, Quebec
Canada

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



There's more wisdom than whimsey in this father's remark. The rising costs of a college education make it impossible for most families to meet this expense unless they prepare for it well in advance. How? Many have decided that a New York Life Educational Plan offers the surest and most practical way.

There are two of these specially designed plans: he Educational Endowment, and Whole Life with Educational Endowment Benefits. With either, a father can be certain his son or daughter will have most or even all of the funds needed for college. Just remember—the earlier you start such a plan, the easier it will fit into your budget.

Your first step is to call the New York Life Agent in your community. He will gladly explain these plans in detail, and without obligation to you. You'll find him well qualified to advise you, through his broad training and his experience as a full-time representative for New York Life. Call him soon! Or, for information, use the coupon at the right.

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

LIFE INSURANCE • GROUP INSURANCE • ANNUITIES • HEALTH INSURANCE • PENSION PLANS

New York Life (nylic)
INSURANCE COMPANY

Dept. EPS-5, 51 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.
(In Canada: 443 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.)

I would like more information about New York Life's Educational Plans.

I (am) (am not) a New York Life policyowner now.

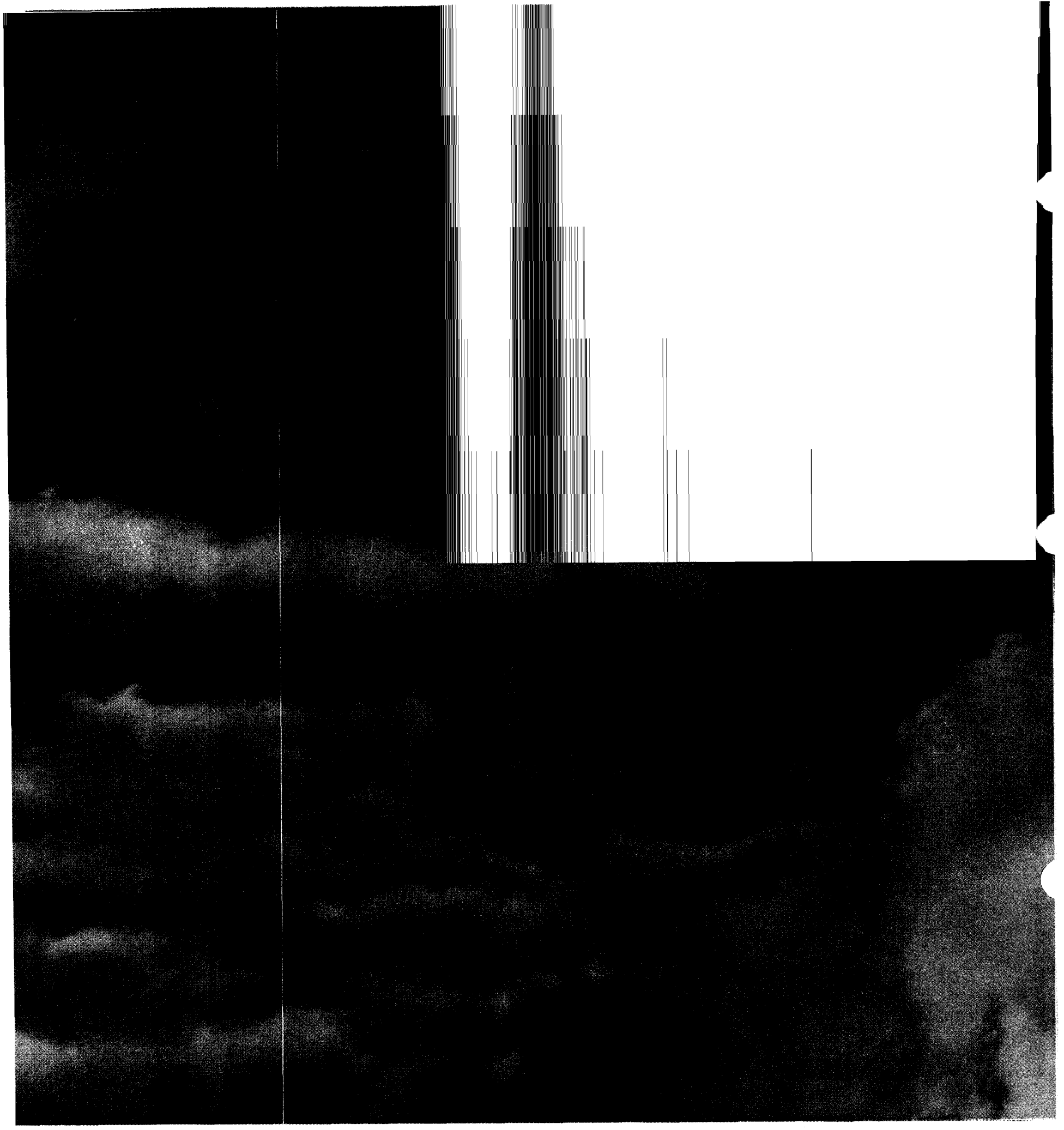
NAME_____ AGE_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____

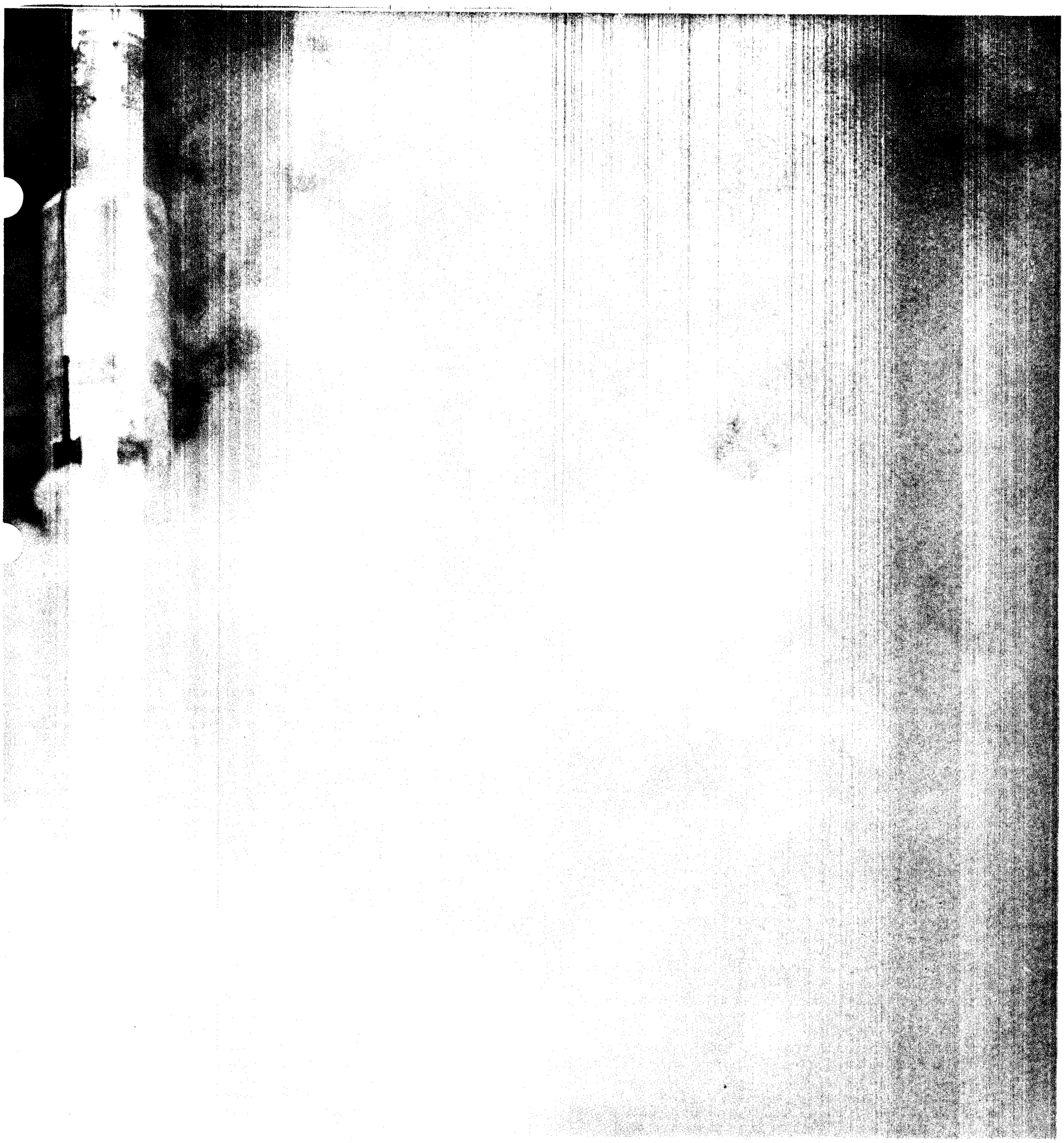
COUNTY_____ STATE_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Who gets it off the ground fast?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



At the heart of our missile program is the Titan. The faster we can launch it, the more likely it is we'll never have to. With most liquid propellant systems, it takes hours to get the Titan off the ground, because it can't be loaded until it's ready to go. Solid fuels can be loaded in advance, but they don't give a missile the maneuverability in the air or the thrust, per pound of fuel, that liquids do. ■ Olin has developed anhydrous hydrazine, a unique liquid propellant that licks all three problems of storability, maneuverability and thrust. Loaded with hydrazine, the Titan is ready to go in minutes rather than hours; it has tremendous thrust and long range; and it can be redirected in flight. Olin is the only large-scale producer of anhydrous hydrazine, which has been selected to power not only Titan II but Dyna-Soar and other exploratory vehicles. ■ Another creative solution to a problem . . . from the Chemicals Division of Olin.

Olin

OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 460 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAK!NG OUT

THE VOICE OF DISSENT

I DON'T WANT "WELL-ADJUSTED" CHILDREN

BY APRIL OURSLER ARMSTRONG

I do not want my children to be well adjusted. That is, I've been told, a shocking statement. Yet, it is considered proper to want children to become God-fearing and God-loving, and entirely proper to urge them to be patriotic citizens, although saints and fiery patriots are apt to be square pegs in round holes.

Reading the serious pyschological and sociological literature, I conclude that being "well adjusted" means conforming to the current and often phony pattern of the world, instead of trying to break the pattern and breathe freely. It has come to mean making yourself fit an assembly-line mold, paring off the rough edges of your curiosity and faith, your eccentricity and idealism, in order to be well liked and safe. Frankly, I would rather be all the way dead.

My rebellion against conformity began with the windows. Back in the '30's my father bought a summer cottage on a cliff overlooking Buzzards Bay on Cape Cod. He wanted to live there the year around, so he dug a cellar and added a furnace, pushed out the walls to double the living space, slapped on a third story, then built a gigantic library wing. This was not the ordinary, sensible way of constructing a home, but since Fulton Oursler was a writer and editor, lenient neighbors expected him to be odd, to a degree. The windows went beyond that permissible degree. Picture windows then were new, hazardous, ridiculous. And my father wanted several of them, centered in the walls of bedroom, living room and library, so that everywhere he could rejoice in the sight of the sea.

The horrified builder brought a delegation of earnest civic voices to explain why this was impossible: "If the windows are centered inside these rooms they will be asymmetrical from the outside. The house is peculiar enough now. With the windows, all people will see is a hodgepodge."

"The windows face the water, so only those who are already at sea can be offended," my father replied quietly. "And they're centered from the inside, which is where I live. They're for me to look out of, not for others to look at."

His local reputation as an eccentric, irresponsible citizen was cemented. But his attitude toward those windows shaped my career as a happy rebel.

It happened that when I was five years old I could read; I went directly into the second grade. The best psychologists and educators now recognize this situation as injurious to life adjustment. It didn't take experts to teach me that my "peer group" did not admire children who were ahead of themselves or who liked to work. For a while I played dumb in an attempt to become acceptable. Instead I became miserable. My father, finding me crying, took me to sit by one of the windows. After a long time he said, "You must learn the difference between what's worth fitting yourself to and what's not. You must dare to be yourself whenever it would be a lie not to."

Nearby Woods Hole boasted a wondrous summer science school. There at the innocent age of eleven I began assisting in experiments on the artificial fertilization of sea-urchin eggs by electric shock. Some members of our family were even more shocked by my being in that laboratory. To their clucking tongues my father replied that though it was unusual and perhaps unladylike for me to be the father of thousands of urchins, that by itself was no reason for me to quit studying.

And now with seven children of my own, I'm working and praying to the end that they will dare live by their own beliefs. When I say that I hope they never become well adjusted to this world, I suspect that's the secret hope of thousands of other parents.

"You're only playing with words," people say to me. I'm not playing. I resent the thought that impels people to apply the phrase "well adjusted" to a child. Machines can be adjusted. Living individual souls must not be handled as if they were machines. When first we use machine words to describe human life we may be fumbling for metaphors. When we continually use such words, when books and columns and lectures insist people ought to be well adjusted, we may begin to believe we are only glorified bundles of conditioned reflexes, machines slightly less efficient than electronic brains. We are, I suggest, in danger of coming to think of people as motors to be adjusted so they can idle better.

And it's not simply a matter of words. If you are adjusted you must be adjusted *to* something. Who believes this world is worthy of being adjusted to? It may be wise when in Rome to do as Romans do. It is *not* wise when in Ecuador to do as head-hunters do.

Meaningful events in history are the work not of a vast well-adjusted majority, but of characters who were great because they refused to bow to custom when it contradicted their beliefs. Washington and Jefferson adjusted to wearing wigs, but if they had been complete conformists there would have been no revolution. Group dynamics never produced a Socrates or a Ben Franklin or even a Machiavelli or a Marx. Saint Francis of Assisi was a crackpot by his world's standards. Although we admire such twentieth-century fools as Albert Schweitzer and Tom Dooley, we dare not be as sublimely foolish ourselves.

We fall easily into the habit of divorcing our ideals from our everyday lives. The world tells us, for instance, that responsible, mature people want to be well liked; that we genuinely need gourmet food and crab-grass-free lawns; that a wife is an accessory tool for the main task of success. We know better than that. But we're afraid of flunking a personality test, or losing status, by living boldly what we believe. We mortgage our God-given right to be individuals, yet without privacy and apartness and idiosyncrasy we will have nothing to contribute to a group.

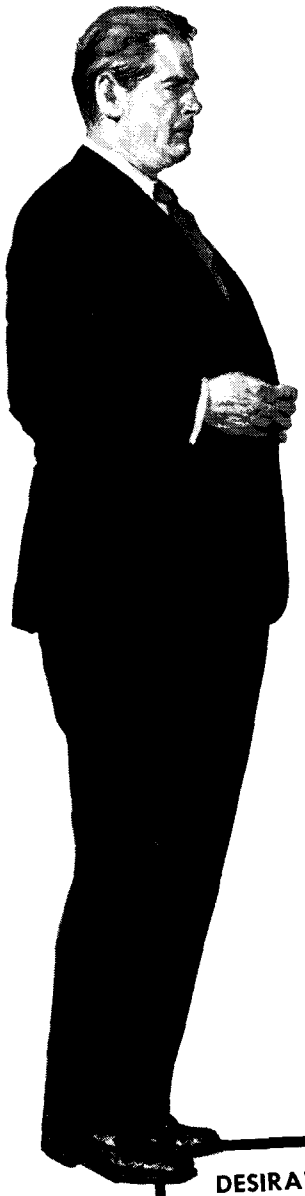
Our eldest son recently wanted to dig in the back-yard dirt hole. (Some folks have play areas. We have a hole.) For two hours he played with mud and toy trucks. A neighbor helpfully suggested I send him to the Y, or Scouts, perhaps to a psychiatrist: "It's not normal for a boy five feet four inches tall to be playing in the dirt."

I agreed. It was not normal. But why should boy or man be strait-jacketed by a norm? Digging is not illegal or immoral; it's merely unusual. When I said I thought it admirable of him to

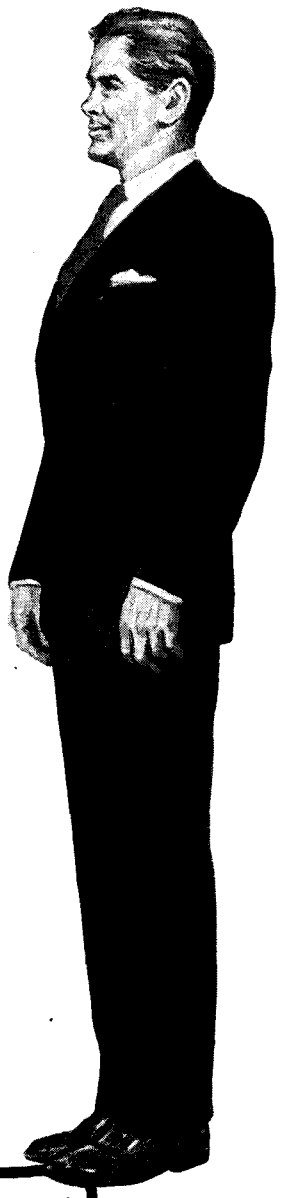
Mrs. Armstrong, daughter of Fulton Oursler, the late author and editor, is the wife of a lawyer, and the mother of seven children. She lives in Stamford, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO BRING YOUR WEIGHT UP-TO-DATE



BRING IT DOWN



	HEIGHT (with shoes on) 1" heels		SMALL FRAME	MEDIUM FRAME	LARGE FRAME
	Feet	Inches			
DESIRABLE WEIGHTS FOR MEN of ages 25 and over	5	2	112-120	118-129	126-141
	5	3	115-123	121-133	129-144
	5	4	118-126	124-136	132-148
	5	5	121-129	127-139	135-152
	5	6	124-133	130-143	138-156
	5	7	128-137	134-147	142-161
	5	8	132-141	138-152	147-166
	5	9	136-145	142-156	151-170
	HEIGHT (with shoes on) 1" heels		SMALL FRAME	MEDIUM FRAME	LARGE FRAME
	Feet	Inches			
	5	10	140-150	146-160	155-174
	5	11	144-154	150-165	159-179
	6	0	148-158	154-170	164-184
	6	1	152-162	158-175	168-189
	6	2	156-167	162-180	173-194
	6	3	160-171	167-185	178-199
	6	4	164-175	172-190	182-204
	(with shoes on) 2" heels				
DESIRABLE WEIGHTS FOR WOMEN of ages 25 and over	4	10	92- 98	96-107	104-119
	4	11	94-101	98-110	106-122
	5	0	96-104	101-113	109-125
	5	1	99-107	104-116	112-128
	5	2	102-110	107-119	115-131
	5	3	105-113	110-122	118-134
	5	4	108-116	113-126	121-138
	5	5	111-119	116-130	125-142
	(with shoes on) 2" heels				
	5	6	114-123	120-135	129-146
	5	7	118-127	124-139	133-150
	5	8	122-131	128-143	137-154
	5	9	126-135	132-147	141-158
	5	10	130-140	136-151	145-163
	5	11	134-144	140-155	149-168
	6	0	138-148	144-159	153-173

For girls between 18 and 25, subtract 1 pound for each year under 25.

Weight in Pounds According to Frame (In Indoor Clothing)

NOTE: Prepared by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Derived primarily from data of the Build and Blood Pressure Study, 1959, Society of Actuaries.

If you're still using old tables of "normal" weights, you aren't up-to-date on your weight. Look at your new "desirable" weight shown above which is lower than previous standards.

The importance of these tables to you lies, of course, in the fact that "the shorter the belt line, the longer the life line."

Formula for Fatness. With rare exceptions, that plump and padded look comes from too much food and too little exercise. You can lick both of these pound-producers.

Formula for Fitness. The best and surest way to slenderize is to eat less and expend more energy. Of course, you may reduce swiftly and temporarily on next-to-nothing diets, but for *permanent* weight control, some life-long changes must be made in your eating habits and activities.

Millions of men *and* women weigh more than is good for them. However, men in their 20's and 30's are especially susceptible to rapid weight gain.

If you are in this age range, don't let your weight creep up. Shedding a *few* pounds now will be safer and easier for you than trying to lose *many* pounds later on.

If the weight tables above show that your pounds are out of bounds, start now—*under a physician's supervision*—to trim down. He will prescribe a diet that's safe and pleasant, yet effective, in removing excess weight.

To help you carry out a successful pounds-off program, send for the Metropolitan Life booklet, *How to Control Your Weight*. It's full of medically approved suggestions on nutrition, reducing menus, calorie tables and other information to help keep you in trim now and for many years to come.

Use the coupon below for your free copy. Or, your Metropolitan man or local Metropolitan office will gladly give you the booklet.

Metropolitan Life (Dept. A),
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

Send me the free booklet,
How to Control Your Weight. 11-61-E

Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Street

City & Zone State

COUPON MAY BE PASTED ON POSTAL CARD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1962 M

MERCURY COMET—smartly ahead of the compact crowd

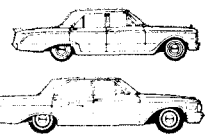
MONTEREY—the best-looking buy for the big-car man

Mercury asks: In which size ca

Sample the smoothest ride in compacts. Try Mercury COMET—the compact with the extras th make the difference. For an extra-smooth ride, an extra-long wheelbase (up to 7.5 inches longer). It's one the reasons Comet is so popular. Others: extra beauty—only compact with fine-car styling. Extra room trunk space—holds up to 6 more suitcases than other compacts. Extra money-savers—such as 6,000-m oil changes. Extra resale value—best record of any compact. The price? With or below most compact

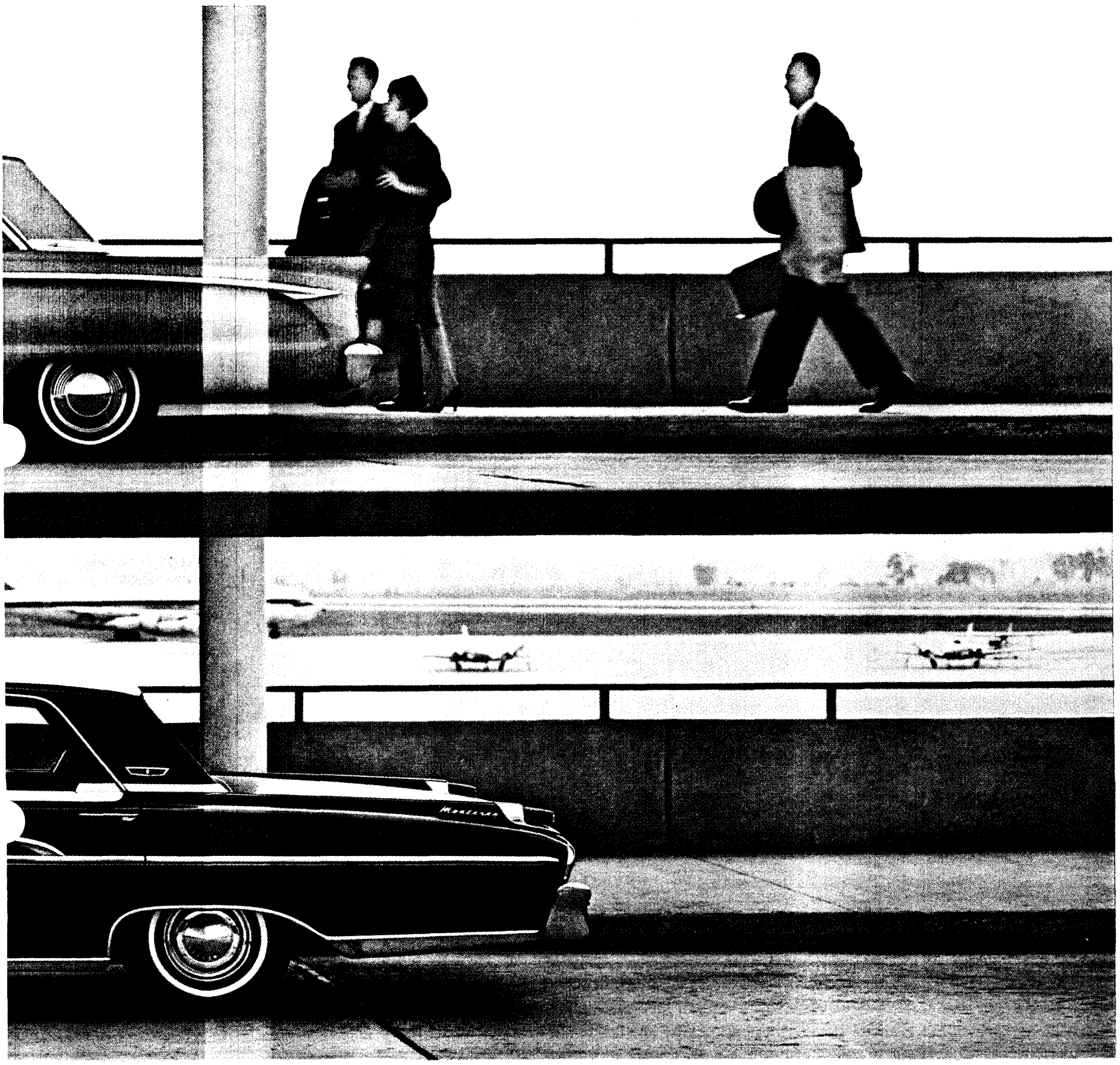
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...uys...now in each size



THE COMPACT MERCURY COMET

THE BIG LUXURIOUS MERCURY MONTEREY

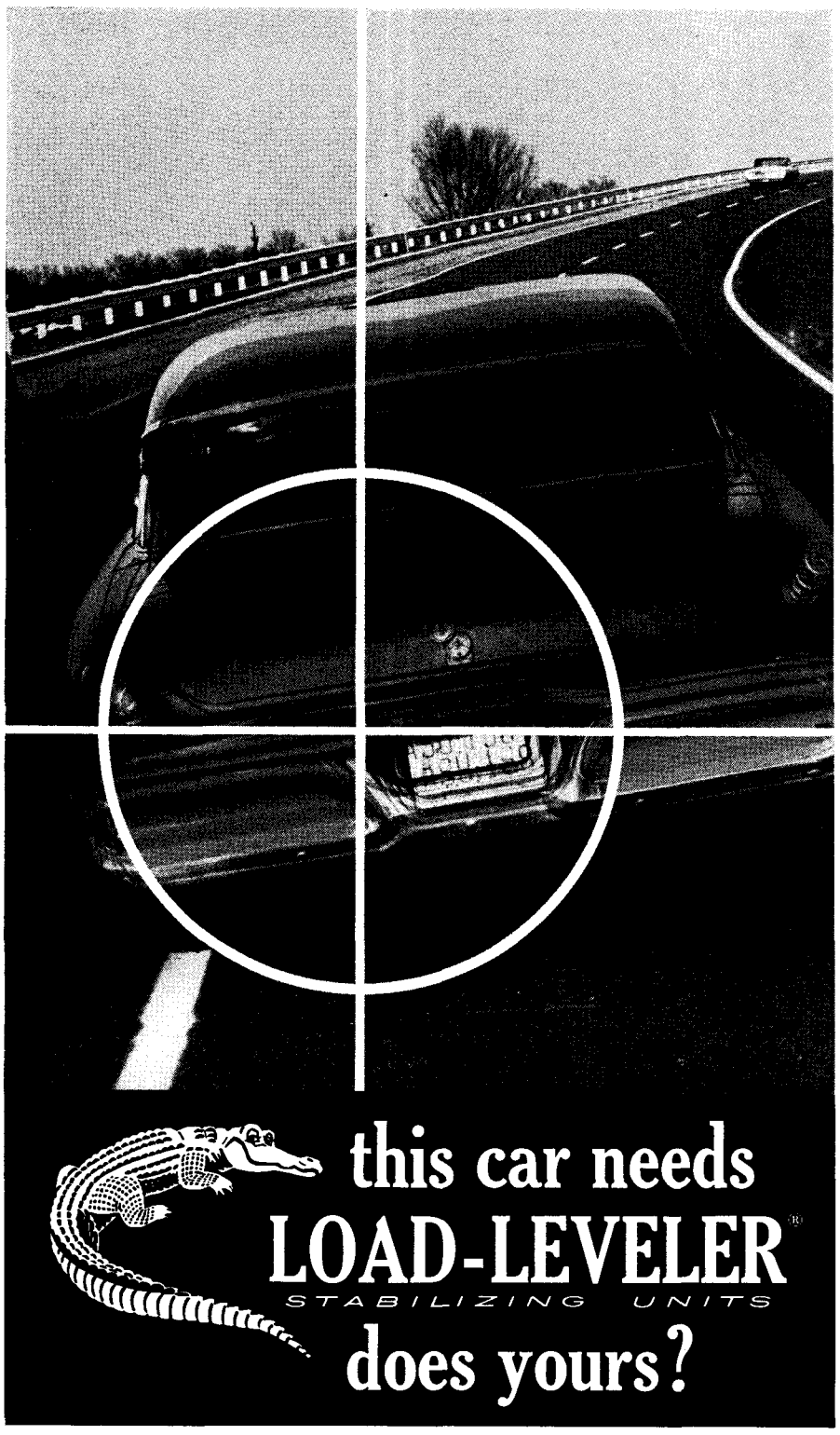


LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION • 1962 MERCURYS • PRODUCTS OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY

o you want your air-smooth ride?

eel the luxury ride in big cars. Try Mercury MONTEREY. This top-of-the-line car is built for the -car man. Has the kind of a ride a man likes. Smooth, silent. One reason is exclusive Cushion-Link pension. Other reasons: a longer wheelbase (120″) and more soundproofing than other cars near its ice. In fact, there's more value throughout. Extra room, trunk space, *savings* (needs routine service ly twice a year—at 6,000- to 30,000-mile intervals). The price? Well within the popular-price range.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Does your car sway dangerously around curves?

Does it "bottom" on the frame when you hit a bump or rut? Does "tail drag" cause your rear bumper or tailpipe to scrape on driveways? Your car needs Super Load-Leveler® stabilizing units to compensate for the added weight of passengers and luggage, to keep your car riding its level best under all road and load conditions. And, in keeping your car level, they hold your headlight beams on the road, out of the eyes of oncoming motorists. Have a set of Super Load-Levelers installed today wherever you have your car serviced. *Monroe's 60-day free ride plan guarantees complete satisfaction.*

LOOK FOR THE YELLOW AND BLUE SAFETY BARREL WITH THE SHOCKS ON TOP!

MONROE **MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT COMPANY** • MONROE, MICHIGAN
In Canada, MONROE-ACME LTD., Toronto, Ontario • In Mexico, MEX-PAR, Box 21854, Mexico City
World's Largest Maker of Ride Control Products, including **MONRO-MATIC® SHOCK ABSORBERS**

SPEAK!NG OUT

dare to break the pattern occasionally, my neighbor looked as if she thought I needed the psychiatrist.

Some norms are wise, some group standards splendid. Some are stupid. It takes an individual to know the difference. Sometimes this world we're expected to adjust to seems one big bowl of group soup. Now, I don't hate people. I'm all for government, our way of life, Scouts, political parties, unions, bowling teams and families. Being odd for oddness's sake is nonsense. As social beings it's our nature to belong to communities and groups. But it's also our nature to remain individuals. Groups have their value and place, but we must be alert to escape imprisonment in their webs. The fight is often first lost in kindergarten. There five-year-olds, rated on group adjustment, may find a low mark on their encyclopedic report cards for not wanting to play nicely in the doll corner.

Today young people want to be up to the group, *belong*, possess the right symbols—leather jackets, sports cars or tranquilizers. They center their windows so they'll look symmetrical from the outside. And they are lonely for a hero and an ideal.

Our family is old-fashioned. We have an ideal—one shared by millions—though it is considered inappropriate and corny to mention it publicly, except on weekends in the church of your choice. Our ideal happens to be Jesus Christ. We take the Gospels as a serious working plan of life.

One night our son Marty, doing a school project on Ghana, burst out at the dinner table with this report: "That guy Nkrumah down in Ghana wants his people to think he's a downright savior. Claims to walk on the water and stuff!"

"So who's he, a nut?" inquired ten-year-old Mike.

"He's just a politician. And he put a statue of himself in front of his office and carved on it—get this—his own gospel." Marty read from scrawled notes: "Seek first the political kingdom and all else will be added to you!"

The backward gospel, the gospel according to the world. Even a child shivers.

We had said so often that a man is what he believes, and that our beliefs and the world's would usually be in conflict. Now the idea took fire in the children's minds. They began working with us that night on a "gospel according to the world." It is a group exercise I recommend to all in peril of forgetting the difference between their own convictions and the vapid opinions of the world.

The first "gospel" that occurred to the boys spelled this difference in such startling clearness that they laughed. The Bible says: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth. . . . But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." And the gospel of the world is obviously: "Lay up for yourselves all you can get here and now."

Ask anyone; a man's prime job is to provide for his family and his golden years. And he must provide well. The world says we deserve the finest, best, biggest and newest of everything. We deserve to step up to quality! You can't be well adjusted and still use the quaint old phrases: "Waste not, want not," or, "Fix up and make do," or, "I don't really need it." Then let us not be well adjusted.

The gospel according to the world might also be written: "Be solicitous for tomorrow. Consider the pensions in the field and how they grow."

Last month I heard a man tell a boy he had the makings of a fine doctor. I remember when such a remark conjured in a child's mind visions of sacrifice, service and glory. Said this boy: "Might not be bad. I read in the paper that top doctors average $20,000 a year. Better than other professions."

Another commandment of the world is: "Thou shalt be a success. If at first you don't succeed, at least look as if you do." You can appear richer, wiser, more popular, younger, and only your hairdresser need know for sure. You must not expect too much of yourself, take things too seriously; just live graciously. If you are not perfect, find gracious words to mask your defects.

The world labels failure an evil to be avoided more than sin. In some schools no child is given an F, and ignorance is measured not by absolute standards but against the ignorance of the group. Some child formers believe failure is poison and would protect children from tasting it.

But failure is part of learning. If we denied baby Paul the right to try to climb steps and fail, he'd never get off the ground. Failure is also a key to appreciation. Trying to paint in oils and failing, I understood more about the genius of real painters than I learned in art-appreciation class. Failure is a guide to humility. Perhaps we and our nonconformist children may get so out of step with the world that we will fall and break our legs. But at least we will not be paralyzed with fear of failure before we even get started.

One evening we found what we consider to be the essence of the world's gospel, what one of our young punsters calls the "Epistle from the Sainted All to the Groupians": "There abide then three things—you, me and the Majority. But the greatest of these is the Majority."

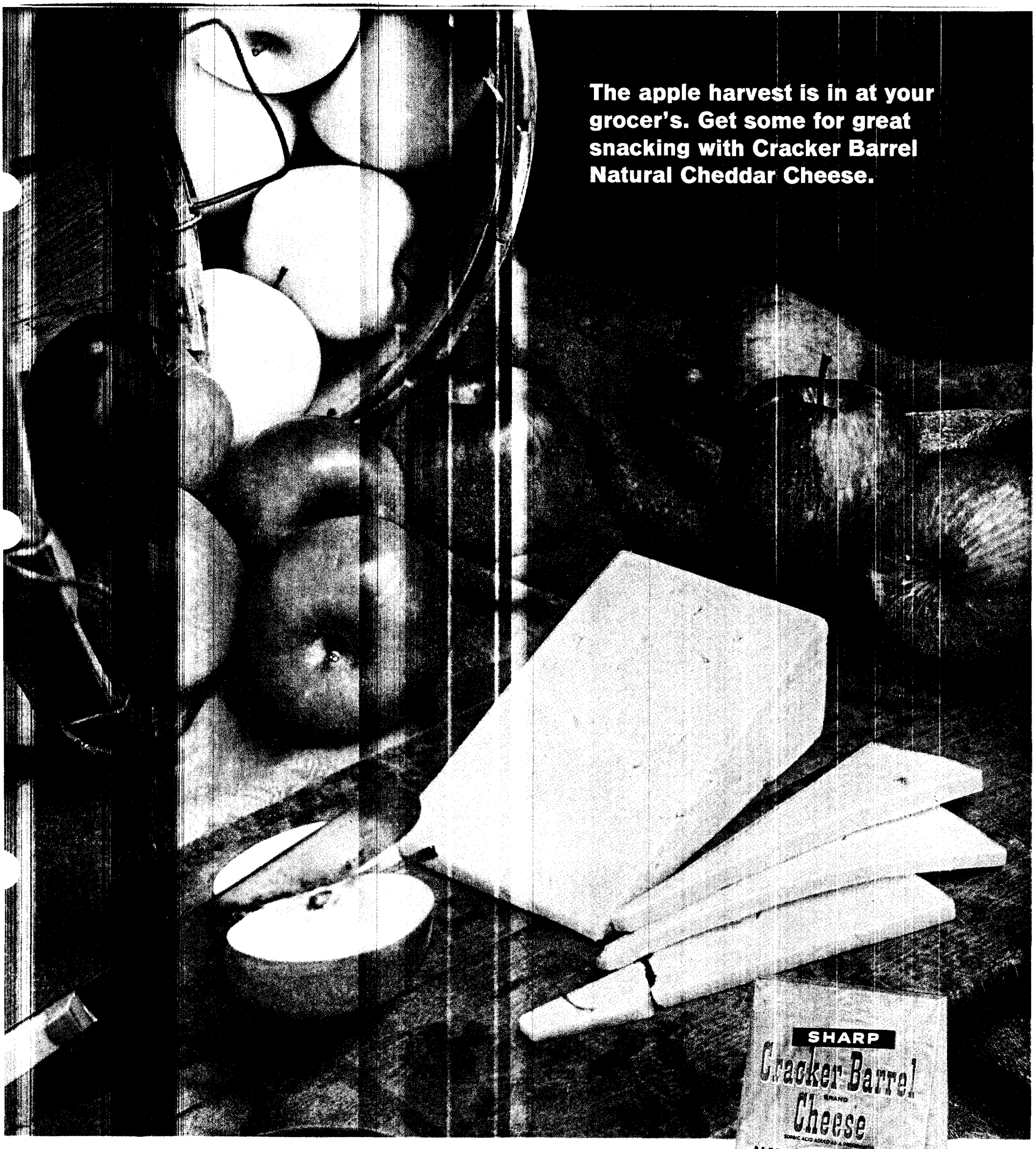
If, saith the world, you do not know right from wrong, what color to wear or what gossip to repeat; if you are weary, burdened, anxious, tense and in pain, come and I will give you the prevailing opinion. You shall be saved by joining the majority.

In every child, thank God, there smolder sparks of rebellion. Let us feed those sparks, training the children to be rebels against status worship and fear and girdle commercials and mediocrity. Let them keep their rough edges and never fit comfortably into this fascinating passing world.

It could be the greatest adventure of their lives and ours. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

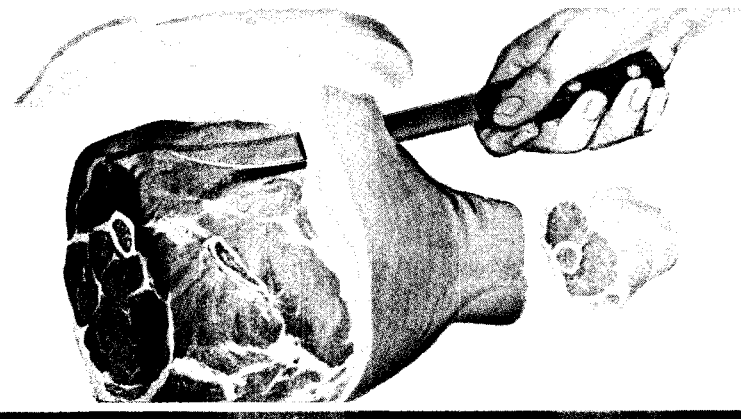
The apple harvest is in at your grocer's. Get some for great snacking with Cracker Barrel Natural Cheddar Cheese.



Always great cheddar—no guessing!—when you get Cracker Barrel brand. Wrapped in aluminum foil, it comes to you fresh as though it were cut before your very eyes. And every wedge and stick is marked for flavor: Sharp—Extra Sharp—or Mellow. It's more than good cheese: it's a real pleasure. It's Cracker Barrel brand by Kraft.

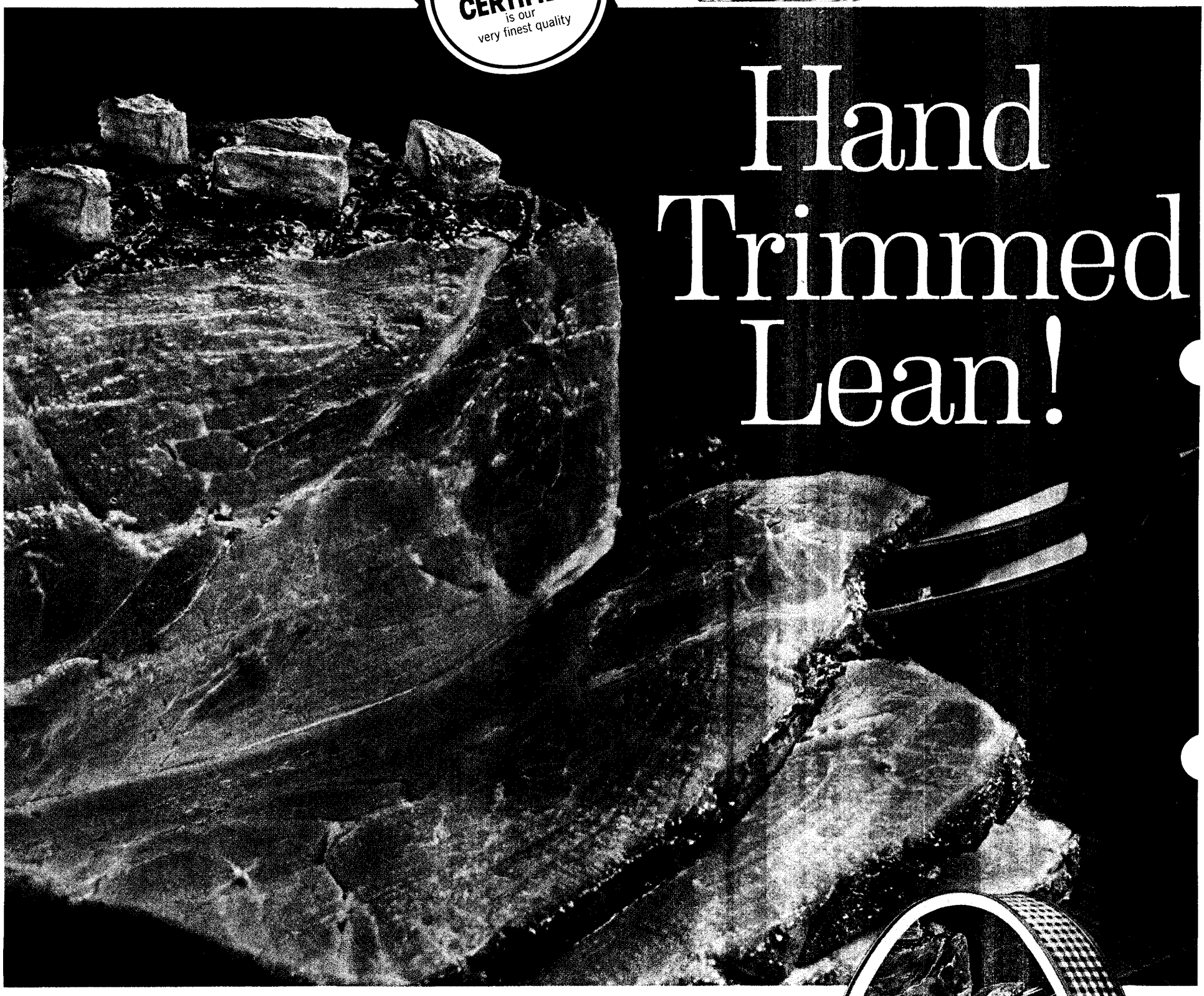
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Skilled hands at Wilson trim away all bone, skin and excess fat, inside and out. Only ham that's lean clean through gets this Wilson's Certified Seal.



WILSON'S CERTIFIED is our very finest quality

Hand Trimmed Lean!



Pink and lean and melting tender for your holiday table! Yes, here's the queen of lean hams. Hand trimmed lean clean through—then sugar cured and fully cooked. Your family and guests will love every juicy bite. Full of meat protein, too. Insist on the Wilson's Certified Seal when you buy—so you know you're getting the ham that's hand trimmed lean.

WILSON'S CERTIFIED

WILSON'S CERTIFIED is our very finest quality

Wilson & Co., Chicago, Ill.

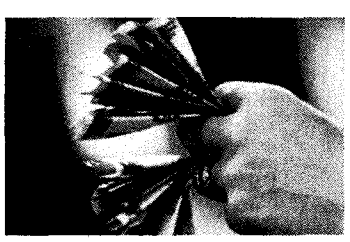
THE WILSON LABEL PROTECTS YOUR TABLE

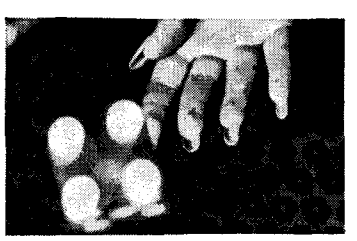
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

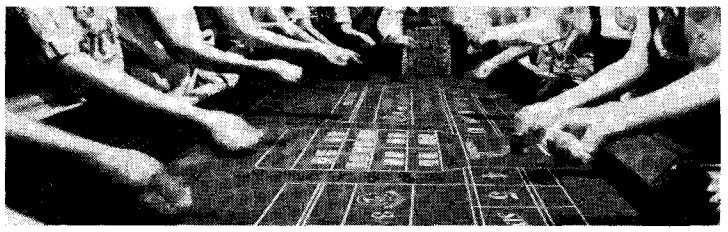
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

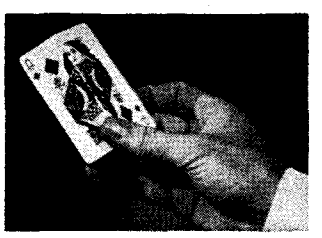
A *Post* editor reports from Nevada's most glittering gambling town, where almost anything goes.

HOW WICKED IS VEGAS?









By PETER WYDEN FLY FREE TO LAS VEGAS! the ad had beckoned. So there we were aboard the Hacienda Hotel's private Constellation, living up the first installment of our package tour, a "champagne flight" from Chicago to the little oasis in the Nevada desert where, as my travel folders boasted, "anything goes."

There were eighty of us "package" tourists—vacationing couples, groups of working girls and delegates to the annual convention of Optimist International, which opened in Las Vegas the same day. Also with us was Miss South Bend, Indiana, who had won the trip and eligibility for the Miss America contest by enacting the role of Goldilocks in a production number from *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*. We were sheep in the annual flock of more than 9,000,000 visitors to Las Vegas. Loaded with cash and curiosity, we had come to see whether it's true what they say about the place.

Our flight was pleasant. We ran out of water but not champagne. Similar reversals of humdrum normality marked the next few days, and why not? Las Vegas is a world turned bottoms-up. Most gambling is illegal in forty-nine states. In Nevada gambling not only is legal but in Las Vegas's booming economy it is the only significant industry. Annual profits from the area's casinos, as reported for tax purposes, shot up from $50,000,000 to $107,000,000 in the last seven years and in reality may run much higher. Local news headlines such as PASTOR HAILS STRIP SHOWS, or WAR OF BOSOMS CONTINUES are routine. And when a Los Angeles newspaper branded the town a community of "sin, gin and din," the press agents danced all night.

Most confusing, perhaps, is the metamorphosis that some citizens undergo as they cross the Nevada border. Magically bad guys turn into good guys, and vice versa, just as crapshooters are heroes and cops are villains in the musical, *Guys and Dolls*.

Vegas tradition shelters nearly all comers. In the casinos, for example, it is forbidden to take photographs unless "security arrangements" are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VEGAS made in advance. As one manager explained in a speech he had obviously delivered often, "A lot of people here have a lot of loose money. We don't question where they got it. We've got bank vice presidents who come to gamble, people with women who're not their wives. We like to protect everybody."

Protection for permanent settlers is almost automatic. By custom a man's past whisks away like a stage set. Thus, Las Vegas's pioneer industrialist was Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel, the Los Angeles mobster who in 1947 built the $5,000,000 Flamingo Hotel, first of the big-time casino resorts. Lamentably he became involved in differences with his associates and was rubbed out.

"His ideas were ahead of his time," I was told by an attorney who represents several major casinos. "While he was here, he was a terrific fellow. I didn't know what he did before. I didn't care."

Bugsy's successor at the Flamingo was Gus Greenbaum, a high-rolling crap-shooter from Phoenix, Arizona, whose busman's holidays sometimes set him back $100,000 per night. Management shake-ups are epidemic in Las Vegas ventures, and he, too, had problems. (Last summer, when I took in Milton Berle's show at the Flamingo, one of his favorite cracks was, "Who owns the hotel this week?") So Greenbaum moved on to the Riviera Hotel, and one night three years ago had his throat cut from ear to ear.

Enterprisers of his caliber still flourish, and we will meet some of them. They are accepted as leading citizens and philanthropists—not as former bootleggers or bookies or gangsters who pleaded the Fifth Amendment before the Kefauver Crime Committee.

"We have no gangsters here," said Stan Irwin, a former state Assemblyman who is entertainment director of the Sahara Hotel. "We have qualified businessmen who are in a recognized industry—gaming."

But everything is not always what it seems in Las Vegas. Among those holding this indelicate view are bigwigs in the United States Department of Justice. They doubt whether Las Vegas is the nation's most successful rehabilitation center for—excuse the expression—hoodlums. So Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy has just ordered the first co-ordinated Federal investigation into Las Vegas and the forces that make it run.

There is increasing curiosity in Washington about the handling of the city's only crop: cash. The Government has heard reports that millions of untaxed dollars made by narcotics peddlers and other criminals around the country come to Las Vegas to be "won" at the gambling tables. That way the money can be reported to the Internal Revenue Service as "gambling winnings." The Government is also curious about rumors that "interest holders," camouflaged behind licensed operators, call the shots in some casinos, and that untaxed millions disappear "off the top" of the gambling take in the ultra-private counting rooms where each casino empties its "hold boxes" as they come from the green-covered tables.

"What the hell," Clark County Sheriff Ralph Lamb told me. "All they gotta do is lay it aside. It's easy."

Washington has also heard that much of this illegal cash vanishes into numbered Swiss bank accounts and phony foreign corporations, only to resurface for the financing of hoodlum-controlled businesses in major American cities.

ENTICING HANDS of a stewardess offer Las Vegas-bound tourists bubbly torrents of free champagne.

Most of us aboard the Hacienda Hotel's Constellation couldn't have cared less. After all, we were flying "free." The $188 package price from Chicago included our rooms ("double occupancy") for six days and five nights, four meals, plus a membership in the hotel's "golf club." And the Hacienda lived up to expectations.

True, on arriving at the hotel, we had to elbow our way past slot machines and wheels of fortune to reach our rooms. Also, there were no water fountains, no TV sets, few clocks—in short, no distractions to slow our progress toward the green tables. But this is standard Vegas architecture. The rooms were comfortable, the meals good, the drinks were served by girls in abbreviated, not-quite-transparent "baby-doll" nightgowns. Every day from 4:30 to 6 P.M., free champagne was poured for all.

"We're the world's largest users of champagne," trumpeted Warren (Doc) Bayley, a towering, ebullient self-styled farmer from Platteville, Wisconsin, who is the Hacienda's board chairman. "We use 150,000 bottles a year."

No one has suggested that Bayley or the other promoters like him have gangster connections. They are, however, not exactly colorless. Bayley, for example, commands his own air force. The Hacienda's eight planes are worth $2,000,000, and last year they ferried 150,000 of the hotel's guests from California, St. Louis, Chicago and Detroit. New York has recently been added as a stop. The Civil Aeronautics Board is investigating to see whether Bayley runs a regular airline, which would be against the rules, but he is dickering for twenty-seven more aircraft anyway. In his mind's eye he has divided up the nation so that every hamlet would ultimately feed into his airlift.

Clearly he operates from strength. "If this guy Castro gets really tough," he told his brother in Wisconsin, "I'll bomb him."

The Hacienda is nevertheless snubbed locally as a hotel for hayseeds. Tourists of real status are invited and flown in, occasionally by chartered jet, to places like the Flamingo. Vacationers like these are truly on the house—flight, room, food, potables, shows—for a week or so. "They give them everything but the money to gamble," a hotelman said. The guests need only have attained satisfactory "credit" on previous trips.

"Farmer" Bayley, however, may be more attuned to the times than the Flamingo. Family trade, limited until recently, is increasing. A few years ago most visitors were "up-and-backers," in from California for the night. Now nearly half come from everywhere else. Vegas is considered respectable. TV spectaculars originate here. Columnists value the dateline. Banks and insurance companies lend money to casinos.

Since completion of a spectacular $6,000,000 convention center in Vegas two years ago, surgeons, prosecutors and the National Council of Catholic Women have gathered there. When the American Medical Association recently decided that Vegas was not dignified enough to be a meeting place for doctors, the locals were miffed. "Bluenoses or poor losers?" editorialized the Las Vegas *Sun*. The *Review-Journal* suggested that the doctors "have their heads examined."

Right or wrong, the doctors missed seeing the evidence of a rousing success story. In 1940 the population of Greater Las Vegas was 16,144. Last year it was 127,016, which makes the town the economic and political mecca of Nevada (pop. 285, 278). Ten gamblers' utopias, offering up to sixteen different games each, are packed into a few blocks downtown. Never-dimmed neon extravaganzas blanket their fronts. But the big action is in the twelve hotels dotting "The Strip," a six-lane highway just beyond the city limits. All told, 13,000 people work for establishments that would collapse without gambling. Las Vegas now claims that it also has 13,000 hotel and motel rooms; almost every hotel is adding rooms by the hundreds.

Everything is big, big, big. There are more burglaries and robberies than in cities twice and three times as large—Nevada's crime rate being more than double the national average. Everything is loud, loud, loud. Loud-speakers amplifying the voices of entertainers are turned up fortissimo. Dean Martin was at The Sands, telling the audience, "I'm the only entertainer who has 10 per cent of four gangsters." The McGuire Sisters were at the Desert Inn. The musical *Tenderloin* was at the Dunes; Connie Francis was at the Sahara. The *Folies-Bergère* was underdressed at the Tropicana. Wearing even less, the *Lido de Paris* girls were at the Stardust, assisted by waterfalls and a disappearing ice rink. Billy Eckstine and Harry James's band officiated in mere cocktail lounges. At the Flamingo, not only was Milton Berle on stage, he also took periodic turns as dealer at the blackjack table.

Las Vegas doesn't want its entertainment to run too long. Even Broadway hits are cut and gallop along without intermissions. Most of the twice-a-night shows run seventy minutes, some ninety. "If they ran thirty minutes longer," one

COUNTING HANDS register a casino's one-day take, often as much as $100,000.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WARY HANDS are ready to discourage thieves, holdup artists and cheats from disrupting the "good clean fun" of the gaming tables and slot machines.

VEGAS entertainment chief explained, "that would mean one hour a day for seven days a week. That's seven hours they're watching the shows and not playing at the gambling tables."

Nobody in my package tour seemed to resent the Las Vegas system of separating them from their cash as quickly as possible. When their rooms weren't ready on arrival, they patiently whiled away their time gambling. Doug Siegel, a disc jockey from Springfield, Illinois, reported, "I lost $150 at blackjack, but last night I was playing Twenty-one at a table with Vic Damone." Four lady clerks from Chicago saw a woman faint at the slot machines, but barely looked up. "Last night we sat next to Philip Crosby and Joey Bishop," they said. Another Midwesterner from our plane told me in mild surprise, "I can't walk by a slot machine and not put something in."

Our Miss South Bend, eighteen-year-old Susan Ekamp, was saucer-eyed. It shocked her to watch a new-found friend get drunk. Because Susan was under twenty-one, her mother had to play the slot machines for her. Her bankroll, about $2.50 in coins which friends back home had given her with orders to win, quickly disappeared. "It's all wonderful," she said, "but when I think how I scrape to go to college and how people here throw hundred-dollar bills around. . . ."

Soon battle fatigue set in. Miss South Bend could no longer manage two pieces of banana cream pie for lunch. The Chicago lady clerks walked out on *Tenderloin* and said, shrugging, that perhaps they'd seen too many shows. Ears were becoming deaf to the exhortations of the crapshooters ("Come on, ten") and the singsong of the man at the Wheel of Fortune ("Yeah, here's a lucky winnah!"). The players among us no longer considered it remarkable that the free drinks and free meals kept coming as long as we stayed with the tables.

Still, everybody kept going. We tipped big and slept little. The Vegas pace slackens slightly only between five and ten A.M. "You're afraid to miss something," one of my new friends confessed. Ross Miller, the casino manager at the Riviera, asked, "Where else can you get so much for so little—if you don't gamble?"

What happens to people when they hit Vegas?

"It's as though you walk through a veil," a hotel executive said. "You become a nonconformist. You enter an adult fairyland where a dollar is not a dollar and five dollars is a chip."

"It's a complete fantasy—I enjoy slipping into it," said Dr. Robert Litman, a Los Angeles psychoanalyst friend of mine who often takes his wife to Vegas. "It's a disorientation of time and money. I have the illusion I'm a big shot. If I win big, I'm a big winner. If I lose big, I'm a big loser. There's the constant delusion of getting something for nothing and the illusion of eternal life because the lights never go out."

Inhibitions fade. "The attitude toward sex is much more casual," said Jack Pepper, spokesman for the convention bureau. "There's a lot more 'free stuff' out here than in other places." Not all sex is free, of course. Bill O'Reilly, the sheriff's chief of detectives, pointed out that he patrols The Strip with two or three men per shift, and "They've got more to do than follow some whore around."

Press agents must labor hard for new angles. Al Freeman of The Sands once had a crap table positioned in a swimming pool to get a photo of an authentic "floating crap game." And when Hank Kovell, the press agent for the downtown casinos, phoned Justice of the Peace Myron Leavitt and asked him to perform a wedding, the judge said wearily, "Yeah, I know. Under water."

Actually Kovell's guests, now Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Dowell of Long Beach, California, wanted to be married in the Horseshoe casino. They were ahead in their bout with the slot machines and

Photographs by Arthur Shay

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TENSE HANDS wait uneasily for the right card to turn up. Vegas's only psychiatrist says, "The incidence of instability is much higher here than elsewhere."

didn't feel like leaving the place. Judge Leavitt officiated in front of the keno booth with most of the players on the floor paying no attention.

Whatever the thrills, the average tourist's stay in Las Vegas is less than three days. "They can't stand the pace," said the convention-bureau spokesman. The casinos don't mind so long as fresh trade keeps coming. One of the most knowledgeable operators explained, "The secret of gambling is like a chain-store's volume. Eventually the percentage takes effect, and you should hold 25 per cent of the 'drop'" (or take).

Volume is encouraged by "promotion," such as the big-name shows, or by "comping"—giving things away on a complimentary basis. The Tropicana, which is deemed the Tiffany's of The Strip, has a Rolls-Royce to lend special guests. Good customers are housed free in some resorts. "How long?" said an executive. "Nine days? Nine months? What difference does it make? We're not in the hotel business." I asked another manager how many free Scotches he'd serve a player. "You want ten, we'll give you ten," he said. "We figure it may dull your senses, and then we make out a little better."

Big players are few, yet they are not missed. A man won $35,000 one night during my stay, so the casino grossed only $65,000 for the night. Still, big wins make the operators uncomfortable.

"If there were a tremendous volume of big players, it would be different," explained Allard Roen, managing director of the town's largest casinos, the Desert Inn and the Stardust. "Now when you get a big player, it's just a gamble. Our business is no different from banking. It's a percentage business." The Desert Inn's losses of $80,000 for its annual Tournament of Champions, starring such players as Sam Snead and Arnold Palmer, are natural segments of the percentage equation.

The "D.I." calls itself "Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn," although Clark, a friendly former dealer at New York and California spas, owns only 17.2 per cent of the casino and has little voice in management. It was Clark who started building the D.I., but he ran out of money. A Cleveland group bailed him out. The same team later rescued the Stardust, which had been promoted by Tony Stralla, a Los Angeles hoodlum who dropped dead playing craps at the Desert Inn. The rescuers of Stralla and Clark—whom we shall soon meet—were not mere routine witnesses before the Kefauver Committee. Their identity brought on one of the outbursts which brought fame to another committee member, the late Sen. Charles Tobey of New Hampshire.

"Before you got in bed with crooks to finish this proposition, didn't you look into these birds at all?" Tobey asked Clark.

"Not too much. No, sir," said Wilbur.

Like Clark, Managing Director Roen owns only a small share of the Desert Inn and Stardust casinos: 2 per cent of the D.I., 2.5 per cent of the Stardust. He is also under two Federal indictments in New York, involving alleged stock swindles totaling $13,000,000. Roen and his partners labor in a soundless setting of tastefully paneled walls, expansive horseshoe-shaped desks, wide bay windows and built-in bars. They wear deep tans, high polish on their nails and the thinnest wrist watches.

It is no longer possible, as it was ten years ago, to succeed on The Strip with a $5,000,000 investment. It takes $15,000,000 or more, plus a mosaic of corporations—some to own casinos, others to operate hotels, still others to hold the real estate involved.

No one knows who lurks behind some of these fiscal edifices, but the attraction for the underworld is plain. In a dingy, windowless counting room off the cashier's cage in one of the smaller casinos, I watched three men open the double-locked "hold boxes" which hang under every gambling table. Dealers stuff their take into the

SEDUCTIVE HANDS of a casino chorine briefly distract patrons from gambling.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VEGAS boxes through slits in the tables. The boxes are usually replaced three times daily and the contents listed on large "game work sheets."

Thousands of dollars tumbled onto our counting table. "I watch these other two guys, and they watch me," the manager explained. "We represent three factions among the owners. In some places it's rumored that only one person takes the count. He'd count 'Two for the house and one for the boys'"—the manager's hand slipped into his pocket in an unmistakable gesture. "Here your hands are supposed to be on the table all the time, and we don't wear coats. The long sleeves, you know. Last year, though, we found that somebody had been stealing. Damned if I know how he did it. He got about $8000 in a month. We fired him, and three days later he was working as an executive down the street. Around here they say, 'I don't care what a man's done as long as he doesn't do it to me.'"

Underworld partners can be useful as protectors against petty cheaters, as collectors of gambling debts—which are nowhere collectible through courts—and as sources of fresh bank rolls. For no matter how Las Vegas booms, there is usually a casino or two in financial difficulties—a fact that seems surprising, since Nevada authorities prefer to license "qualified" gamblers and freely admit that the desired experience is normally acquired in other states where officials had to be bribed to tolerate operations. But Las Vegas casino managements are restless for their own reasons. Some people attribute the frequent changes of managements to efforts by various mobs to muscle in on competitors. Licensed gamblers blame their colleagues' problems on the mystique of the trade.

"Maybe they give too much away, maybe they don't give nothin' away," suggested Ed Levinson, president of the Fremont Hotel. "It's like an actor gets on stage. He *feels* his audience. Gamblers, somehow, we have a way with the public."

Not all gamblers demonstrate their winning ways publicly any more. "Dandy Phil" Kastel of New Orleans, for instance, an old partner of mobster Frank Costello, built the $11,000,000 Tropicana. His wife Margaret supervised the lavish interior decoration. But the Nevada Gaming Control Board refused to license Kastel, so the Tropicana opened in the spring of 1957 with one Louis J. Lederer in charge of the casino. A month later Costello narrowly escaped assassination in his New York apartment-house lobby. A handwritten note was found in his pocket, noting "gross Casino Win as of 4-26-57 . . . $651,284," the exact Tropicana take as of the date.

The shots fired at Costello ricocheted in an instructive pattern. Portions of his Tropicana memo were written by Lederer, so the Nevada authorities ordered him removed from "the industry." Lederer also had an interest in Ed Levinson's Fremont Hotel. Levinson bought him out. The necessary $80,000 came from Levinson's lifelong friend, Sam Garfield, a "prominent oil man" of suburban Detroit who some years ago paid a $500 fine for running a gaming house in Indiana. Garfield is a codefendant, with Managing Director Roen of the Stardust and the Desert Inn, in the $13,000,000 New York stock-swindle indictments. Garfield also attended grammar school in Detroit with Moe Dalitz, a leading citizen of Las Vegas and the real boss of the Desert Inn and the Stardust.

ROMANTIC HANDS entwine amid the raucous excitement of a Las Vegas night.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In some respects Dalitz lacks the color of such employees as his Stardust credit manager, Hy Goldbaum, whose Los Angeles police record lists seven aliases and fourteen convictions, including one for assault and a recent three-year sentence for income-tax evasion. Or the casino manager—and owner of a 5 per cent share—Johnny Drew, a veteran associate of Capone mobsters, who was once fined in Quincy, Illinois, for running a crooked dice game at an Elks convention.

But the management team of Dalitz, Morris Kleinman and Samuel Tucker, who together own 66 per cent of the action at the Desert Inn and 39.6 per cent at the Stardust, do not lack seasoning either. As partners during prohibition days in Cleveland, they were indicted for operating barges smuggling liquor across Lake Erie. The case was never pursued, but Kleinman, who made $931,000 in 1929, served three years for income-tax evasion. All three men eventually operated large illegal gambling casinos in Ohio and Kentucky and also entered several legitimate businesses.

"To get your investments started off you did get yourself a pretty good little nest egg out of rumrunning, didn't you?" Dalitz was asked by Senator Kefauver during the celebrated hearings on crime.

"Well," replied Moe, "I didn't inherit any money, senator."

I found Dalitz as composed as ever. "Let's say gambling isn't moral," he said. "Neither is drinking to excess. I think Las Vegas has given people lots of fun. Sure, some will get hurt. But listen, they can go to Atlantic City and get into more danger in a crap game than here, where there's supervision."

I had been told that Dalitz was becoming a political kingmaker, but he disclaimed interest in Nevada candidates. "We don't have to say to

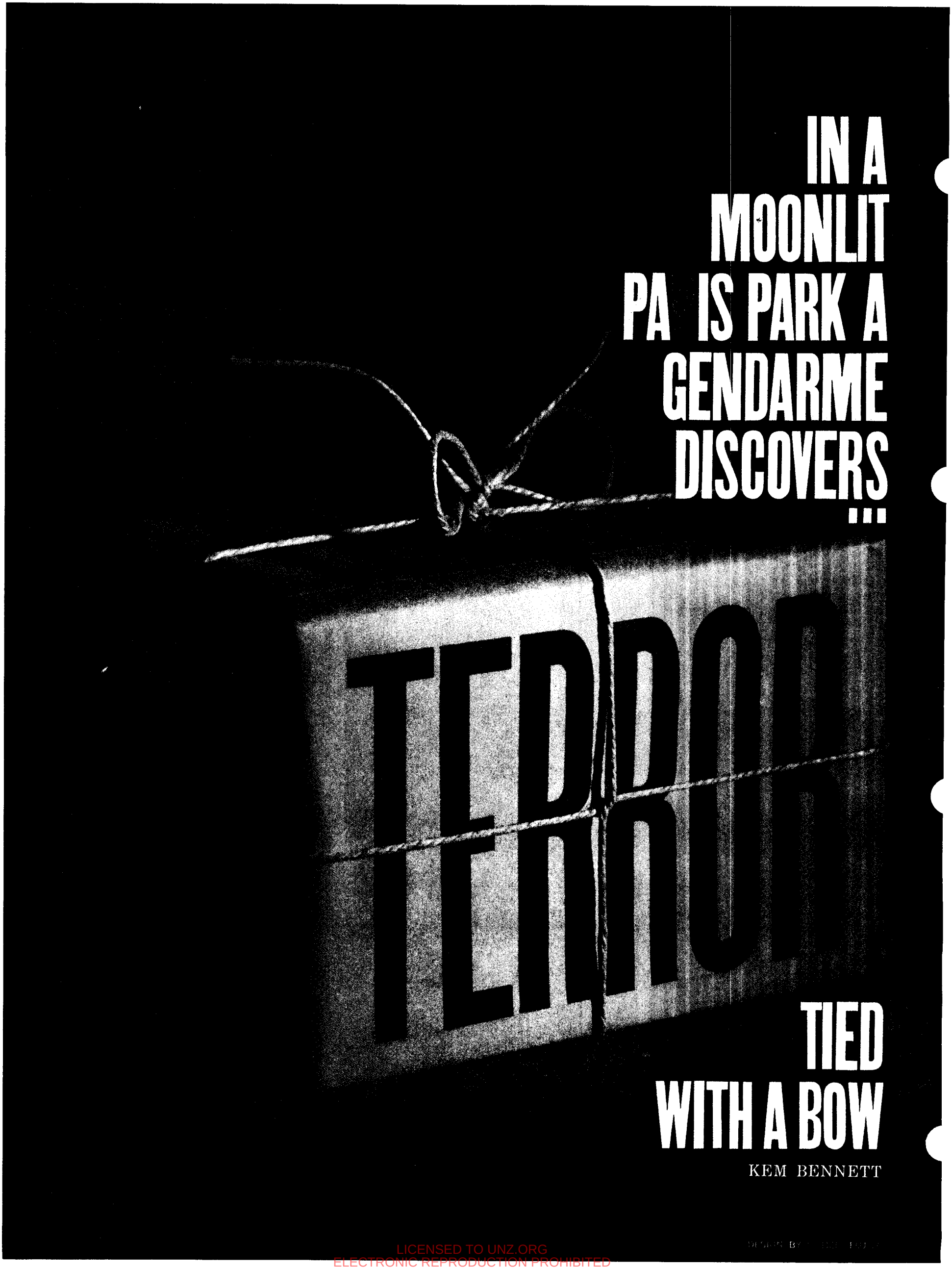
There is evidence to the contrary. Unquestionably thousands of Las Vegas citizens live as soberly as winetasters. Yet a survey last spring by the National Council on Crime and Delinquency found that referrals of serious juvenile crimes to the Clark County courts was double the national average. The governor's views on emotional stability also run counter to those of Dr. William O'Gorman, a cheerful Irishman who has practiced privately and at state and Veterans Administration hospitals from Ogden, Utah, to New York and is now Las Vegas's only psychiatrist.

"It's as primitive as you can find outside of a jungle," he said. "I never saw so many violent disorders. The incidence of instability is much higher here than elsewhere. No family is immune to the atmosphere."

The volume of transients does intensify local headaches. Las Vegas automatically attracts unconventional people. Some who are troubled before arrival become seriously disturbed in the melee. Some who think they can strike it rich lose everything and try burglary to get another bankroll, or a ticket home. Las Vegas officers constantly pick up suspects wanted in other cities. But Nevada-rooted crime also adds to the statistics elsewhere. Bugsy Siegel was murdered in Los Angeles. Last year, William (The Saint) Skally, a robber, counterfeiter and gambler, was slain gangland style in Chicago after returning from Vegas, where he had fraternized with an erstwhile Las Vegas casino licensee who had been found undesirable by Nevada gaming authorities.

Sheriff Lamb views such tourists calmly. "They been in business forty years someplace," he said. "I don't know where the hell they made their money. Nobody done anything about it. All of a sudden these fellows get to Vegas, they become top-flight hoods. I get teletypes from other police departments that some big hood is in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The gardens and courtyards of the *Palais Royal* were as familiar to Aristide Leblanc as his bed or the faces of his children. He knew the keepers of the shops in the colonnades, the owners of the apartments above the shops, the actors and actresses, directors, dressers and stagehands of the *Comédie Française*, the civil servants who worked in various parts of the old palace itself and the ever-changing ministers who bullied and instructed them.

He knew the nursemaids who brought their charges to play in the sand pits of the garden and the business girls who ate their sandwich lunches on the benches by the fountains. He knew the gardens themselves with the completeness of a proprietor, and the statuary, the terrazzo pavements, the fountains and façades with the same intimacy. Of the statues, a nineteenth-century piece glorifying the *Spirit of Roman Genius* struck him as particularly beautiful and inspiring. This, consequently, was his favorite, and once, when he had clapped his hands to frighten the pigeons away—because they dealt shamefully with the *Spirit of Roman Genius* as they did with all the other surfaces in the structure of the palace—an old man had remarked that he was glad to find a policeman who preferred art to pigeons. After that Aristide had come to think of himself as curiously responsible for the *Palais Royal*, not only for its peace—for which he was indeed responsible—but for its fabric, its meaning and its serenity. He found that the sense of added responsibility was, rather to his surprise, a gift instead of a burden; it put something joyful into his day's work, and he was wise enough and African enough to recognize a man's need for this kind of thing.

To be called Leblanc and yet to be very, very black was—or could have been—a cruel trick of interracial inheritance, but Aristide had long ago become so used to the jokes that they had ceased even to be pinpricks. When they were made—cyclically, in more or less monthlong bursts every year or so—he grinned a lot and was liked for it. He was the happier for being liked, so in a way, being a jet-black Leblanc had become one of his advantages.

He was forty-five; his maternal grandfather had been a trader's bastard in Dahomey; he had two children and no wife, for she was dead; he had been doing the afternoon-to-midnight stint at the *Palais Royal* for ten years, and he was large and kind and had not the waspish quality which characterizes too many of the Paris police.

Aristide found the parcel tucked under one of the benches, more or less in the middle of the rectangle of the gardens, and, in the first instance, did no more about it than to fish it out from under the seat and place it on the plinth of the *Spirit of Roman Genius* so that he would not forget to take it away when he passed that way again. It was not his job to clear away litter or abandoned parcels from the gardens, but he often did, prompted by the feeling of personal responsibility which had become part of him.

Under the colonnades and in various sheltered spots among the arcades and entrances to the *Palais Royal* gardens, Aristide found that night the customary number of sleeping derelicts. He let them lie, as usual, after having made sure that they had not been making use of any of the niches as lavatories, for this was a defilement he would not tolerate. Then, thinking all of a sudden about the Algerian problem and de Gaulle's approaching referendum on the subject, he retraced his steps to the monument to pick up the parcel. Because Aristide was emotionally both a Frenchman and a Negro, the drama of dying African colonialism interested and perturbed him; he reflected in himself, after all, the very contradictions and conflicts that were discussed daily in the newspapers.

He had his fingers round the parcel when, with riot and nationalism in mind, it occurred to him that it might contain explosive.

As soon as the thought came it was intuitively confirmed, and he knew, with a certainty far deeper than logical persuasion, that the thing was a bomb. He withdrew his hand slowly and stepped back, his eyes fixed on the parcel, his fingers instinctively drawing his night cape about him, for the shock of his certainty had chilled him.

It was a commonplace package, wrapped in brown paper of inferior quality, tied with rough but clean new string, weighing, he remembered, about a kilogram. He stared at it, trying to estimate its dangerousness, while his logical mind, unimpressed by intuitive certainty, skirmished with possibilities. Was it a bomb? If so, why had it been left here in a wide-open space in a public garden? What ought to be done about it? Would he—and this was the most worrying of the questions—would he be believed if he rang through to the *commissariat* to report his discovery and his conviction that it was perilous?

It took him nearly a minute to realize that he had better do something, for the longer he delayed the more dangerous the parcel could become. He was briefly tempted to drop it into the basin of one of the fountains, but then he remembered the war and the sight of beach mines exploding under water and knew that immersion was not necessarily an effective disarmament for an explosive charge. Presently, setting his big teeth, he forced himself to return to the parcel, to kneel and press his ear to it. It was not ticking. He stood up and cursed it for not ticking; had it been ticking, everything would have been neat and conclusive. Nevertheless his mind was made up and he turned and ran heavily toward the exit closest to the *Comédie Française*, beyond which was a police telephone post.

The black-and-white Renault Dauphine with the winking red beacon on its roof pulled into the *Palais Royal* courtyard, and Lieutenant Perrier got out. He was a short, thickset man with a tobacco-stained bushy mustache and a matter-of-fact demeanor. He smoked expensive English cigarettes, which he rolled backward and forward between his lips with the tip of his tongue, hardly ever inhaling but allowing the smoke to fumigate his head as if its action could have an inhibiting effect upon the imaginative process. This inhibition he needed as an explosives expert, for imagination working too wantonly could have made his trade a lifelong torment. He gave an impression of great steadiness and sturdiness, which made it seem likely that his English cigarettes would be his only extravagance.

Aristide Leblanc saluted, because Perrier was both a stranger and a superior. "Where is it?" Perrier asked.

"Over by the big statue, *mon lieutenant*."

Perrier nodded, grunted "Wait" to his driver and moved forward.

Aristide said, "I wondered if I should have dropped it into the fountain."

Perrier shook his head, unsmiling. "Since I am not devoted to paddling, it would have been incorrect," he said. "I am glad you resisted the temptation."

The Negro laughed, delighted to have done something right—even so passive a thing as this. He was still uncertain.

"How do you know this is a bomb?"

Aristide frowned and shrugged. "I cannot say that I know," he admitted doubtfully. "I think it is. It is very difficult to explain."

Perrier nodded; then suddenly smiled charmingly, with his cigarette rolled away to one side of his mouth. "Even if it turns out to be birdseed," he said, "don't worry that I shall be angry. I like people who prefer to be safe rather than sorry."

The moon had risen, and the parcel looked bigger and more meaningful in its light.

When the two policemen were about twenty yards away Perrier took Aristide gently by the elbow. "Stay here," he said. "Better lie down—or you could lie behind the parapet of the fountain over there."

"Do you not need help?" Aristide asked.

"I doubt it. If I do I can call."

Aristide hesitated, wanting to argue, but Perrier had walked

(Continued on Page 96)

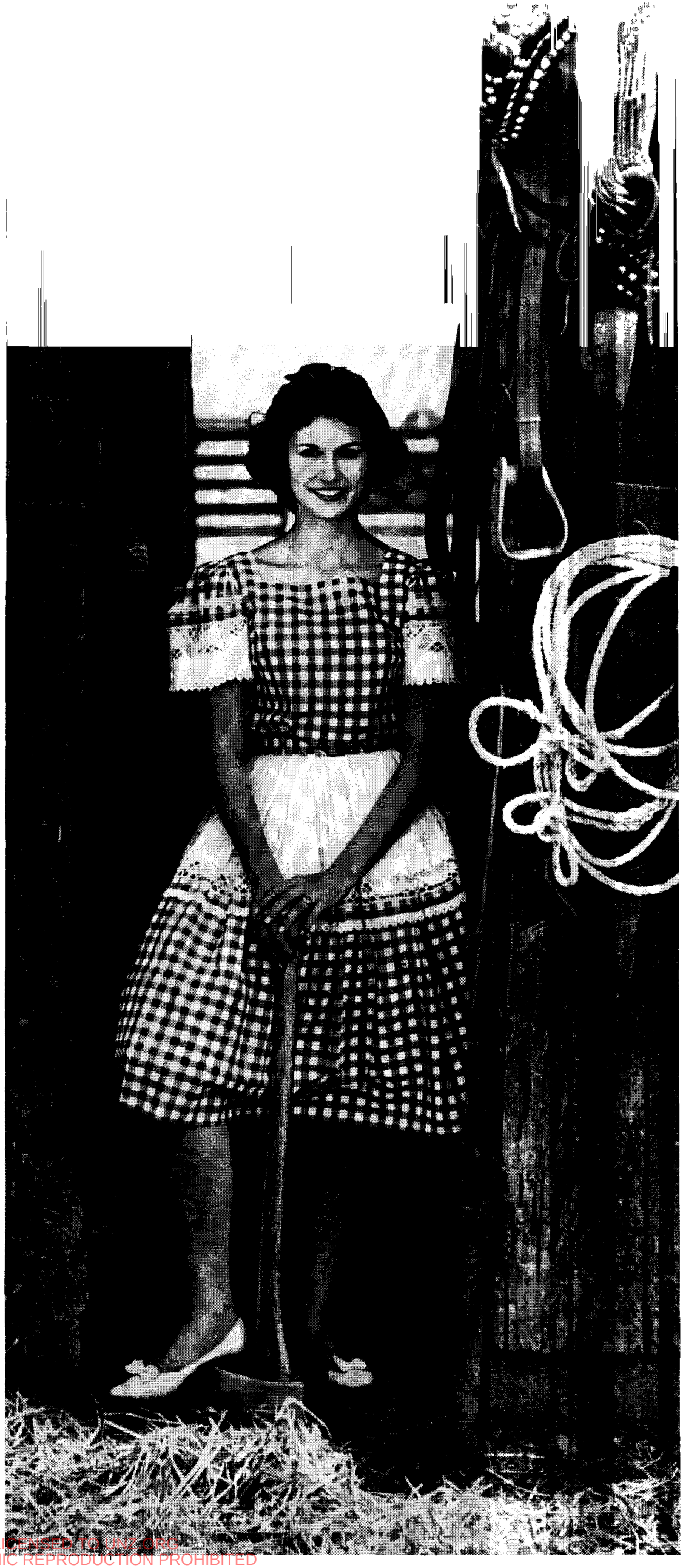
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

People on the way Up

Ray Peters: Atomic Medic Equipped with protective clothing and a Geiger counter, Dr. Raymond Peters, 35, enters the reactor chamber of the *Savannah*, the world's first nuclear-powered merchant ship. Built to prove the atom peaceable as well as potent, the *Savannah* has every safeguard for crew and passengers. Peters himself, as ship's surgeon and an expert on radiation sickness, is the ultimate safeguard. His job: To investigate reports of radioactivity leaks and protect those aboard from exposure. Peters, born and reared near Pittsburgh, the youngest of sixteen children, helped pay his expenses at the University of Pittsburgh by selling shoes and tending bar. A general practitioner for four years, he returned to the university to study radiation health, then took the *Savannah* job. He is a bachelor, drives a sports car, likes to cook. The *Savannah's* sea trials next year will be his first time at sea, but seasickness doesn't worry him. "It's all a question of mental attitude," Peters claims, as has many a landlubber before him. PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY KEIGHLEY

Peggy Romero, Bayou Belle From the rustic barn of her family's farm near Kaplan, Louisiana, Peggy Romero, 17, emerges as living proof that beauty and homemaking skill are a girl's best blend. Peggy, whose talents won her the national presidency of the 500,000-member Future Homemakers of America last summer, designs and makes her own clothes, breeds prize-winning cattle, can cook and serve a man-sized meal for a crew of sixteen field hands. (Her specialty is rice salad—potato salad, minus potatoes, plus rice.) She's also the beauty queen of the Louisiana Farm Bureau. But most remarkable for a teen-ager, she feels her home and parents are just about perfect. A straight-A student at Kaplan High, where she is yearbook editor and Student Council treasurer, Peggy plans to enter Southwestern Louisiana University next fall. When duties and ordinary girlish pursuits clash, Peg has a simple solution: "I choose what's most important." She'll tell ou she's not popular, but when a local newspaper mis-akenly implied she wouldn't consider marrying a nonfarmer, more than one young blade announced his intention to major in agriculture. PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL SHROUT



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEARTLESS HEIDI

GERALD KERSH

for years she took everything her admirers offered... without giving them a thing in return.

It was getting out of the elevator when a little old lady said, "Hold it!" There was a rasp of authority in her voice.

"Going up," said the operator.

But she, stepping in, snapped, "So? What goes up must come down. I go down." Then, with a clash and a hiss of machinery, she was gone—but not before she had given me, like a yellow jacket in passing, two stabbing looks, left and right, so swiftly delivered that I did not feel the sting of them until I was alone in the corridor that led to Bella Barlay's suite.

That greatest and most beloved of comic actresses was still standing near her front door when I rang; evidently she had just seen the little old lady out, for the door opened with a quick jerk as soon as I touched the bell.

"Oh," said Bella Barlay, "it is you, is it? Come in and say nice things to me. Comfort me. Just for once, don't expect me to tell you a story. I am sad. Come." And she led the way into her sitting room. Silent as a cat in her black velvet housecoat—quick as a cat too—she went to her little desk, and I saw her closing a checkbook and sliding it into a drawer, all in one movement.

There were two sherry glasses on the sideboard, one of which bore traces of orange-colored lipstick. Bella Barlay used no paint off stage—she had her own glow, old as she was. And while, obedient to her direction, I filled two fresh glasses with old wine, I saw her in the sideboard mirror—catlike again—licking ink off her finger.

Taking her glass, she said, "Did you meet, in passing, an old lady with a face like a peeled walnut and hair like shredded carrot? A kind of ambulant vitamin?" There was something in her tone that led me to suspect a trap.

"I saw an old lady," I said warily.

"An old lady, yes. But full of pep?"

"Of pep? Yes."

"A nutburger topped with tangerines? Somewhat ridiculous?" Bella Barlay persisted. "Make me a witty remark!"

PAINTING BY THORNTON UTZ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I said, "I won't. You're in a bad temper and you're trying to set me up for a chopping block. No, ma'am! I saw the old lady you mention. How would I describe her if I were writing about her? I'd say that she was holding her head high between rounds in her conflict with the inevitable, while she and time paused for breath. Still, I should say, time will make his mark—and so he has. But she must have left her mark on time—and a devil of a battle it must have been! Well?"

"For this," said Bella Barlay, "I love you. The old lady you saw was the one and only Heidi Hohe, the immortal Heartless Heidi!"

"I read something about her, I think, in a series titled, *Where Are They Now?* I had no idea she was still alive," I said.

Bella Barlay said, "You read, you thought and you had no idea. Well, much I care what you pick up predigested out of your pocket-sized magazines. Heidi is alive and kicking, believe me; and she has carried her share of trouble somewhat like a lady, I think. She is thirteen years my senior, which makes her eighty-three years old. And yet she has *schwung!*"

I asked, "What is *schwung?*"

Bella Barlay said, "Here, you ask for a definition of the indefinable. Long before your time, the term *schwung* was in common usage in the theaters in Europe. You have seen an Olympic runner? Well, *schwung* is the extra heartbeat and the last ounce. You have seen two-and-a-half backsomersaults on the flying trapeze? But to make that a triple backsomersault takes *schwung*. It is a quality of spirit.

"Let us take the example of, say, Maurice Chevalier. He has charm. Is charm enough? No. Can he sing? No, he talks. Can he dance? Can he act? He has what you call personality then? Why, so has any Atlantic City lanolin salesman. So, with what did Maurice Chevalier conquer the world? With the mysterious quality called *schwung*. It is a life force; what the French call a *je ne sais quoi*—meaning, a little extra something that the others haven't got. *Schwung!* It is beyond analysis. Jimmy Durante has it. To a degree, poor Carmen Miranda had it. It is what makes lions fall in love with mice, so that ladies in Pancake make-up ask one another, 'But what can he see in her?' *Schwung.*

"Heidi had *schwung,* and this queer quality knows neither doubt nor fear—it sees no middle way, but only the end to which it is aimed; and to this end it must go, come fire or ice, insensitive to pleasure or pain, indifferent to the springtime of love and the cold blasts of hate. *Schwung* is a demon on your back. It is a curse. Once you have it—and you must be born with it, for it can never be acquired—you do not belong to yourself any more. You are its slave and the slave of all the world."

I said, "Wait a bit! This *schwung*—this species of genius—dehumanizes, according to you. Yet you are a living contradiction of what you say. No woman ever had more *schwung* than you, and none was ever sweeter or better loved."

She gave me one of her rare, radiant little smiles. "I had certain advantages," she said. "As a child, I was well-beloved by kind parents, whom I could not help loving in return. I was educated in the humanities. And when I was developing, I was guided by the iron hand in the velvet glove of 'Uncle' Jean de Luxe; and through my admiration for him I learned the mysterious consolations of human pity. But Heidi came scratching and biting up out of a Warsaw gutter, wild as an alley cat and not much more prepossessing.

"Cat," Bella Barlay continued, musing. "Yes, there was something of the cat about Heidi. Tortoise shell—that was her original coloring—but with hard blue Siamese eyes, and that same neat little blunt profile. Furthermore, she was muscled like a cat, to move in a dozen directions at once and, if dropped from a height, land on her feet. A cat in action and a cat in repose—there was Little Heidi for you. Wherever Heidi curled herself up, there was home sweet home, and the world could go to the devil. She could reduce herself to about half her size—and she was only five feet tall—or, yawning, stretch herself like a rubber band most voluptuously and then snap back, relaxed and refreshed. Her weight was ninety-five pounds, but every ounce of it was most appetizingly feminine. She made about three million dollars. But I bore you?"

"No, no," I said. "I want you to tell me about her."

"As if I didn't know," said Bella Barlay and went on. . . .

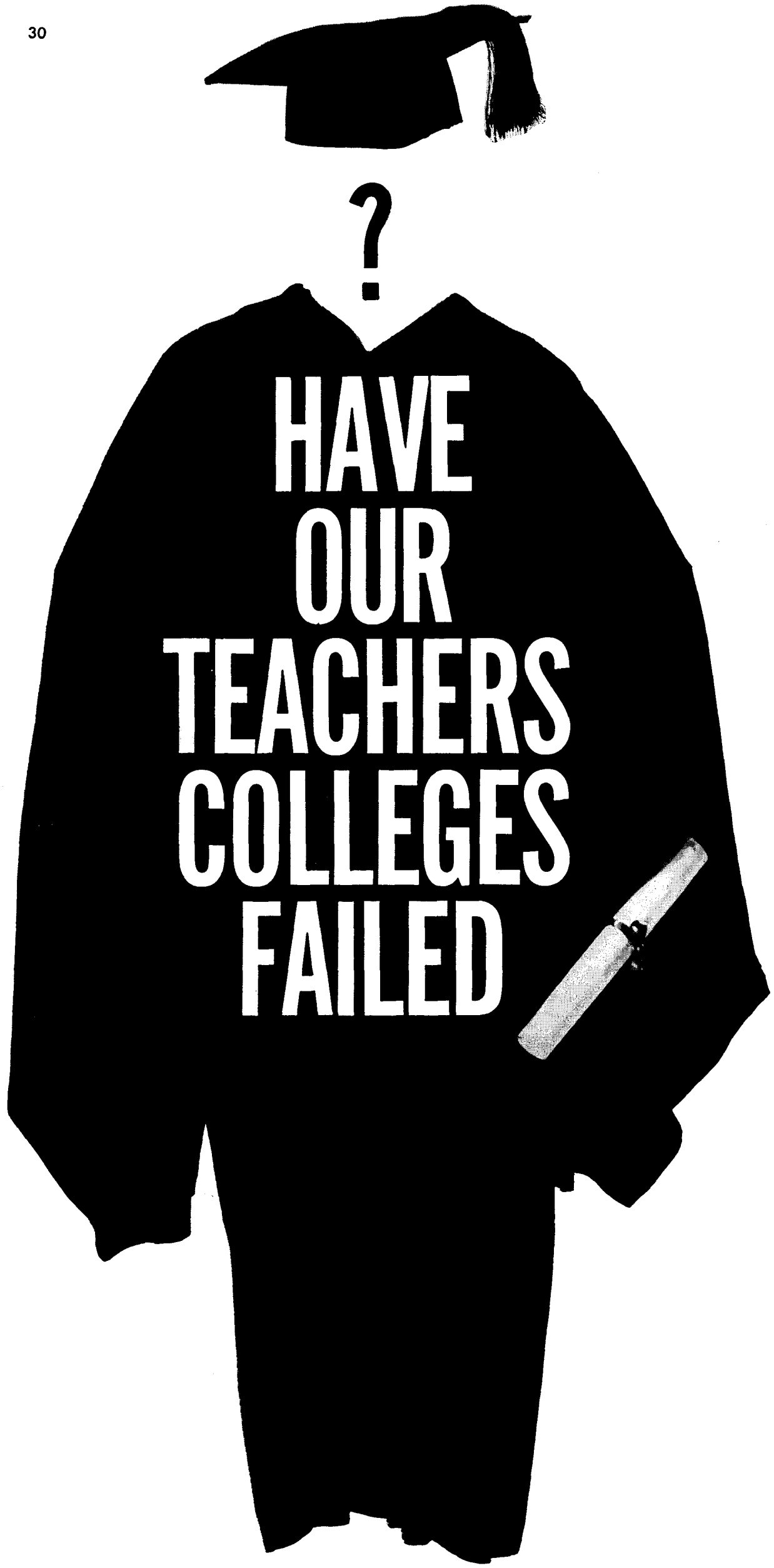
. . . I knew Heidi better than anyone else ever knew her. I was, I think, the only one she called a friend. Still, I never knew much about her antecedents or her background. It is certain that she earned farthings at the age of six, dancing in the Warsaw alleys to the twangling music of a cracked zither. Between this and her sudden blaze into glory about 1895, there is a lacuna, a complete gap. There were scandalous conjectures as to how Heidi made so great a success so early in life. It is so easy to guess, eh? Ah, but how easy it is to guess wrong! So we'll have no guesses. But I will tell you this, my friend, if lack of moral scruple were the key to fame and fortune in the world, then the honorable failures would hold the headlines by sheer force of rarity!

Homeless Heidi, penniless and friendless—for she was not of a nature to inspire warm or sympathetic feeling and had a rude, offhand manner that came of a genuine disregard for other people's feelings—little Heidi, I say, came into the limelight out of nowhere purely by power of *schwung.* Of all the women I ever met, Heidi had the most marvelous shoplifter's knack of abstracting from the world, in passing, exactly what her instinct told her would be useful to her. Imitating nobody, she seemed to derive a little something from everybody and transmute it into something else—original, typical of herself alone. Oh, believe me, in her genre Heidi was a great actress, no question about that.

But she was so hard, so ruthless! She was tooled and grooved to bore her way against the grain of things, sure as a gimlet. She was not especially beautiful, except for her tiny but provocative figure, her superbly modulated voice and her eyes—although, to my mind, these eyes were to be admired as, say, a pair of rare matched sapphires are to be admired, as stones that glorified light in refraction, for they held no light of their own. It was said that she had no feelings—and, curiously enough, people mostly admired her for that. Men vied with one another for the privilege of trying to get a smile and a "thank you" out of her with presents of costly jewelry. She took everything and gave nothing.

In 1896, when she was about eighteen years old, she was already the leading lady of a minor company—and, wow, but I shudder to think of the intrigues and the knifings she must have grown proficient at, to get so far so soon! Then, cold as a tax collector, she married an infatuated old millionaire simply in order to have her own theater and her own company to do with as she pleased. Having got these, she divorced the old gentleman pitilessly. And then she was not merely a theatrical personality—she was a personage, a power! You may take my word for it that, as such, she made herself felt. She demanded adoration and obedience and she got them; because if you did not adore and obey her, she threw you out. I was nearly a member of her troupe once, when I was nineteen and she in her early thirties. Our eyes met, and she said, "There *Continued on Page 90*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



By EVAN HILL

Statistics disclos United States ma

The professor—a gentle, baldheaded man with a rosebud in his lapel—is solemnly teaching a course called "Human Growth and Development" to about thirty sophomores and juniors. Near him a sign reads: HOW WE DEVELOP EMOTIONALLY. His students, future public-school teachers, hear him speak of the child who curses in school and refuses to sit. He asks, "Now what do you do?" No one answers the question, and neither does he.

He says, "Conformity is good and it's also bad." And "Every child has a certain amount of creativity but some have more than others." No one is taking notes; there is little worth recording. Near the end of the hour he is saying, "We have inherited a kind of tendency, sometimes, that makes us that way, maybe." And the bell rings.

The classroom emptics and in the hall—out of the professor's hearing—a student calls him "Professor Rosebud," asking, "What was he talking about?" His companion replies, "He never says."

Professor Rosebud's course, under one label or another, is required in almost all teachers colleges, and in the last few decades Rosebud platitudes have affected more than 1,000,000 American teachers, who in turn have affected millions of young Americans whom they have taught.

Rosebud, his course, and his students are symptomatic of one of the greatest problems facing American education: the quality of our teachers colleges. The "learning situation" in Rosebud's class—to use his own jargon—is disturbing the nation. Recently it distressed a critic so much that he proposed we "burn down our teachers colleges." But the situation, although appalling in many cases, is not quite that bad. I have recently returned from a 7000-mile trip around the nation, sampling teacher-training institutions, visiting classrooms, talking with students, deans and professors, and wandering through campus bookstores and libraries. And I have corresponded with more than fifty deans and presidents of teachers colleges and with the certification departments of every state in the country.

Our teacher-training system, I found, is at once complex and simple, throbbing with vitality and boringly bland. It worships statistics and reports and studies, interpreting them with a loving disregard for agreement—the same report will horrify one expert, comfort another. It is as varied as the nation's landscape; and at times it is downright mysterious and unexplainable.

Certainly the nation's 1200 teacher-training institutions cannot be judged by casual visits to a few of them. There is a remarkable similarity in education courses and education professors, but I found that there is a great range in the quality of the institutions themselves. There are deserts of chaos and indifference, as well as oases of sparkling intellectualism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'hat the graduates of some teachers colleges in the know less than the students they are trained to teach.

But highly disturbing accusations are often made about these schools. It is said that they accept students of low intelligence and send them forth as teachers; that their faculty and classroom facilities are inferior to other colleges—they are neglected financially; that they often grant degrees to students who would be flunked at other colleges; that many of them display contempt for solid, basic knowledge, insisting that a teacher can be harmed by knowing too much. In short, according to the most severe critics, part of our teacher-training system is a fraud and a farce, operated by well-meaning mediocrities who are almost fanatically devoted to perpetuating the system which produced them.

Before discussing these accusations, I must define the term "teachers college," and review the legal requirements for a public-school teacher's license. Briefly, a teachers college is any institution which offers enough education courses to satisfy state certification laws. About half of our new teachers are produced by public general colleges and universities; about one third come from private colleges and universities; the remainder are produced by institutions which actually bear the name "teachers college."

Whatever college he chooses, a prospective teacher must take a certain number of education courses before the state will license him. These studies usually include a "Rosebud" course in child growth and development, student teaching, testing, courses in the history, philosophy and psychology of education, and methods of teaching. State requirements vary; education courses may make up as little as 7 per cent to as much as 30 per cent of the elementary teacher's total college studies; for high-school teachers the range is 10 to 22 per cent.

However, minimum state requirements rarely satisfy teacher-training institutions. On the average, they demand that about 30 per cent of the elementary-teacher's college work—and 20 per cent of the high-school teacher's—be devoted to education courses. In some cases the figures run as high as 57 per cent for elementary teachers and 42 per cent for high-school teachers. The result is that many institutions are graduating teachers who know all about teaching but almost nothing about *what* to teach.

This pattern is the basis for the "methods" vs. "content" controversy, the most common—and perhaps the least valid—criticism of American teacher education. Actually the number of professional education courses required by most teachers colleges is not patently excessive, although "excess" is certainly a matter of opinion. Few critics seriously propose that all education courses be eliminated; many feel that state minimum requirements are fairly realistic. But the critics are on solid ground when they point out the extremes: colleges where students are encouraged to concentrate on the "whole child" and "one-to-one relationships" and "structured orders" at the expense of basic knowledge.

The real problem with education courses is not how many are required, but what they contain. "Human Growth and Development" need not be drivel. However, the course can be only as good as its teacher, and although there are Professor Rosebuds teaching history, science and philosophy, too often they teach education. There can be no sudden plucking of Rosebuds, but some institutions are making a start at getting rid of them. At Western Washington State College, the teaching of educational psychology has been transferred into the department of psychology, despite grumbling by the educationists who once taught it. At the University of Minnesota I sat with 175 juniors in an early-morning class in "Introduction to Secondary Education." The instructor was a youthful Harvard graduate who knew what he was talking about.

Yet some educationists ignore the quality of education courses and want more of them. The president of one of the South's largest teachers colleges told me, "Two years of college subject matter is adequate for a high-school teacher. He doesn't need the Reconstruction period or the development of the West. He doesn't need European history. He doesn't need the history of the South or the Southwest, or anything else of the sort. More subject matter usually results in teaching over children's heads."

Not all educationists agree. The recent Harvard-Carnegie Reading Study recommends that prospective teachers "be permitted if not encouraged to elect a field of concentration other than elementary education." Harold G. Shane, education dean at Indiana University, says, "A teacher cannot teach any more than he knows." Dean Shane is increasing the amount of content taught in his school. Roy E. Lieuallen, president of Oregon College of Education, says, "We must be a selective, high-quality liberal-arts college with a professional degree." In recent years William C. Gaige, president of 107-year-old Rhode Island College, has squeezed a great deal of the professional education out of his program. "And we intend to squeeze out more," he says emphatically.

Thus there is some effort truly to educate the teacher. Reformation will be difficult, however—perhaps impossible—as long as teachers colleges accept students who cannot be educated. Many teacher-training institutions are required by law to accept any applicant clutching a high-school diploma. Freshmen may be tested for I.Q., scholastic aptitude, or high-school achievement, but low scores cannot keep them out.

A New Hampshire school-board chairman told me, "We are getting teachers who flunked out of the University of New Hampshire and then were accepted by the state teachers colleges. Now they're teaching subjects they flunked in the university." Max Rafferty, superintendent of schools in La Canada, California, has blistered his profession: "Nobody had made Teacher learn anything for a long, long time, boys and girls. Except about How to Teach, of course. Even here he's a little backward, because he comes from the Lower Level of the great university, little friends. Everyone there is smarter than he is."

Such observations have been confirmed by statistical surveys. Three years ago Robert D. North of the Educational Records Bureau reported on fourteen studies of the caliber of prospective teachers. He said, ". . . teachers-college students throughout the nation rank below students in other four-year colleges with respect to academic ability. . . . They consistently fall below the liberal arts, science and engineering groups, and most other groups as well."

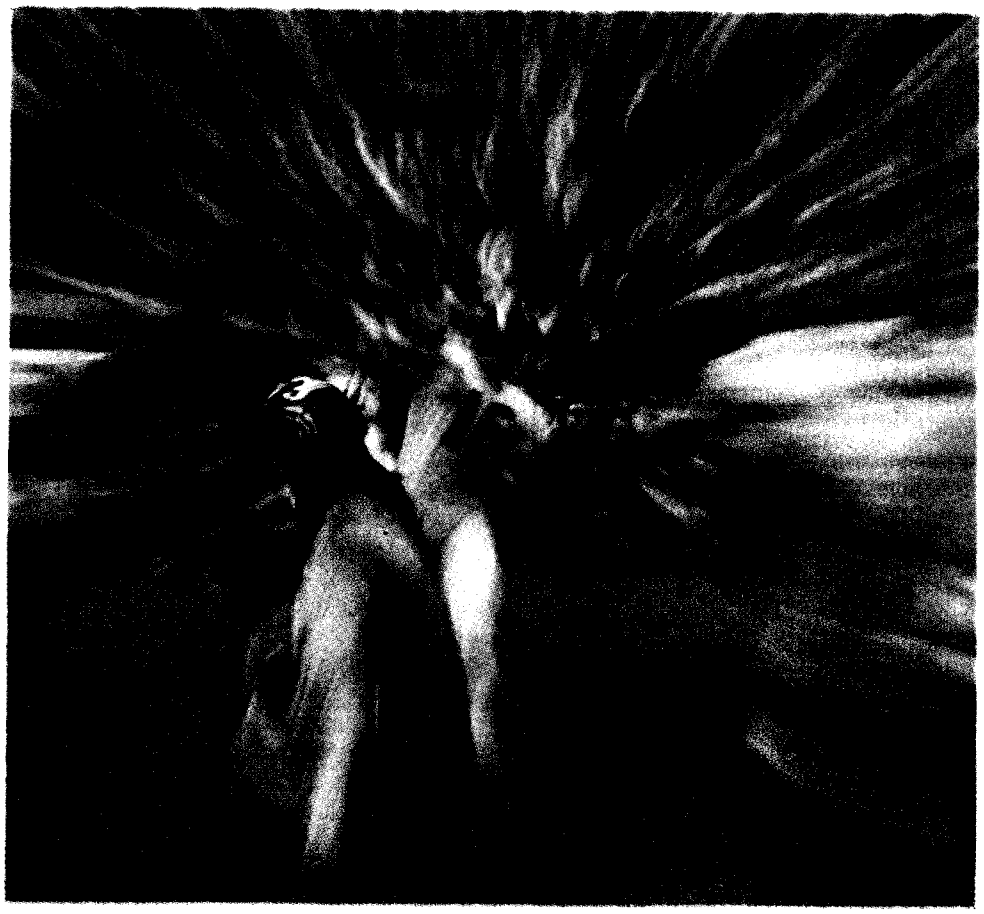
One of the studies cited by North was the 1951–52 Selective Service College Qualification Test given to 410,000 college males. Only 27 per cent of the education students passed it. In comparison, 68 per cent of the engineering students and 52 per cent of the humanities students passed. Education students ranked lowest of nine categories, even below students of business, commerce and agriculture, which usually are near the bottom of the academic pecking order.

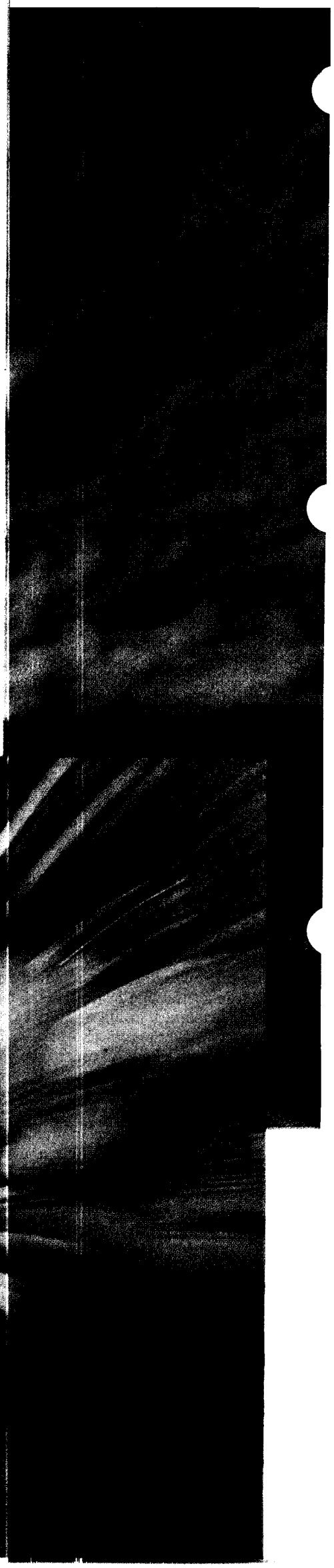
There are exceptions, of course; some teachers colleges do attempt to weed out the weak. Last year Sam Houston State Teachers College in Huntsville, Texas, rejected eighty applicants and suspended 300 students for poor grades. Western Washington State College accepts all high-school graduates, then flunks out half its freshman class. But Sam Houston has been in the teaching business for eighty-two years, and last year was the first time that applicants were turned away because of low intelligence.

Many private colleges and universities apply rigid standards to all entering students—even those planning to teach—but in the main the nation is making teachers out of young people who are recommended by no more than a pleasing face and a high-school diploma. But better, more intelligent students alone will not reform our teachers colleges. Even the most promising prospect will be poorly trained if he is taught by Professor Rosebuds; and Rosebuds will remain in the classroom as long as other Rosebuds run our teachers colleges. Usually the chief administrator is a former school superintendent or a state commissioner of education. In any case, he is usually a teachers-college graduate.

These men set the curriculum, select the faculty, recruit the students and control the intellectual atmosphere. The (Continued on Page 94)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

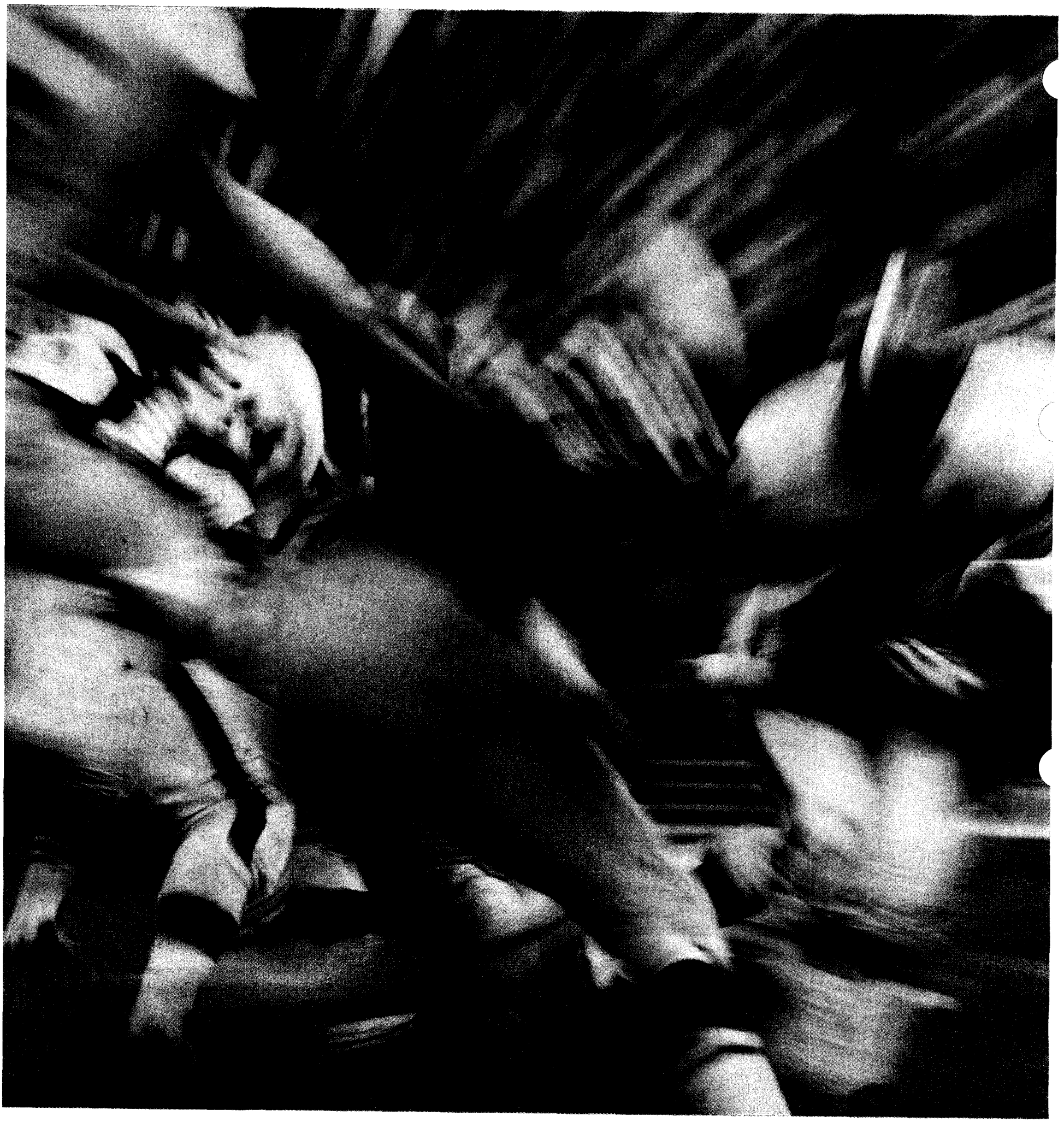
RAZZLE-DAZZLE

This is the pro game as the players see it—close range, smack up against it, where blurred shapes hurtle across the line of vision and tacklers explode on ball carriers. Conventional photos freeze the action, make runners look like statues, but Arthur Rickerby, using a remarkable new photographic technique, portrays the bewildering speed of modern football, its driving impact. Upper left: Milt Plum (16) of the Cleveland Browns flips a pass over onrushing San Francisco Forty-Niners. Lower left: Tackle Dick Modzelewski (77) and New York Giant teammates stop a Baltimore thrust on the one-inch line. Above: Mark Smolinski of the Colts streaks away from a Giant defender.

THE Face OF AMERICA

CONTINUED

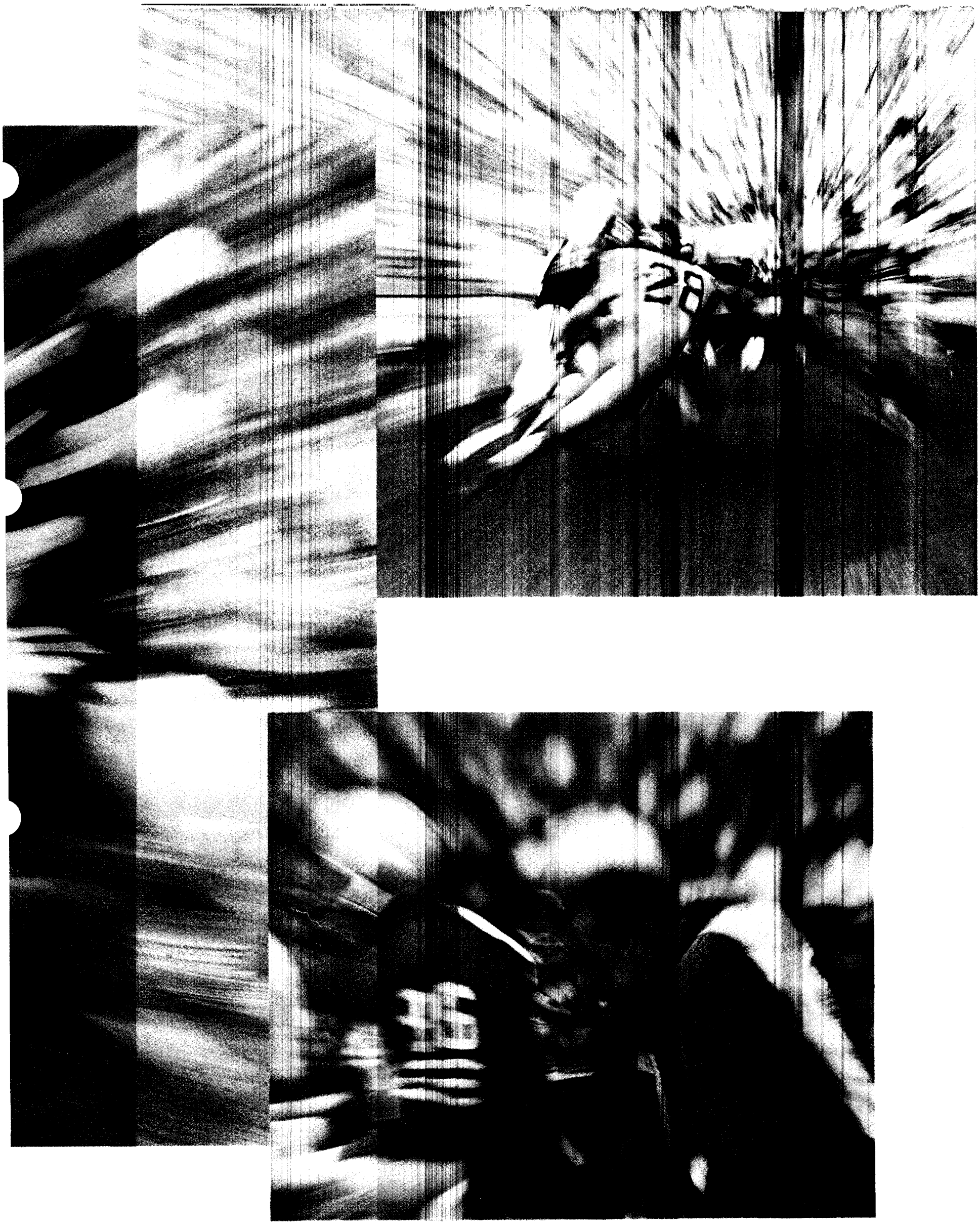
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



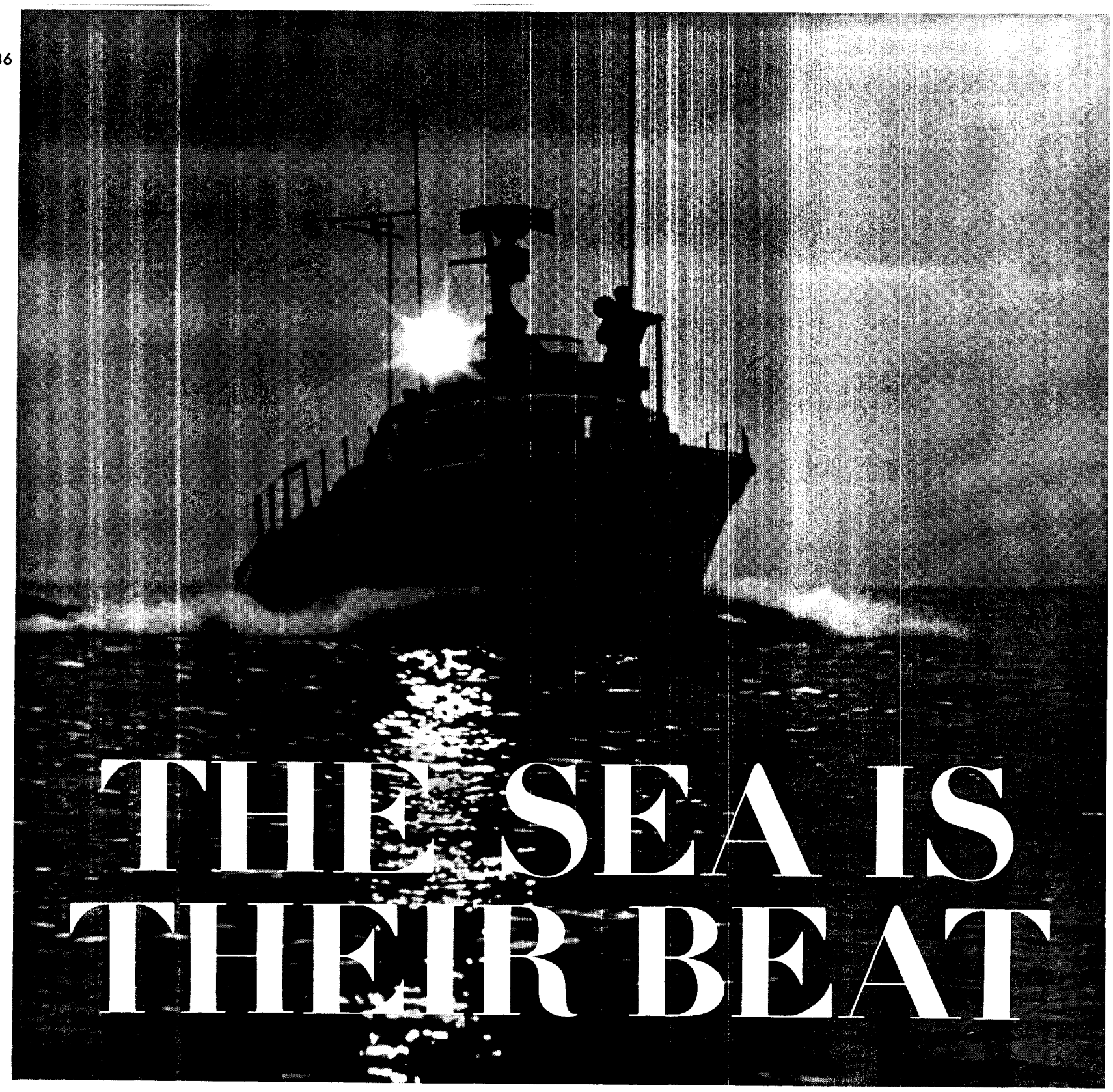
THE Face OF AMERICA

The plunge and weave of pro football . . . Above: Halfback Bobby Mitchell of the Browns (striped helmet) crumples as a Forty-Niner knifes into him headlong. Upper right: Deep in his own territory, Joel Wells (28) of the Giants tries to wriggle through the Colt secondary. Lower right: Bench-bound Leo Nomellini, Forty-Niner tackle, sweats out a crisis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE SEA IS THEIR BEAT

How seagoing cops nab outlaw fishermen along the California coast.

BY JEAN MUIR Aided by a thick California fog, the crew of a pirate fishing boat set out recently in their twenty-foot, double-ender dory to drift a salmon net in the delta region of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers. The use of commercial fishing nets had been outlawed there since 1957.

King salmon were thick that night, flashing up toward their spawning grounds in the high mountain streams. As salmon were wholesaling at seventy-five cents a pound, the outlaws expected a profitable evening. The only trouble was, when they hauled their 100-fathom net out of the fo'c'sle, they hauled out with it a Marine Patrol Warden, who pinched the whole flabbergasted crew. The warden had been hiding in the net for three hours, waiting to get the evidence.

The Marine Patrol, wildlife protection branch of the California Fish and Game Department, a salty and hairy-chested service, has a reputation for imaginative law enforcement. There was the time, for instance, when from the shore Inspector Ellis Berry noticed some abalone divers in a rocky cove three miles below Point Lobos. The way they were operating convinced him they were taking abalone in less than twenty feet of water—an illegal act—and probably undersized ones at that. Yet, in spite of his halloos, the divers continued to ignore him. Inspector Berry grew more unhappy by the moment. Finally he stripped down, pinned his badge to his shorts, swam out through the ocean and caught them with 300 undersized abalone.

In California sixty-four marine wardens, half of them afloat and half of them stationed along the coast line, are responsible for enforcing the law as it applies to all the marine life between Oregon and the Mexican border. That means patroling 1200 miles of coast and 10,000 square miles of ocean water. It also means keeping a restraining eye on some 4000 commercial fishing boats, on the activities of well over half a million salt-water sport fishermen and on a commercial fishing industry which grosses approximately $70,000,000 annually.

People generally refer to the Marine Patrol as "California's Navy," because it operates a fleet of sixteen ocean-going patrol vessels—fast, well-equipped boats ranging in size from the ninety-foot *Albacore* to the twenty-two-foot *Minnow*. Commercial fishermen call the wardens "fish cops," or "sonabish fish commish," depending on the mood the fishermen are in.

Now, wardens are the first to agree that fishermen, both sport and commercial, are a most courteous and honest group as a whole. But just the same, they look over the blue Pacific with a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUP'N CRACKER-TREATS

Great Idea: Pass the soup tray! Lunch, supper, afternoon, late-evening snack – steaming mugfuls of soup taste good any time. Specially when it's everyone's favorite – Campbell's bright and cheery Tomato Soup. And cracker-treats are easy to make while you heat the soup. Just top your favorite crackers with your favorite spreads and cheeses. Guests coming tonight? Teen-agers heading home? Family staying in? Heat up Campbell's good 'n nourishing Tomato Soup, fix up some cracker-treats – and pass the soup tray!

M'm! M'm! Good! When the soup is *Campbell's*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE UNITED STATES TESTING COMPANY reports:
"MARKED SUPERIORITY...
. . . in terms of continuous legibility during and after hard abrasive wear."
(Test No. 81557A, May 29, 1961)
STANLEY 2 No.X6LG 3 LIFE GUARD 4 EXTENSION 5

NEW STANLEY
LIFE GUARD YELLOW
6-FT. EXTENSION RULE

HERE'S SUPERIOR READABILITY THAT OUTLASTS ALL OTHERS! Black figures on yellow background provide maximum readability . . . and recent tests by the United States Testing Company prove that the new Stanley Life Guard Yellow Extension Rule wears 13 to 26 times longer than other rules under severe abrasion. Life Guard Yellow finish resists most solvents, too. Here is professional Stanley Tools' quality plus long-time, eye-saving legibility — at a price that everyone can afford! No. X6LG — Only $2.69! No. 6LG — 6-ft. rule without brass extension, $2.00.

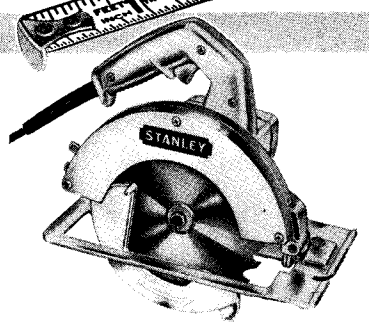
10-FT. *Life Guard Yellow* TAPE RULE

U. S. Testing Co. Test No. 81557B (6-5-61) proves this Mylar®-Clad blade wears 3 to 10 times longer than other leading makes! ½" blade is flexible, yet rigid for easy measuring. No. MY10 — Only $1.98!

® Du Pont Trade-mark for its Polyester Film

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Stanley Life Guard Yellow Rules are packed with coupon entitling you to FREE 215-page book, "How To Work With Tools and Wood."



New 7" Builders Saw. Heavy duty; ball bearing construction. No other builders saw like it for the money! Specially priced at $49.95.

Select hardware for your remodeling, repair and workshop projects from the Stanley Hardware Center at your Stanley dealer.

Ideas to help you plan your new home, improve your present home. See your Stanley Dealer for a copy, or write The Stanley Works, 7111 Elm Street, New Britain, Connecticut, enclosing 25¢ in coin.

KNOWN FOR QUALITY

STANLEY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE STANLEY WORKS, NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

wary eye, knowing that as surely as God made little fishes, there will be illicit activity out there as soon as the sun drops into the sea. A crabber, maybe, trying to beat the gun on the crab season. A pirate boat slipping up from Mexico with a load of smuggled lobsters out of season. Or small high-powered swish boats, painted a dull gray, fishing in the shadow of the cliffs in some restricted area. The very wealth of the teeming marine life off the California coast has an irresistible appeal for the lawless. To the south are the tuna, albacore, bluefin, skipjack and yellowfin; the mackerel and sardines, barracuda and sea bass which make Los Angeles harbor, in dollar value of catch, the biggest fishing port in the country and one of the biggest in the world. Lobsters and abalone are there for the grabbing, by the rocks of the offshore islands. There are giant broadbill swordfish and marlin, kelp bass and yellowtail and schools of smaller game fish in the semitropical waters around Santa Catalina Island, the hangout in spring and summer of flying fish up from wintering in Mexican waters. From the northern ports the great salmon fleet puts out to sea. Out from those northern ports, too, lie the big crabbing grounds, and the shrimp, the oysters and the squid.

All that treasure within reach of net, line and trap tends to rouse the greed in a fisherman's soul. Inspector Robert G. Kaneen points out that "unlike trout streams and inland lakes, once the ocean life of an area has been depleted, there is no practical way to restock it." To protect that offshore wealth, the California Fish and Game Department has assembled as versatile a group of seagoing cops as ever took off after a pirate boat—experts with cameras, skin-diving equipment and .38 revolvers. They have estimated that most fishermen can put out a net, get fish, catch sight of a patrol boat, pull the net back aboard, dump the fish and look innocent, all in twenty minutes. Effective enforcement often boils down to a matter of split-second timing. The trick is to sneak a patrol boat in as close to a suspected vessel as possible without alerting the fishermen, giving them just time enough to get fish enclosed in a net. The cops come blasting out of the darkness or fog, or around the corner of an island, cutting the throttles as they shoot alongside. Sometimes the patrol vessel will still be going at a good rate of speed when the boarding officer makes his jump down onto the fishing boat. If he is playing in luck, he catches the outlaws before they have had time to pull the net aboard and dump the fish.

Recently, out by kelp-girdled San Clemente Island, the boarding officer made a flying leap onto a lobster boat and landed with one foot through a box lying on deck and the other in a bucket. The fisherman, a husky fellow known as "The Bear," stood among his undersized lobsters and said mildly, "Someday you're going to break your fool neck."

In point of fact, the dangers of boarding do not concern the marine wardens so much as the kind of welcome they may receive. "Sometimes the boys play a little rough," one warden explained. "When a fisherman is wrong, he is pretty spooky. Things can blow up fast."

Things blew up very fast one night last January for Warden Edwin Michael Day, better known around the docks of San Pedro as "Mr. Ski"—he used to have a difficult Polish name. He was on midnight patrol at Berth 72, where the big clippers and purse seiners tie up by the fish market, when a forty-foot bait-net boat came in. He moved out of the shadows and found himself looking down on a ton of spotfin croaker, a particularly delicious game fish which has been off the commercial market for some fifty years.

"Well, you've had it," Mr. Ski told the captain, jumping down onto the boat. "Start unloading." He added that he was seizing the fish as evidence.

At that the big boss, who had arrived on the dock, leaned forward a little and said, "Shove."

"When the boss says boo, they boo," Mr. Ski says. The skipper gunned the engine and, with Ski still aboard, went out past the breakwater like a mackerel with a barracuda at its tail. It was a dark, blowing, raining, heaving night, with only running lights on the boat. There was no way at all of knowing what the skipper and crew had in mind.

Ski was acquainted with them all. Before he joined the patrol, he had fished with them and had dinner with them, and his children went to school with theirs. All the same, in the pitch-black cabin he wrote out a report as best he could and put it in an oilskin pouch in his breast pocket. He hoped that if he were dumped, the report might wash ashore with his body. And if any dumping was done, he decided as he got out his gun and shoved it in his belt, one or two of the crew were going with him.

He had no occasion that night to start shooting. When they had run some five miles to sea, the skipper kicked the load of fish into the boat's wake and shouted an order to turn about.

"Please, Mr. Ski, forget it," one of the crew said. "Now you don't have any evidence."

"All you've done is add more charges," Ski said. "It's waste of fish now, as well as interfering with an officer in the performance of his duties."

For that affair the boss and the skipper were fined and put on summary probation. Ski considers himself lucky. Some years ago two marine wardens were carried out to sea in a fishing boat and kept two days, not knowing whether they were going to end in the drink or not. One warden, checking a skiff in the Klamath area, was slugged and rolled over in the river. He survived only because a man on the bank noticed him floating down the Klamath and pulled him ashore.

Patrolling is no job for the chicken-hearted. The small vessels often plow through seas rough enough to make them look like submarines. As a great deal of commercial fishing is done at night, patrol boats work nights, too, running in close to rocky shores without benefit of lights that might tip off outlaws.

Last year the patrol made 4000 arrests, ranging from the nabbing of sportsmen fishing without a license to the capture of big commercial fishing vessels worth upward of $100,000, with a crew of twelve or fourteen men and carrying loads of illegal fish worth about $10,000. Ninety-nine per cent of arrests result in convictions. The majority of the arrests are of sportsmen, although emphasis is on the larger-scale, commercial violations. Allegedly illegal fish captured by the Marine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chevrolet · Chevy II · Corvair · Corvette · Bringing You A New World of Worth CHEVROLET

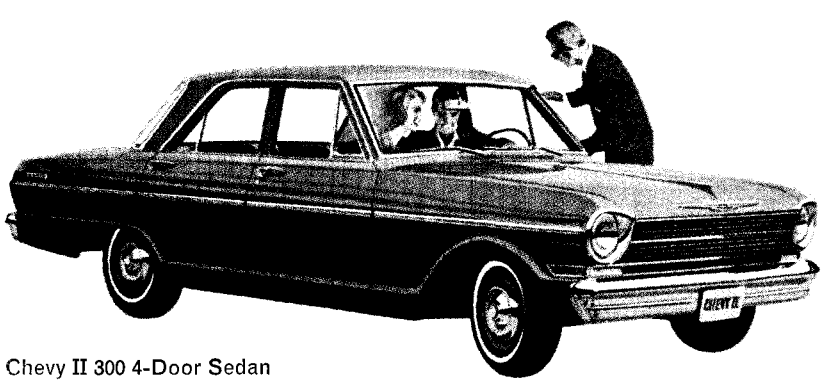
Jet-Smooth '62 Chevrolet... Refreshing beauty with a restful ride!

Any more elegance would be extravagance. Here's all the room, refinement and riding comfort you could reasonably want. Rich new interiors tastefully topped by a striking slim-roof silhouette. A new choice of road-relishing V8 power. A road-gentling Jet-smooth ride. You could scarcely expect more at any price. So why pay more?

Time was when luxury cost a pretty penny. But not this time! The '62 Chevrolet has everything you could reasonably want in a car, *including* a reasonable price. The ride's so smooth we call it Jet-smooth (Full Coil suspension and over 700 chassis cushioners are responsible). The beauty *stays* beautiful because it's more than skin deep—new steel front fender underskirts, for instance, fend off rust. If power's your pleasure, you can command 409 hp* (6 engines in all to choose from, including standard 6 and V8). The doors swing wide, the mufflers are longer lived, the brakes are air vented and a high-capacity heater and defroster are standard equipment. And it's all beautifully packaged with Body by Fisher finesse. Sure, it sounds like luxury. That's what it *is* . . . except in price. Drop in on your Chevrolet dealer and see for yourself. **Optional at extra cost.*

Impala Sport Coupe . . . couldn't look more like a convertible unless it were one.

the new Chevy II



Chevy II 300 4-Door Sedan

dependability never looked so dapper!

Here's a totally new line of cars that brings you all the virtues you ***know*** *you can count on in the Chevrolet family—plus some surprises you've never seen on any car before. Thrifty? Your choice of a frugal 4- or a spunky 6-cylinder engine (in most models). Roomy? Sedans seat six solid citizens, bag and baggage. Price? That's one of the most pleasant surprises of all!*

You may have been looking for a car like this ever since you started driving! It's easy to park, pack and pay for. Easy to service. Easy to maintain. Very easy on gas. It's available in nine models . . . sedans, a hardtop, station wagons, even a convertible. And, for all its sensible new size, this Chevy II is roomy enough inside to make many more pretentious cars wonder how it's done. The ride's big-car smooth, too, thanks to a new kind of design—Mono-Plate rear springs. Sound good? Go see! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dinah Shore says:

"Crash diets are not for me!"

"I drink fresh whole milk to balance my diet."

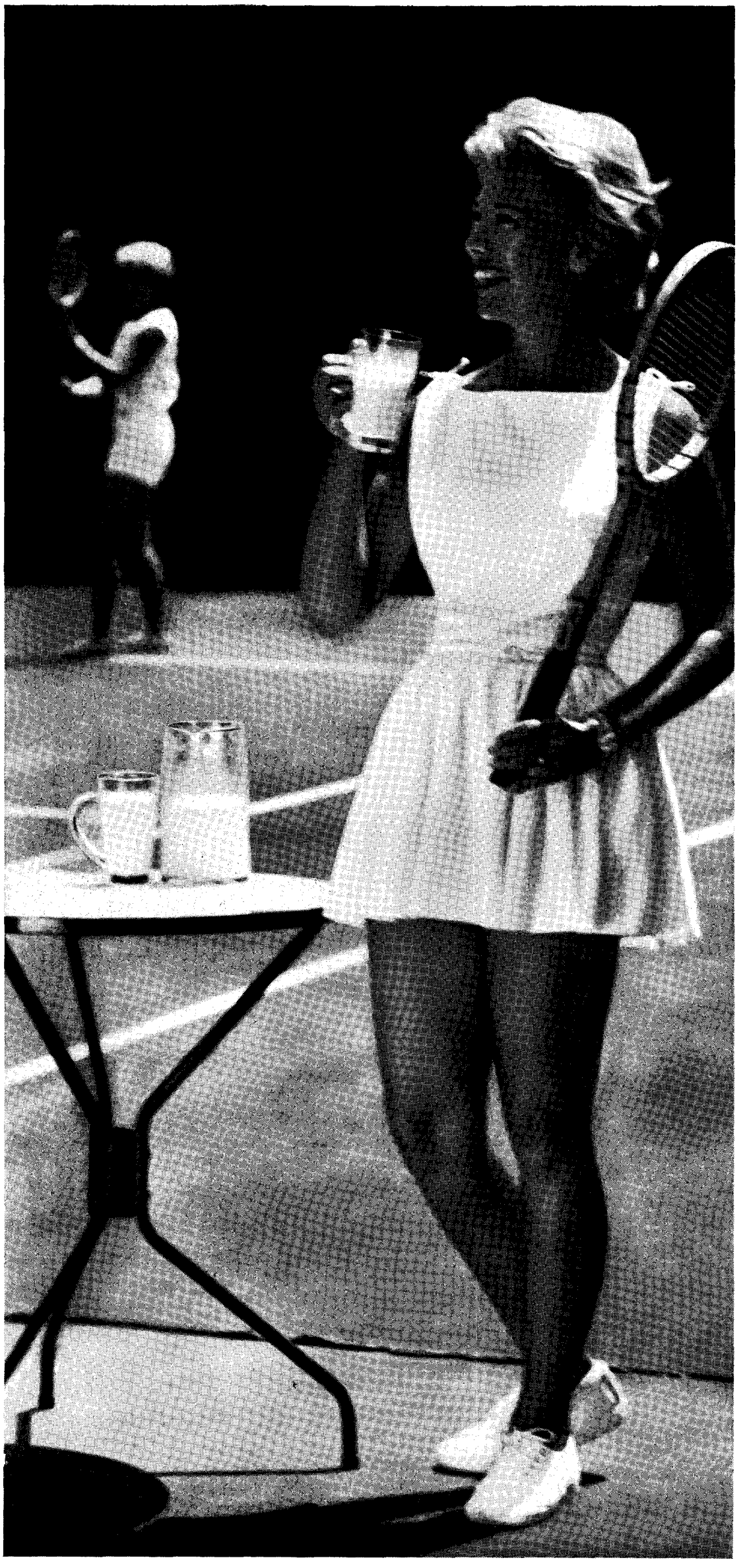
TV star Dinah Shore, whose figure is a part of her fortune, is aware of the dangers of crash diets. She knows that balance is vital in diet meals. The "high this" or "high that" diets sacrifice nutrients essential to good health.

"Put me down as a real milk drinker," declares Dinah. "I watch my weight and that's the reason I drink three glasses of milk a day. It's so refreshing, too, especially after tennis."

Dinah knows it's important to consider nutrients as well as calories. She's discovered that milk is an easy way to get complete proteins, minerals, B and D vitamins and easily utilized energy. Getting in trim begins with well-balanced meals and exercise. Every diet should include foods from the four basic groups: 1. Milk; 2. Meat, fish and poultry; 3. Breads and cereals; 4. Fruits and vegetables.

See the Dinah Shore Show NBC-TV Friday, Dec. 1st

american dairy association
Representing the Dairy Farmers in your area



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Patrol, whose value is more than $100, are sold to canneries or at fish markets, and payment is held in abeyance until the court acts. If the verdict is guilty, the money goes to the Fish and Game Preservation Fund. "Both the commercial interests and the sport fishermen think the laws are aimed at them," Inspector Kaneen says. "But as long as each thinks we favor the other side, we must be walking down the middle pretty well."

Most of the complaints come from the sportsmen. Commercial fishermen often take arrest in a philosophic manner, as an unavoidable business hazard. One of them even looked on lawbreaking as a delightful game of cops and robbers. Marine wardens were forever running into this old fisherman in closed areas, but when the patrol equipped its boats with radar, he abruptly stopped his illegal fishing. For two years he behaved himself. Then one day Capt. Niles (Bud) Millen bumped into him on the docks. Captain Millen, who started with the Marine Patrol as soon as he left high school, has been deckhand, cook, boarding officer and skipper and is now patrol captain in San Francisco. Marine wardens are fond of saying that he knows half the fishermen on the coast and has at least a nodding acquaintance with every fish.

The old outlaw greeted Millen like a long-lost brother. "Ah, Capa Bud," he said. "Theesa damn radar. Now we got no more fun." And he went on to speak of the splendid days before radar when the patrol boats chased him all over the restricted areas. Lyrically he recalled how he would idle his engine in the darkness or the fog, trying to hear the approach of a patrol boat, while the marine wardens turned off their own engines to listen for his. He described how he would slip in, close under the cliffs, keeping a lookout for the silhouette of a patrol boat against the horizon or the glint of phosphorus in its wake. Now for two years, he said, radar had kept him honest and taken all the fun out of life.

He seemed to think the Marine Patrol could pick his boat right up at the dock and tune in on him wherever he went. Carefully Captain Millen explained that radar revealed whether boats were in a restricted area, but not which boats they were, since only blips showed up on the radar screen.

As he listened, the old pirate's face grew congested. "Blips!" he cried out. "Two years I been honest, and all you see is blips!" All at once he snatched off his hat, threw it on the dock and jumped on it. Two weeks later they picked him up in a restricted area.

For the first few years radar gave the law a big jump on the outlaws. Then the outlaws got radar too, and they were even Stephen again, playing a perilous sort of blindman's buff through the dark.

Commercial vessels now use airplanes to spot fish. Tuning in on the fishermen's radio band, marine wardens heard odd bits of conversation. "That man is here again, Joe," or "The dogcatchers are out," or even "A school of bluefin coming your way." Obviously planes were spotting the patrol as well as fish, a nasty setup. "At night," said Capt. Don De Spain, skipper of the patrol boat *Bluefin* out of Los Angeles, "the big wake we throw off behind us when we're going fast is a giveaway from above. The planes have even swooped down and put a spotlight on us.

"All the same," he continued, looking more cheerful, "we have managed to sneak up on boats right underneath the planes. When the pilot first starts a turn toward us, we come to dead stop and let the wake dissipate. When he turns away, we rev up the engine and go as far as we can before he turns again.

"We have some other nice sneaky tricks too," he added. Once, guessing that the *Bluefin* was under observation from shore, De Spain and his crew left the vessel at the dock with loud shouts of "See you tomorrow," as if they were taking the night off. Then they passed the word along to the *Yellowtail* at Point Hueneme. The *Yellowtail* cut around the back of the channel islands and shot up the east side of Santa Catalina Island in time to catch a boatload of relaxed outlaws having a whale of a time in restricted waters.

"What the heck!" the skipper cried out. "You guys aren't supposed to be working tonight."

The maximum fine for a commercial violation is $500; some fishermen consider it worth the risk, since a load of illegal fish can bring a good many thousands of dollars. But the marine wardens have a second string to their bow. If they obtain a conviction, they can file an action in Superior Court against the net, which may be worth up to $15,000. If the action is sustained, the net is confiscated.

Most commercial fishermen stay well within the law, as any marine warden will tell you. Many are sons and grandsons of fishermen who came to California sixty years or more ago and built up the fishing industry—Italians and Slavonians bringing in salmon, crabs, mackerel and sardines, while the Portuguese man the big tuna clippers.

One of these pioneer fishermen, the late John Battista Falcone, has grown into a sort of legend around the docks and wharves of San Pedro. Battista, as he was known, the descendant of a long line of Genoese fishermen, was a stocky man with a tremendous gusto and humor, boot socks pulled up over his pants, wide sash swathed around his middle. He occasionally gave the wardens trouble, but they all had a soft spot in their hearts for him. Battista liked the wardens too, but one of his great delights was playing practical jokes on them. Once he rowed quietly up to a patrol boat while the crew was at dinner and dumped a sack of undersized lobsters on their deck. Later he sailed alongside in his troller *Amelia*, hailed them and came aboard, full of smiling camaraderie, ostensibly to borrow matches. Then he "discovered" the illegal lobsters, and his face changed. At first he registered amazement and after that a magnificent outrage at the perfidy of fish cops, while the crew stared at the shorties, completely dumfounded.

The Marine Patrol got its start back in 1870 when the early California Fish Commission hired a man with a sailboat to patrol upper San Francisco Bay and the delta area of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, where salmon canneries were beginning to crowd along the banks. It has been growing in size and responsibilities ever since. But patrolling the delta still remains one of its toughest jobs.

NOW YOU CAN HEAT THAT EXTRA ROOM ECONOMICALLY— WITH GAS!

Suburban Novent and Dynavent Gas Heaters install in window or wall
—no flue or chimney needed!

Using clean, dependable Gas, this modern, automatic heater gives quick, even, economical heat. The Suburban Novent or Dynavent warms floors first—and fast! Exclusive forced warm air circulation system evenly distributes heat, floor to ceiling, saves you up to 30% in fuel bills. This heater burns no room oxygen.

Choice of built-in or wall thermostat at no extra cost. Ideal for playroom, attic, den, workshop, garage, cabin, porch, added rooms. Perfect for motels, too. Send for free brochure: Suburban Appliance Co., Dept. SEP-1161, Morristown, N. J.

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

Largest unit extends only 8½″ into room, takes up no floor space. 3 sizes: 20,000, 35,000, 45,000 BTU.

LIVE MODERN FOR LESS WITH GAS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

60 YEARS OF GREAT POST SPORTS WRITING . . .

SPORT U.S.A.

$6.50 Pre-Publication Price

By the turn of the century, America was beginning to find time for relaxation—and the Great Age of Sports began.

Here, in one entertaining and readable book taken from the pages of the POST, is a collection of writings on the growth of our colorful and varied pastimes. You'll find articles and fiction on everything from baseball to bull fighting, from rowing to wrestling.

You'll enjoy the immortal Connie Mack, for instance, remembering "The Bad Old Days of Baseball" . . . and a surprise piece by U.S. President Grover Cleveland, debating the pros and cons of fly fishing and bait-casting. Another gem in the collection is the original fictional yarn by George Fitch, the first of a series that put the name of "Old Siwash" into our language.

"Golf and Government," another offering, reads as if it were written recently, but actually it dealt with another golfing President back in 1909. And "The Infernal Grind" will recall for you the mad era of the six-day bicycle races of the 1920's.

Getting into more modern times, you're sure to chuckle over James Thurber's delightful "You Could Look It Up," about a midget who was groomed as a pinchhitter in the majors. And there's an article that has been credited with making Little League baseball a nationwide reality—and a gripping article on the "Grand Prix" of auto racing at Sebring, Florida.

You don't need to be a sports expert to enjoy this handsome book, for it's filled with fine writing by a wide assortment of people . . . humorists Irvin S. Cobb, Damon Runyon, and Ring Lardner . . . novelists Jack London, Paul Gallico, and John P. Marquand . . . reporters Grantland Rice, John Lardner, Red Smith, and Bob Considine . . . sports figures Red Grange, Gene Tunney, and Gene Sarazen.

What's more, the book is illustrated with covers and paintings on sports subjects—all taken from 60 years of the POST.

For yourself—or for a gift—SPORT U.S.A. is a wonderful buy . . . especially at the pre-publication price of just $6.50. Use the handy coupon to place your order today and make sure you get the advantage of this special price. There's no need to pay now—we'll bill you later.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Dept. 1439, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

Please send me_____copy (copies) of SPORT U.S.A. at the pre-publication price of only $6.50. (Regular price will be $7.50.)

☐ Payment enclosed (we'll take care of postage and handling costs). Penna. residents please add 4% state sales tax.

☐ Please bill me for my order, plus postage and handling.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ Zone_____ State_____

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with SPORT U.S.A., return it within 10 days and pay nothing—or receive a full refund if you have paid in advance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DO-IT-YOURSELF AND SAVE UP TO 50% on hundreds of work-saving, fun-filled luxuries!

Heathkits are designed to be built by anyone

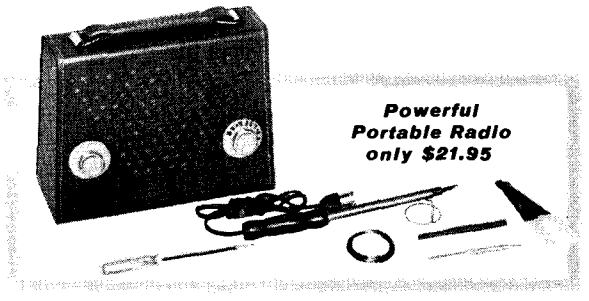
Experience the savings and satisfaction of building your own Stereo/High-Fidelity equipment, Portable Radios, Short-Wave Radios, Automatic Garage Door Opener, Marine Radio equipment, Walkie-Talkies, Inter-Communication systems, Educational sets, Test and Lab instruments. It's true! Millions of people with absolutely no previous experience have found how easy it is to assemble their own home and hobby equipment from the top quality parts and simply written instruction manuals that are in every HEATHKIT. Written by experts and proven by beginner-builders, these famous Heathkit "check-by-step" instructions can pave your way to savings of up to 50% on hundreds of quality electronic products. Send for your free copy of the 1962 Heathkit catalog now . . . you will find it filled with over 250 kits for your every interest, for every member of the family . . . kits that we guarantee you can build . . . kits that will provide years of superior performance. Heath Company, pioneer and world's largest manufacturer of electronic kits, invites you to enjoy the quality, economy and unique experience of "building your own" with Heathkit.

special offer - limited time only

order now and receive a Tool Kit free

Encased in handsome leatherette, this portable radio is precision engineered by Heath. Its rich, solid tone and ability to "pull in" even far away stations will make it a wanted companion wherever you go. A printed circuit board makes assembly fast and easy—gives you a chance to prove how simple Heathkit building can be.

Kit GR-151 . . . 5 lbs. **$21.95**



of course you can do it— read this Heathkit guarantee

The Heath Company unconditionally guarantees that you can build any Heathkit product and that it will perform in accordance with our published specifications by simply following our check-by-step instructions or your purchase price will be cheerfully refunded.

giant 100 page catalog— FREE

Over 250 kits to help you build your way to luxury and leisure.

What do you need for more fun? Hi Fi/Stereo, radios, garage door opener, marine depth finder, ham radio gear—no matter what it is, you will find it in the world's biggest electronic kit catalog. Mail the attached coupon today.

HEATHKIT® by Daystrom

Ordering instructions: *Include charges for parcel post according to weight. Express orders shipped delivery charges collect. Prices F. O. B. Benton Harbor, Mich. A 20% deposit is required on all C.O.D. orders. Price subject to change without notice. Dealer and export prices slightly higher.*

☐ Rush GR-151 Portable Radio Kit, enclosed is $_____ (include postage)

HEATH COMPANY
Benton Harbor 5, Michigan

☐ Yes, send me my free 1962 Heathkit catalog

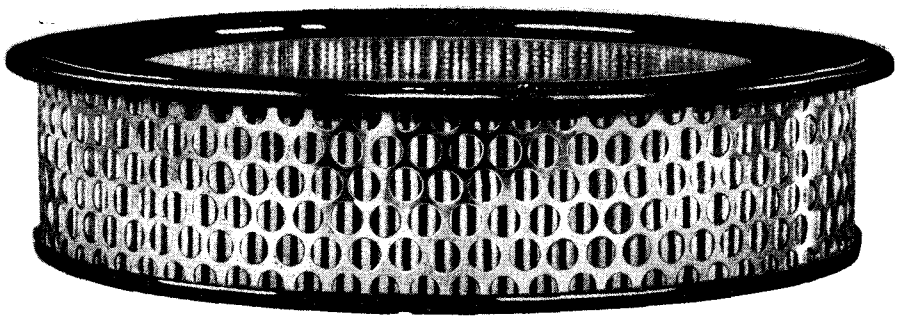
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE____ STATE _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

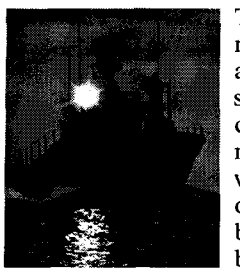
REPLACE YOUR DIRT-CHOKED AIR FILTER WITH THIS NEW FRAM "WEAR-GUARD" FILTER



SAVE UP TO 3¢ A GALLON ON GAS!

How much gas power does your car waste? Plenty, if you don't have an air filter that permits 80,000 cubic feet of clean fresh air to mix with every gallon of gas. Let your service dealer install a new Fram "Wear-Guard" Air Filter and watch what happens. New "Wear-Guard" construction assures that a new Fram Air Filter will be 99%+ efficient . . . you'll get all the power, pep and pick-up you pay for in gasoline and save yourself up to 3¢ per gallon. Fram Corporation, Providence 16, R.I.

FRAM
"WEAR-GUARD" FILTERS



That maze of canals, swamplands and sloughs is a sportsman's paradise, covering 800 miles of navigable water, the haunt of salmon, striped bass, perch, shad, black bass and Sacramento perch. With its hundreds of islands and drifting fogs, it is as bewildering and mysterious today as it was more than fifty years ago when young Jack London worked as deckhand on one of the patrol boats there.

To make enforcement more difficult, the commercial fishermen—now of the third generation—who have grown up along its shores know every waterway and slough and every vine-covered island. They also know where the fish will be today or two days from now, by the degree of darkness at night or the amount of run-off from rains and snow, which affects the salinity of the water.

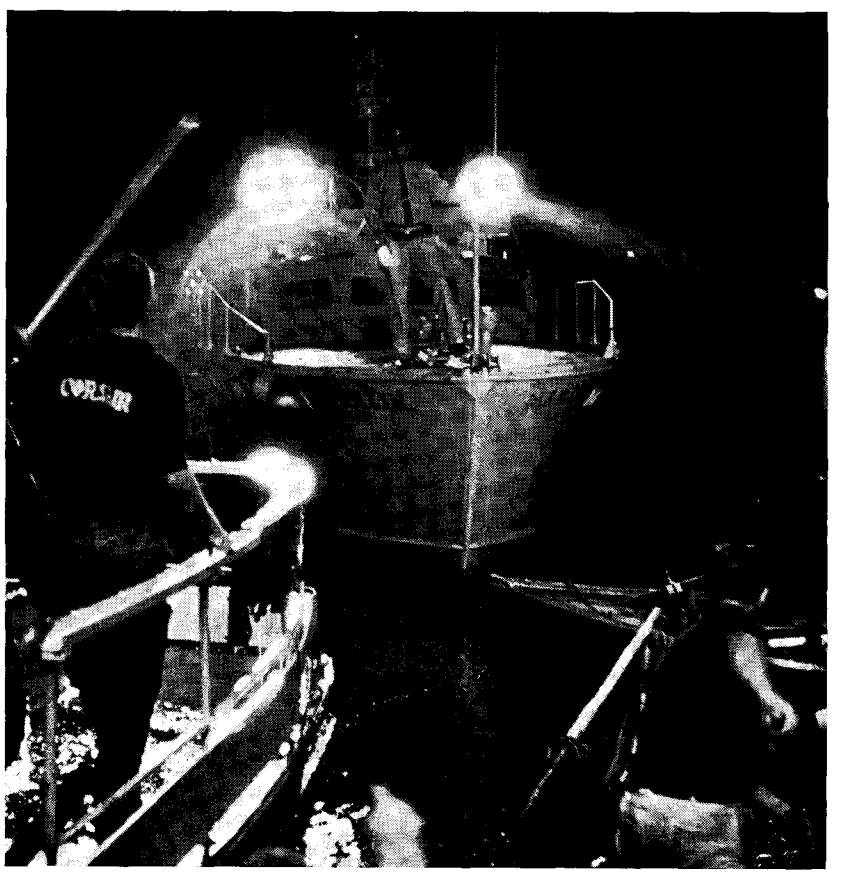
Whenever rough weather prevents ocean fishing, or when Lent comes around and the demand for fish increases suddenly, the patrol gets ready for a big upsurge in the fish bootlegging. Last year the patrol caught a man selling 468 pounds of striped bass, the delta's prized game fish, in San Francisco's Chinatown. To his chagrin the man learned his "customer" was actually co-operating with the patrol and had given him marked money.

In the south the patrol used a sly technique to expose skin divers robbing commercial lobster traps, a crime against commercial fishermen which equates with cattle rustling in the old West. The wardens marked the lobsters with fluorescent spray and caught the thieves when they brought their loot to market. At the moment marine wardens are seriously concerned with the black-marketing of salmon. Last year so many salmon were black-marketed by sportsmen that, in some ports, the price dropped before commercial fishermen had their innings.

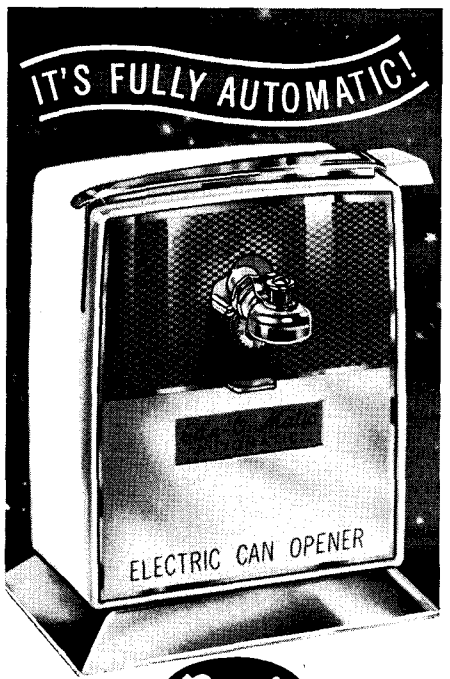
It is a time-consuming job, riding herd on all that marine life, from the carefully protected sea elephants on the beach of San Miguel Island to the smallest anchovy in the ocean, which is not much more than two eyes and a wiggle. The average marine warden works sixty hours a week. A good many of them are painstaking hours—hours put in methodically looking over licenses and gear on some 50,000 seagoing pleasure boats, or checking fish markets, canneries, reduction plants and piers. There are days and even weeks spent in dreary stake-outs, or holed up on a bluff with camera and telescopic lens, hunting for evidence of illegal abalone diving. An endless amount of investigative work goes into tracing the source of oil spills, which pollute the harbors. Capt. Walter Putman estimates that last year the Marine Patrol prevented 2000 barrels of oil from being spilled into the waters of Los Angeles harbor.

Although the job is growing more scientific by the minute, the wardens still get a laugh occasionally. Capt. Niles Millen learned through a tip-off that a fisherman, a cocky fellow and a habitual violator, had out-of-season lobsters in sacks underwater, tied by ropes to a ring on the deck of a tugboat in Santa Monica Bay. Suspecting the fisherman would come back for them after dark, Captain Millen had himself rowed out to the tug at dusk. He hid on deck beside the ropes. After a while he heard the sound of muffled oars and then a bump against the side of the tugboat. When a hand came over the side, groping for the ropes, Captain Millen just reached out and grabbed the wrist. The fisherman was spooked, and the scream of horror he let out could be heard all over Santa Monica Bay.

THE END



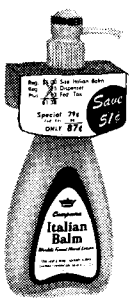
Vigilant and versatile, the marine patrol bears down on fishing craft to check for possible violations.



NEW Rival® Can-O-Matic™
PORTABLE ELECTRIC CAN OPENER
AT LAST! A completely automatic can opener! Opens any size or shape can in 4 seconds. Beautiful! Magnetic! Exclusive retractable legs for tall cans. Gay colors or Wood Tones™ $24.95

Can-O-Mat®
MOST BEAUTIFUL CAN OPENER MADE! Opens all cans. 3-Position bracket. All chrome, $7.95. Others from $3.98.

WRITE FOR GIFT CATALOG T.
RIVAL MANUFACTURING CO., Kansas City 29, Mo.
RIVAL MFG. CO. OF CANADA, LTD., MONTREAL



Save 51¢ on new Campana Italian Balm
World's finest hand lotion
Regular $1.00 size Italian Balm *plus* dispenser—
$1.25 value NOW 79¢
Limited time only

BOYS Earn Cash Win Prizes

Selling **The Saturday Evening Post** right in your own neighborhood in your spare time. Build up your own route of customers. It's fun—and profitable too. Fill out the coupon below and mail it TODAY!

CURTIS CIRCULATION CO.
1303 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA 5, PENNA.

Name_____ Age____

Street_____

City_____ State____

Home Appliances Now Run Smoothly
Clean · Lubricate · Prevent Rust
3-IN-ONE® OIL
REGULAR — OIL SPRAY — ELECTRIC MOTOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO DODGE. Consider these facts. The 1962 Dodge Dart 440 (the red car) is a full-size, low price Dodge that will accelerate 7% quicker than last year's comparable model, and do it on 5% less fuel. The 1962 Dodge Lancer GT (the white car) is America's first Sports Compact. It has bucket seats, an excellent ride and plenty of snap. Both Dodge cars have chair-high seats. Both have rustproofed bodies. And both will go 32,000 miles between grease jobs. ***COME IN AND DRIVE THE NEW LEAN BREED OF DODGE.***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNKNOWN
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never turn your back

John felt belly taut, steak sufficed, swim strong. It had been a terrific vacation in the West Indies, and he and Jantha had loved it.

At the office building, when he got into the elevator, he was easily discernible as one of the elect, as an official of the company or as someone slated to be, although he was only thirty-four. Most of the executives of headquarters, especially the new, young ones, were uniformly lean, uniformly tanned, winter or summer, and had an alacrity about them, a quiet-eyed decisiveness that could not be mistaken. In any of the divisions such a headquarters executive was swiftly recognized, and it was good to be one and to know that at once people knew your status.

Clayt Ambers, the executive vice president, was over sixty, was the most outstanding operating executive in the company, physically and mentally, and was responsible for this appearance, for encouraging it and for encouraging men who could accede to it. It was Clayt Ambers who had instituted the gym in the tower of the building and developed the gantlet of work progress in the company through which young men had to pass to gain the gym privileges.

In his private office John sighed, lighted a cigarette and was ready for action. He looked over his desk; it was neat, tidy, blank. Where were the memos, where was the pile-up he had expected; where were the brassy rings of the phone? He smoked and waited. His office was sealed from the world outside, in an atmosphere of steel, glass and stone. He became uneasy, rang his secretary. When a girl answered, he did not recognize her voice.

"Can I help you, sir?"

"If Miss Phillips is there, please send her in."

"Oh, I'm afraid she won't be back for some time, sir. She's doing some work for Mr. Wister."

The voice was young and strained.

John didn't like the information; at the least it was inconsiderate of Hy Wister.

"I see. Are you holding down her desk?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Let me have Mr. Wilkins."

"Mr. Wilkins?"

"Mr. George Wilkins, my assistant."

"I'm afraid, sir, that he can't be interrupted," came the young voice.

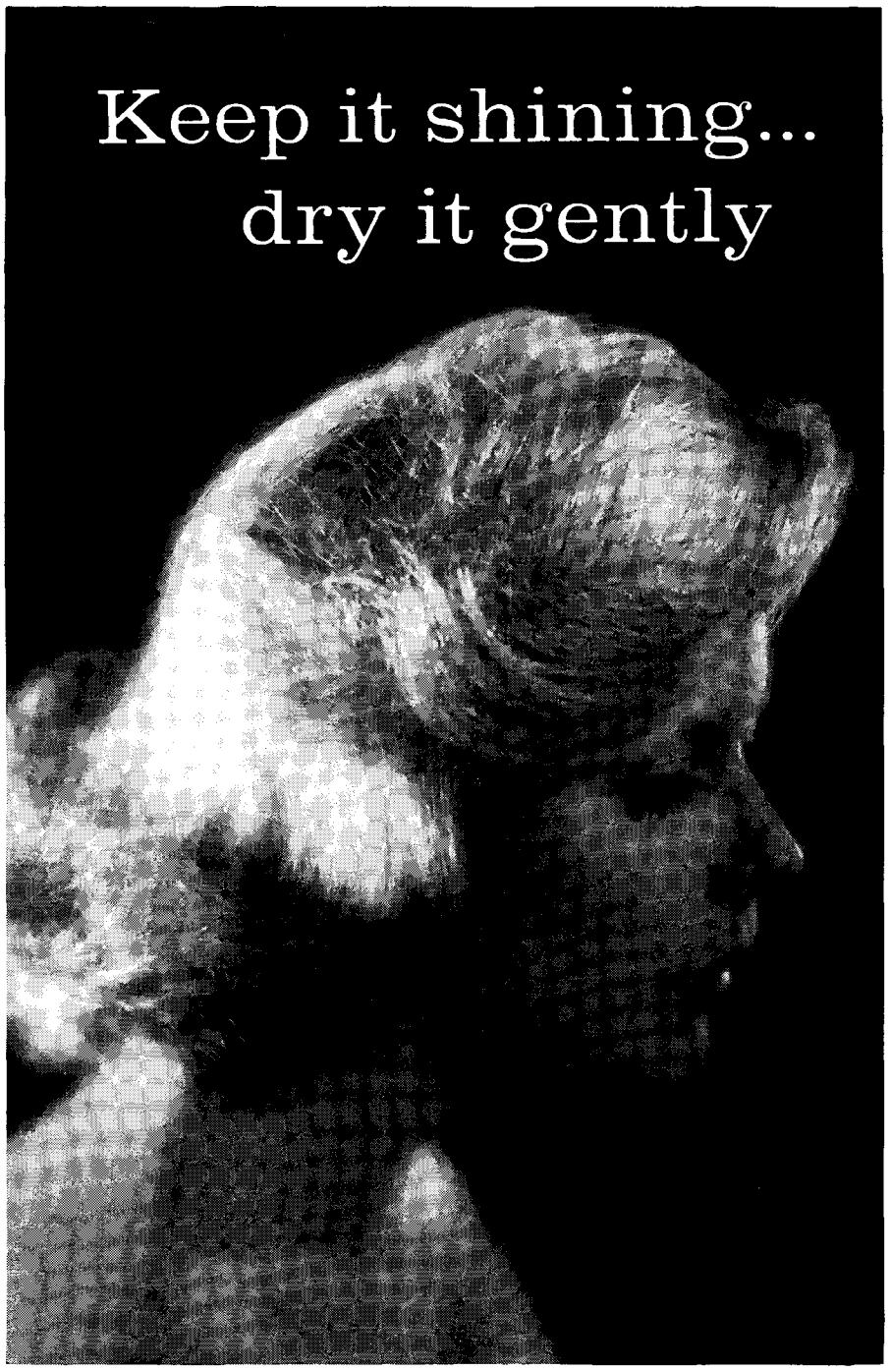
John was annoyed and affronted. "Miss," he said, "Mr. Wilkins is my assistant and won't be disturbed by being disturbed."

The naive but stubborn tones of the girl came over the wire. "I know, sir. But he's with Mr. Wister in special conference—and I was told that they were not to be interrupted!"

the more important the executive,
the sharper the knives of his enemies.

by williams forrest

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lady Sunbeam's Controlled Heat Hair Dryer fondles your hair with a gentle flow of air and dries it thoroughly and quickly at any temperature you select, even those hard-to-dry areas where hair is thicker. The extra large cap fits *any* hair styling, plain or fancy, simple or elaborate. Incidentally, your hands are free to do your nails, jot a note or phone a friend. Indulge your hair—and yourself—with—Lady Sunbeam. $31.95 (recommended retail price).

Exciting New Hair Styles you can do at home! Write for a fascinating book, "27 Fabulous Hairdos by Good Housekeeping," now available exclusively from Sunbeam, with full color photos, plus step-by-step, how-to-do-it diagrams, and a hair-care question and answer section to solve your problems. Send your name and address with 25c in coin to cover postage and handling to
Sunbeam Corporation,
Dept. HD,
Chicago 50, Illinois.

Sunbeam CORPORATION
©S.C. ®SUNBEAM, LADY SUNBEAM
CHICAGO 50, ILLINOIS • TORONTO 18, CANADA

NEVER And this time she spoke with the authority of anxiety.

He said firmly, "Get me Mr. Wilkins!" and hung up.

He sat back in his chair, waiting and thinking. Hy Wister was a vice president, in charge of refining; John was manager of the refining operations. He and Wister had never gone to war, but for some reason Wister would not let John get close. And Wister, although an able executive, was not one with Clayt Amber's philosophy of body and mind; he was short, pudgy and a fierce gourmet with fifty-five years of it around his waistline.

The phone rang. It was John's assistant, George Wilkins, nearly his contemporary.

"John," said George, "I'm in the forty conference room with Hy. Hear you've been trying to get me."

Hy? George had always said Mr. Wister until now.

"John, I'd like to brief you," said George, smoothly, and so quickly John could not break in, "but there's too much to it. This is something that happened while you were gone and should be finalized today. We're even going to grab a sandwich up here. I know you understand, John. I'll brief you soon's I can. . . . Wait, Hy wants to say something."

Hy Wister got on the phone. "John, John? Bet you had a gorgeous time. . . . I'm jealous, real jealous. Listen, we've really ridden this, we're in the groove, and I know you wouldn't want us to drop the ball and go into a huddle. I'll talk to you as soon as I can."

John said, "I'm happy that it's going so well."

"I know you are," said Hy. "I know you are."

John had been sloughed off completely. And he must not be; affairs, an emergency most likely, of his section were being debated, and if he had no grip on it, he had no grip on his position. He didn't know how he could bulldoze his way into the conference; Hy Wister was his boss, and his roundabout, hearty rejection was really an order to stay away. But John knew he had better find a way. A process of attrition had been set in motion, and it could be the beginning of the end. If he proved inadequate to resist this, he would lose everyone's feeling that he could be adequate at all. And then George would sit in his chair.

It was eleven-thirty. He had darn well better learn what this was all about before twelve, or it might be hours before he could, and those hours might be too many. But it would have to be done by subterfuge. His prestige was doubtless considerably damaged already by his failure to get into the conference, and to allow his ignorance to be generally known could make a rent in his status that would be ruinous.

If anything had happened out in the field, it was unlikely that it had happened to Bert Figer's operation; Bert was one of the sharpest refinery operators in the divisions. But John thought he might be able to phrase his ploy so that Bert wouldn't know whether he had the facts.

"I'm back, Bert."

"Poor you, I haven't gone yet. Ten days more. Then the works."

"Lucky you."

John bore in hard, almost accusingly. "Of course, Bert, you know I'm disturbed about the emergency that came up while I was gone?"

"Hey, hey, you sound as if my operation had something to do with it."

Ah, so it wasn't Bert's plant. "Now listen, Bert." John sat up stiff and tough and straight in his chair. "Now listen. You know my appreciation for the way you've always handled your operation."

"Thanks, John."

"Bert, I just got on top of this situation; I'm turning to you. What do you think of the handling? I'm going to you."

The pause was long and significant. "Well, I—I hate to——"

So! Bert knew what had happened, and perhaps knew or suspected what it was supposed to do to John, and his hesitancy proved he wanted to remain neutral, so he could avoid picking a loser.

John put warrior fiber into his voice. "I got on top of it!" Then he added grimly, "This can be important to you, Bert. Get me?"

Bert couldn't possibly get what he meant, because there wasn't anything to get, but Bert's imagination would work up some possibilities.

Bert sucked in his breath. "Well, John," he said, "I never did think the Milo plant was run right. Now, don't get me wrong, I'm not criticizing old Brody. He's a wheel horse, a good one, but out here in the field we have to be able to do handsprings. Well, the Milo trouble was something we couldn't have here. You know that, John."

"I know that, Bert, I'm sure of it. But do you think George has handled this right?"

"Well, I—I——"

"I'm inclined to pat George on the back."

"Oh? Well, yes, I'm inclined to go along with that."

"Thanks," said John. "Thanks, Bert, I wanted your opinion." He hung up, breathed deeply. He knew two things, neither one of them good; there had been some kind of an emergency at Milo, and George was handling it well. And the third thing, of course, was that somehow George and Hy had, while working on this, decided to use it to clobber him.

He had the impulse to call Joe Brody, manager at Milo. The impulse was strong, but stupid; it was only strong because he was sitting now in a nest of inaction and didn't want to. Joe would give him the entire lowdown, but then Joe, and others, would realize that he didn't know the lowdown, and if you didn't, people felt that power somewhere had taken it away from you.

Suddenly he thought of Clayt Ambers. Clayt Ambers was one of the men who didn't dissipate his time at lunch by extending his stomach and making himself sleepy. Clayt often took a sandwich, a rubdown and the sun lamp in the tower at lunch hour. John thought, *Go to Clayt? Plead? Place my case?* Clayt liked men who solved their own problems and did not turn to teacher. But where else could he go? Nowhere. He'd go, and play it by ear.

John got into trunks and sneakers, stood in the doorway of the gym and saw Packy, the ex-lightweight boxer who presided over the gym, working away at Clayt Ambers, who was on the black-leather table at the left end of the room. John began to sweat. Trickles of it went down his chest, and a rim of it stung on his hairline. It would not do for Clayt to see him sweating without casual cause. He managed to get a pair of small dumbbells and start to work out with them before Packy glanced over and saw him.

"Hi, Johnny!" Packy called.

Clayt Ambers glanced around, said, "Hi." John advanced across the floor,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

still working with the dumbbells, making his sweat legitimate. He put the bells down near the rubbing table.

"You look good, John," said Clayt.

"I feel good, Clayt. Feel very good." He was sweating a little too much, so he started to do some calisthenics. He did the straddle hop, soundlessly on his thick sneakers. There was a tremble in him too, and he was glad that he could keep in motion and did not have to sit across a desk and hold a will-power container of reserve around himself.

"Nice tan," said Clayt. And then to Packy he said, "Around the shoulders, a little more around the shoulders . . . stronger. Damn," he said, "the muscles around the shoulders get to hurt in this tense life of ours, hey?"

"Calves too," said Packy, "the calves always show tension. Grip 'em and a man wants to bite."

Clayt said, "Surprised you're up here, John. You want to keep that new muscle and better tan in place, but your desk must be loaded."

John had been afraid of that remark. "I had to get away, Clayt," he said, "and this's about the only place. The office today!"

Clayt laughed sympathetically, then groaned, "Packy, less with those brutal thumbs."

A wise bride is one who loses her temper permanently.

Hal Chadwick

"I didn't want to go to the dining room," said John, "or out with anybody. I wanted an oasis."

"This's the best," said Clayt. "Say, how was the trip?"

"Too bad it's over."

Clayt's long, stringy body was stretched out on the table and he was tan and muscular, and he was directing the work on his limber muscles, but John felt his eyes sweep to him occasionally, look, search. How much did Clayt know, and how much in agreement was he with what was going on? Agreement? Clayt did not countenance internal politics and the brass-knuckles treatment, but he could not always foresee it, or prevent it. And, in any case, if it did happen, and successfully, he did not reverse the results. Clayt was tough, and he expected his men to be tough. He did not want intracompany warfare, but he wanted men to be able to stand up under it, as he would. He wanted a smooth team, but he was realistic enough to know that men had ambitions and that sometimes they tried to outwit and force aside other men. He would never like a man who was successful in so doing, but he would not reverse the victory. He could not put a man who faltered, regardless of the reason, back in charge of people who knew that he had faltered.

John understood the ground rules. "I didn't know whether you'd be up here, Clayt," he said, "but since you are, I'd like to say something."

"Go ahead."

"I'm very happy with George Wilkins, very happy."

Was Clayt Ambers smiling? John would never know, because then Clayt moaned, "Packy, I swear you have the strongest hands east of the divide wherever that is."

Packy chuckled

"John," said Clayt, "you believed a lot in George, didn't you?"

"A great deal, a great deal. And it's proved out. He had an emergency at Milo, and he worked it out." John was so glad he could name the place.

Clayt sat up on the table, waved Packy's hands away. "Packy," he said, "get me a sandwich, ham, mustard, a cold beer. . . . John?"

"Thanks, no," said John. Food? Ugh.

"John," said Clayt, "what do you suggest now? On the Milo situation?"

"I have no basic suggestions to make," said John, trying to look as if he was considering every angle of whatever it was that had happened. "I think it's been very well taken care of so far. So well, in fact, that I got an idea about it and came up here to think it out. But—but maybe you'd help me juggle this ——"

"I'm willing to listen," said Clayt.

John took a deep breath. Clayt was regarding him with his careful, friendly eyes, the eyes with the half-smile in them, with the knowing in them, so that you never knew how much he knew.

"My belief in George was correct—right?"

Clayt nodded. "You indexed his ability correctly."

"I want him seasoned," said John. "I want him to be a man who knows as much about the field as he does about the home office." Was Clayt grinning? You could never quite tell with him.

John hesitated. This would be it, the deep, far all of it. He could get away with it, or he couldn't. But it was the only thing he could do. "He's done so well on the Milo thing that I want him to follow it up. I want him to go out there and take over, finish this thing, on the spot." He thought, *Get rid of him, in good exile.*

Clayt did not move, sitting on the edge of the table, his hands on either side of him, his ankles crossed, a towel around his middle.

"Joe Brody," said John, "deserves some time in headquarters. And I could use him. As you know, he's a wheel horse, a good detail man. And he loves the city. Joe ought to be put out to pasture—in the city."

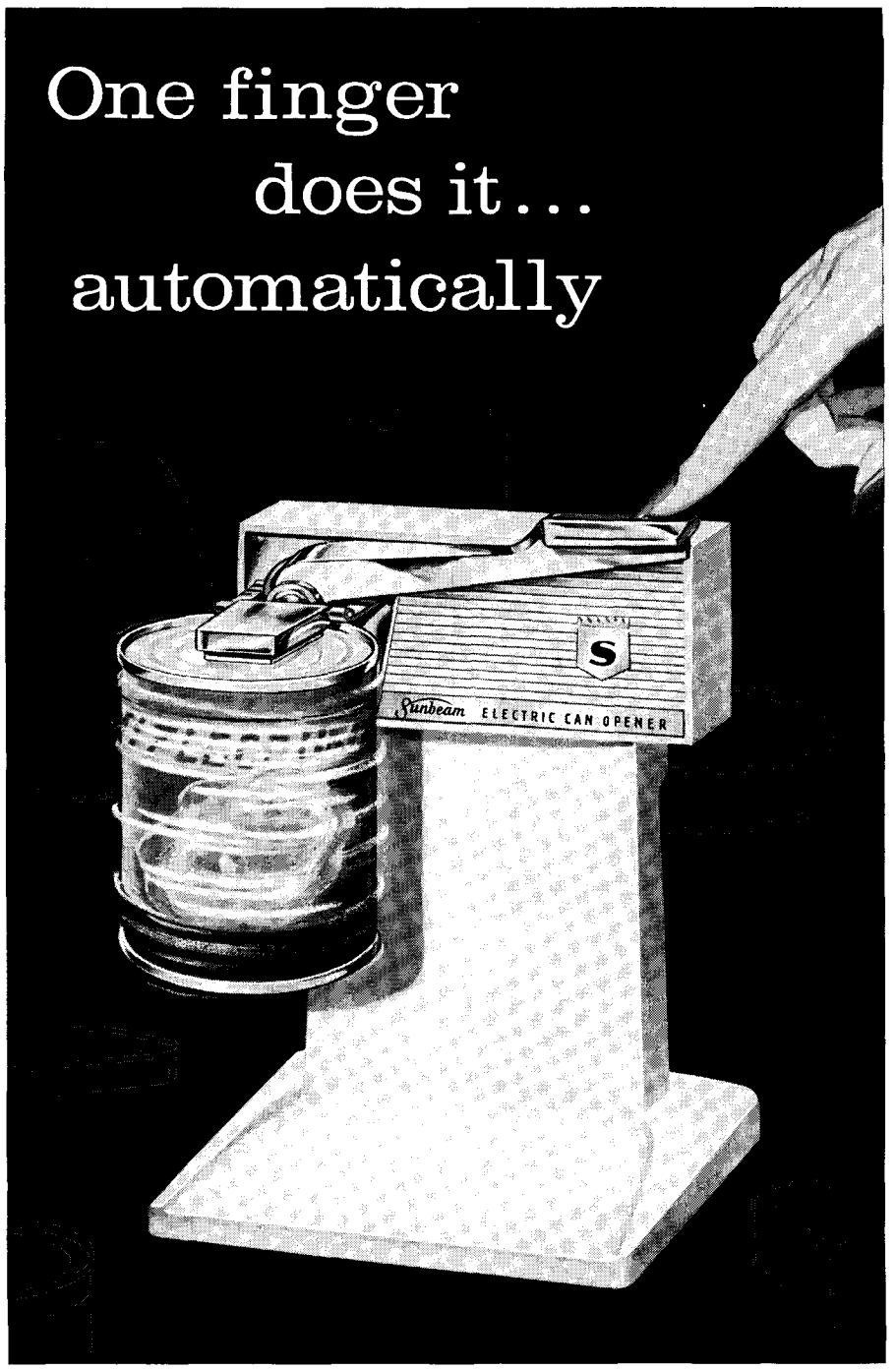
Clayt smiled, bending his head and letting his laugh fall onto his chest. "Let's take a shower," he said.

After they were showered and dressed, they sat at one of the small round tables in the billiard room, and Packy served the ham sandwich and the bottle of beer Clayt insisted on sharing the sandwich and the beer. Packy got paper cups from the water cooler.

"I'll tell you what," said Clayt. "I'm not going to put my blessing on this idea of yours. But if you walk down into that conference and advance the idea, and say that you mentioned it to me, you wouldn't be a liar." He took a big bite of his sandwich. He seemed to be grinning, but then it stopped. "That's as far as you can go. You go that far, the best way you can, and see what they do. See if you can convince them that you know something."

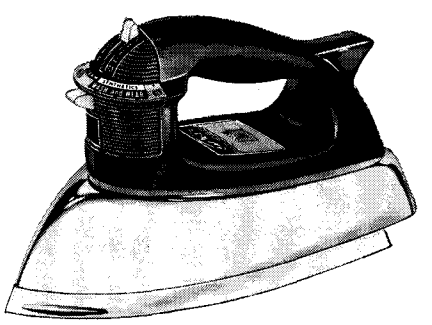
A sweeping humility went through John—a shame that made the sandwich so dry that he could not swallow. He took a swig of the beer to get it down. Clayt Ambers knew that he was trying to fight George and Wister with their own underhanded tactics, that he was trying to get George out of headquarters and into Siberia, and that he was going over Wister's head to get authority for it. He was flushed and embarrassed, and he knew he had to come clean.

"Clayt, I don't know anything about the Milo situation. I haven't been able to get onto things—I'm out in the cold



Sunbeam's Automatic Electric Can Opener means more kitchen convenience. So simple—just one lever is all you need to open cans in seconds. So compact—saves valuable counter space. Flip-up magnet holds lid neatly out of the way while can is removed. Stainless steel cutting wheel is easier to clean, leaves smooth edges. Available for wall mounting or with stand in four colors, from $23.95 (recommended retail price).

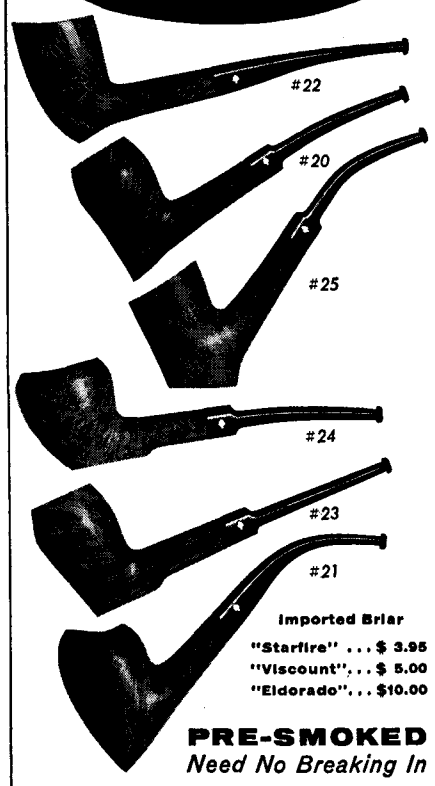
Sunbeam's New Steam or Dry Iron glides on a cushion of rolling steam that speeds all your ironing, lets you finish faster and feel fresher, because you actually take fewer strokes per ironing job. Sunbeam gently smooths all fabrics, whether natural or wash-n-wear, because it holds the right temperature under all conditions. Stainless steel tank and Sunbeam quality assure you of years of trouble-free service. $17.95 (recommended retail price).



Sunbeam CORPORATION
©S.C. ®SUNBEAM
CHICAGO 50, ILLINOIS • TORONTO 18, CANADA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Grabow goes Continental



Imported Briar
"Starfire" . . . $ 3.95
"Viscount" . . . $ 5.00
"Eldorado" . . . $10.00

PRE-SMOKED
Need No Breaking In

New Continental shapes—strikingly handsome—excitingly different—perfectly balanced—moderately priced! Like all Dr. Grabows they're mechanically pre-smoked with fine tobacco. Never need breaking in—sweet, cool, satisfying from first puff. Write for FREE BOOKLET K

Dr. Grabow Pre-Smoked Pipes • Greensboro, N. C.

PERFECT GIFTS. . .
FULLY GUARANTEED

DaintyMaid
SUPERB HOME APPLIANCES

SPORTMASTER
SPORTING GOODS

Trustworthy
LAWN AND SHOP ITEMS

AT GOOD STORES
ALMOST EVERYWHERE

LIPS SORE?
Blistex
POCKET SIZE
39c
HIGHER IN CANADA
BEST FOR
COLD SORES
CHAPPED LIPS
FEVER BLISTERS

You have a use for
KRYLON®
SPRAY PAINT
In Ready-to-Use Aerosol
IF YOU PRIZE IT...KRYLON-IZE IT!

Now! An 'All-Purpose' Oil For Home Use
Clean • Lubricate • Prevent Rust
3-IN-ONE® OIL
REGULAR — OIL SPRAY — ELECTRIC MOTOR

NEVER

and not smart enough or tough enough to find a way to get back in."

Clayt Ambers looked at him with his veiled, vaguely smiling glance. "I'm glad you said that." And at this moment he did grin, broadly. "For a while there I wanted to put on the gloves with you." He looked at his sandwich. "I don't like to be the fool. But now you go down there to the conference and see if you're man enough." He put the sandwich on the plate. "By five o'clock I'll know it, and so will you."

John got up. A ticking, ticking in him, the fear, the anger, the humiliation, the hope that he had the presence, the fight.

"When I'm going home on the train," said Clayt, "I'll put my paper aside and remember your humility. It'll make me feel wise, and it might make me forget that you tried to be a wise guy."

John opened the door to the conference room. There were ten men around the table, George Wilkins, Hy Wister, three refinery men and some lawyers and public-relations men. Miss Phillips was taking notes.

Hy said, "Well, John, want to listen in?"

Hy was at the head of the long table, and George was at the other end. John went down the table and nudged George Wilkins out of his chair. Then he did not sit down; he stood there, making his end the head of the table, and addressed them, "I want a review right now of the Milo situation."

Hy spread his hands. "John, we've told you how fast this has to be ——"

George Wilkins was standing beside the chair he had been removed from. "Chief, I'll brief you later."

John did not feel afraid, or, if he did, it was overbalanced by the shame he had felt when he had tried to con Clayt Ambers. If fear was there, fear of losing prestige, position, the good money, it was a demeaned thing—it was a green dollar that had been made gray and moldy. Here his spirit itself, his light, his honesty must be combative; here today he must be tan and tall and strong and worthy.

He stood there and said, "You've tried to push me out, and I let it go along. I was afraid of it. I'm not now. Try, try, any of you."

They looked shocked.

Hy Wister said, "That's crazy talk, John, crazy talk."

George Wilkins said, "John, I wouldn't try to do that!" George did not seem as strong now that he did not have a chair. A voice, an attitude had come into the room.

"I want a review," said John. "I want it now." He faced Hy Wister, his boss, across the table.

Hy stood up slowly. "I don't think you should make a challenge, John."

Now was the moment. John could use Clayt; could say he had spoken to Clayt about this—he could. But he would not.

He heard his voice. It was deep, remote almost, it was moving across the shine of the table, past the paper cups of coffee, the stains thereof, the paper and pencils, the pitcher of water, moving to Hy Wister, past them all, all in a moment, but seeming to flow like a current and be able and knowing and forceful.

"Do you want one, Hy?" he said. It was spoken and went there and came back among silence. "Shall we have to take issue about this? If you wish, I will."

The statement was tall, oak, unbending; and behind it was a violence of the will to take issue, if that had to happen.

The faces around the table did not turn fiercely and with renunciation to John. They were white, and the hands below them doodled simply on the pads with the pencils. A firm resolution of a man had moved through the room, and no one knew its source, whether in the man himself or whether from far higher authority. But it was made in such a way that it could not be mistaken as a bluff.

Hy said, "George, brief John."

George reviewed the Milo situation for him, and even though he was so nervous that he had to put his hands in his pockets so that they would not betray him, he spoke succinctly and with confidence in what he had done. John listened gravely and not without shock: George and the others had done an honest, fast, good piece of work on a difficult situation. There had been no shilly-shallying, no denials, no attempts at avoiding ultimate responsibility. In other words, personnel, community and public relations had been well and honestly served. It had been a responsible industrial and civic operation.

It was another tough moment for John when he realized all that and when the men were waiting for what he would say. They had been trying to push him out, and the ethics of that was not good; it was sad—and frightening and ugly. But the ethics of their work for the company, the community and the employees had no stain on it that he could find—none. And no lack of technical skill.

He said, "I haven't anything to add. I have nothing to say to detract. If I had been here and been a part of it, I would've been proud."

While he spoke, the men's eyes were fixed on him. When he had finished, he looked around the table and gave each man a hard, satisfied glance. He was surprised with what he felt in himself; he felt pride. He had been able to give them their just due, and it did not frighten, intimidate him or give him envy. He sat there and saw their faces and the way they were abashed but glad to receive what he had said and the way he had said it, and he felt a thrill. The thrill came from a new sense of authority, that probably had waited on the threshold of his personality, that perhaps Clayt had seen, or thought he had seen, and it had emerged, and these men saw it, and he himself knew it was there.

Hy Wister was watching him without the baffled caution that came after the challenge, without the condescending heartiness of earlier than that. He was looking at him with a level, ready glance that accepted something, but bespoke nothing yet.

Without getting up Hy said, "I guess we've solved everything, gentlemen. If you'll all get to the rest of it ——"

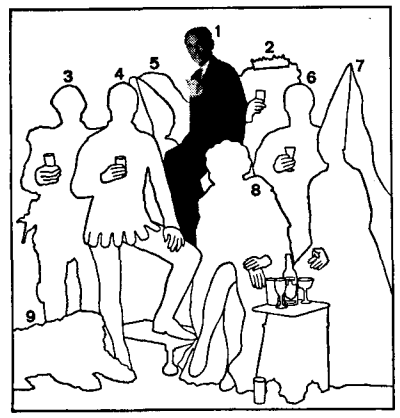
They pushed back, fumbled with notes, nodded, spoke together and padded out. In mutual consent, of the kind that knows when it's wanted or necessary, Hy and John remained seated opposite each other at the table. George Wilkins paused at the door, letting the others out before him, and John said, "I'd like to ring you later, George, if you have a minute."

George had been waiting for it. "O.K.," he said. He waved some papers. "I'll get this stuff in the works."

The table between John and Hy looked sloppy, but their eyes were straight above it. There was another mess that they wanted to clean up, and it could not be done with rags, water and a scrap basket.

"Let's be frank," said Hy. "You got to Clayt, isn't that correct? You wouldn't have come down here with all chimneys smoking unless you had got to Clayt."

WHO'S WHO AT THE SMIRNOFF® PARTY



First arrivals pose with their favorite vodka drinks

1. **MOSS HART** (Producer). Mr. Hart holds a Smirnoff Vodka Martini . . . the driest of the dry. Simply follow your usual Martini proportions, but mix with Smirnoff instead of gin.

2. **JIMMY TARBUTTON** (Owl). His drink is the popular *Screwdriver*. Pour jigger of Smirnoff over ice cubes in a highball glass. Fill with fresh orange juice, and stir well.

3. **ROBERT COOTE** (Pellinore). His choice is a cooling Smirnoff *Vodka-and-Tonic*, with a slice of lime.

4. **ROBERT GOULET** (Lancelot). Mr. Goulet also favors the *Screwdriver*.The Smirnoff loses itself in orange juice.

5. **KATHIE DALTON** (Lady-in-Waiting). Her Smirnoff *Vodka Sour* is within reach on the step below her. To make this drink, add 1 jigger of Smirnoff to juice of half a lemon, teaspoon sugar, dash of bitters. Shake with ice, strain, serve—with or without fruit.

6. **JOHN CULLUM** (Sir Dinidan). He's drinking a *Bloody Mary*. Mix jigger of Smirnoff with 3 oz. tomato juice. Add ½-oz. fresh lemon juice, 4 drops Worcestershire, 1 pinch salt, 1 pinch pepper. Shake with cracked ice, pour.

7. **DAWN MITCHELL** (Lady-in-Waiting). Her Smirnoff *Vodka Gimlet* is next to the Smirnoff bottle. Make it by adding 1 part imported Rose's Lime Juice to 4 or 5 parts Smirnoff. Serve over ice in cocktail or Old Fashioned glass.

8. **M'EL DOWD** (Morgan Le Fey). She chose the Smirnoff *Vodka Collins* on the table beside her. Add a jigger of Smirnoff to juice of one lemon, 1 teaspoonful sugar, cracked ice. Fill glass with soda, and stir well.

9. **DUNWREATH** ("Horrid," The Dog). His master isn't in the picture, but a Smirnoff *Vodka Highball* awaits him. See it on the floor beside the table. Just add Smirnoff to ginger ale.

SEND FOR FREE VODKA RECIPE BOOK. 37 delicious, easy-to-make Smirnoff drinks plus hors d'oeuvre and party-dip recipes. Write: Smirnoff, (Dept. S), 330 New Park Ave., Hartford, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOSS HART AND A FEW OF HIS GUESTS—SEE COLUMN ON FACING PAGE

MOSS HART GIVES A SMIRNOFF® PARTY FOR THE CAST OF CAMELOT

Giving a vodka party is almost as easy as *going* to one. You serve just *one* liquor—smooth, flawless Smirnoff. Yet you offer a far wider choice of drinks than at an ordinary party. For Smirnoff blends with any mixer... brings out the flavor of any fruit juice or soft drink. And Smirnoff Vodka drinks are so easy to make—*anyone* can mix them. Just be sure the vodka you use is Smirnoff. It's *expected* of you!

it leaves you breathless

Smirnoff®
THE GREATEST NAME IN VODKA

80 AND 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. ©STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN., 1961

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Antal Csicsatka found freedom—and a new way to bring you musical pleasure

As Russian tanks rumbled into Budapest in October, 1956, an electronics engineer named Antal Csicsatka fled and made his way to the U.S. He was sent to a refugee placement center. Tony Csicsatka was free – but jobless.

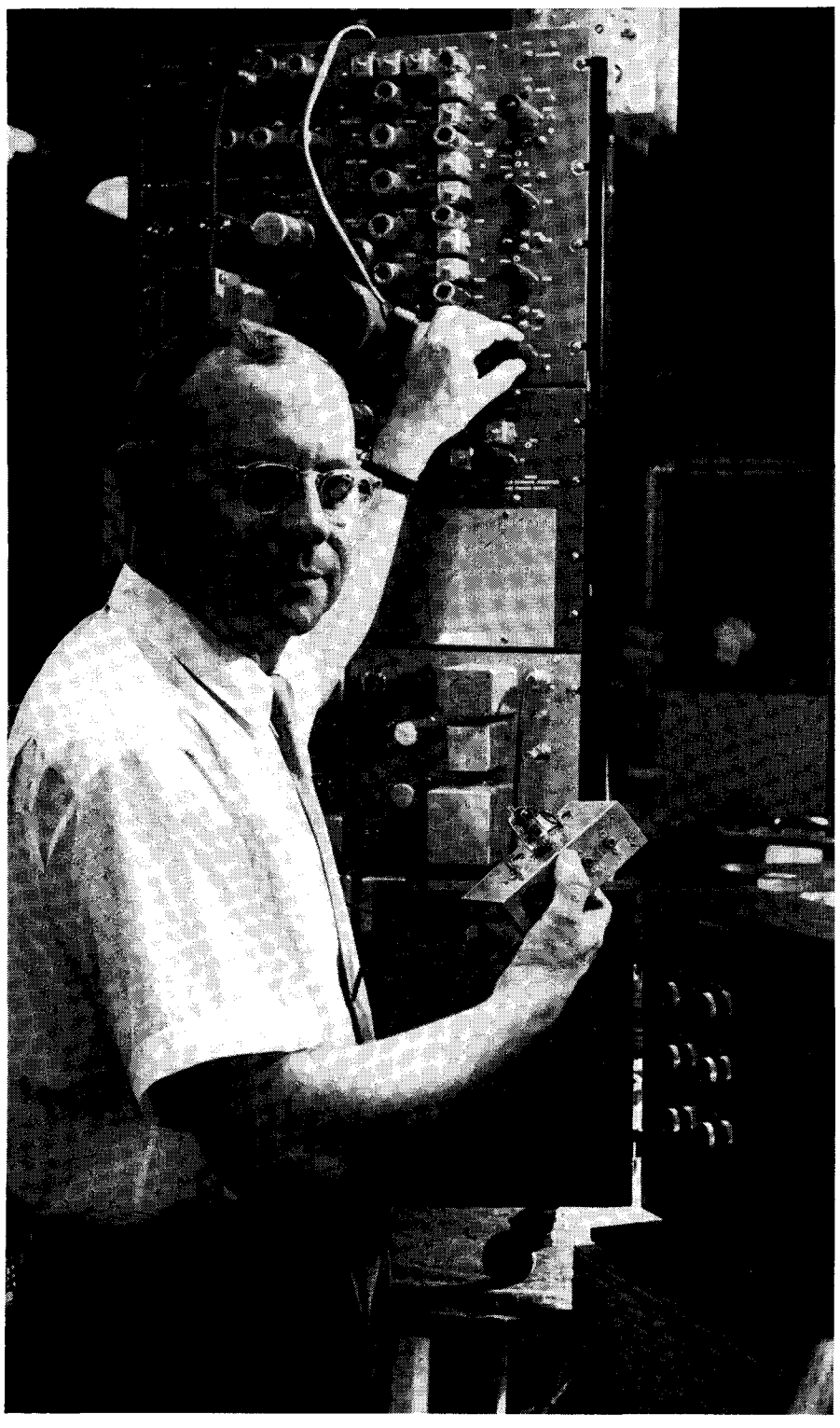
Tony's electronics background impressed a General Electric representative who came to help those at the center to find work. Tony was hired. At General Electric, Tony found another kind of freedom: a freedom of creative expression that encouraged him to experiment, to search for new knowledge, and to develop his own ideas.

Recently, General Electric announced a totally new broadcasting system that brings stereophonic sound to FM radio without the need for two receivers. The man behind this discovery – Tony Csicsatka.

Antal Csicsatka is one of the more than 26,000 scientists, engineers, and other technical graduates at General Electric whose creative talents and ideas are opening up new ways for people to get more out of life.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



NEVER John could play it cold, cryptic and stir Hy around on the actuarial, ulcer or heart-attack chart, but he did not choose to. He didn't dislike Hy as much as he always had. He was not afraid of him any more.

"I saw him," said John, "but he put no blessing on me. He told me to come into the conference; that before the afternoon was over, he would know, I would know, if I could make out."

Hy unfolded his hands and looked at them as if he wanted to read his future. "That was his blessing," he said. "He believed you could do it."

Sunlight slanted in and crossed Hy's cheek; he brushed at a touch of it that moved across his eye. "I never heard or felt that you wanted to fix me. I wasn't afraid of that; I was afraid of your ability. I—I didn't want you to be groomed for my job, even though I knew it had to be. I thought I'd have the thumb on George, and I guess I was right, wasn't I?"

John said nothing. Hy was giving the first part of surrender, not to another, but to himself, the surrender to possible change, to a new order, to dissolution of his own definite authority. Hy knew creative mortality.

Hy said, "I've made things tougher for myself than I had to. I could have used you a lot better, for my own benefit. From now on you'll operate closely with me. Much closer. I might like to play golf now and then."

John got up; it was an embarrassed moment. They stood at the door. "John," Hy said, "George Wilkins saw the pot of gold. It dreamed in front of him. He was reaching out."

John stiffened.

"I encouraged him," said Hy. "I encouraged him. Do you think you can remember that?"

"I'll try," said John.

In his office John rang his secretary's desk, and this time got Miss Phillips. "I'm so sorry I wasn't able to welcome you home this morning, sir—we had to come in early ——"

"Of course," he said. "Would you ask Mr. Wilkins if he has a minute?"

George Wilkins was in his office very quickly.

"Sit down, George."

George Wilkins did not look like a foe. John did not like to look at him. His appearance was a reminder of how he himself had felt a few hours ago. And it was hard to generate any fury for him. And fury would have been more complimentary; it indicated respect. You could only be furious with someone who could harm you, and George was not presently in that category.

But George's work had been so good that John wanted to preserve him, if that was possible. In order to do so, however, he at least would have to like him; and the questions he devised were attuned to that objective. Not revenge now, but simple justice.

"Do you like the small towns, George?"

A small flood of color flowed around George's freckles.

"Would you be willing to go to Milo and take over the operation?"

"Yes."

John regarded him. "That was a fast answer."

George said, "I thought I was going to be fired. I'll take Milo instead." George took out his handkerchief, mopped himself and sat back in his chair. He threw the handkerchief into the wastebasket beside the desk as if he tried to throw away the fear that was wet in it.

"I went for broke," he said, "but you're not breaking me all the way." His blue eyes were not soft or grateful, but they did not slip or fall. "I'll do my job, and I'll hope that you get big enough so that you can bring me back, put me in a good job, laugh at me as competition, but make me a vice president when you run the company."

Their eyes met. John was stunned. He was looking into fierce blue eyes in a wet face, but the nervous face did not matter; the eyes did and what he saw in them. And this man meant what he said. A brilliantly lighted exposition of things shone in John. Clayt, through long affiliation with success, with rights of self, with authority that he took as his own, knew, without being told, of his success and position; Hy Wister was able, but something in him did not quite know, and he faltered; and he, John, had tried to be a con artist and a louse, because not enough had grown in him to make him fully a man in the sense of a man of business; and George Wilkins had been weak enough to be a traitor, but was strong enough to take the results of defeat and even to ask for more eventually, because in him too was the feeling of ability transcending the defeat. But that was not quite enough on the part of George.

"You tried to put the pike to me once, George," he said. "Why would I make you a vice president if I became president?"

"If you get to be president," said George, "you'll be big enough to know whether I've got big enough."

John went home on the train, and Jantha was waiting for him at the station in the station wagon. "Hello, mon," she said, kissed him strongly and then pushed him off to look at him. "You look wonderful, I mean it—strong, trim, determined. Didn't that vacation do things?"

"Yes," he said.

She drove him home: the winding roads, her chatter; then would be the kids, the pup, the fine drink, dinner, bed. His hands were lying across his briefcase in his lap and smoothed the leather of the case that Jantha had got for him. He didn't know why he had brought some work home tonight. He certainly wasn't going to look at it. THE END

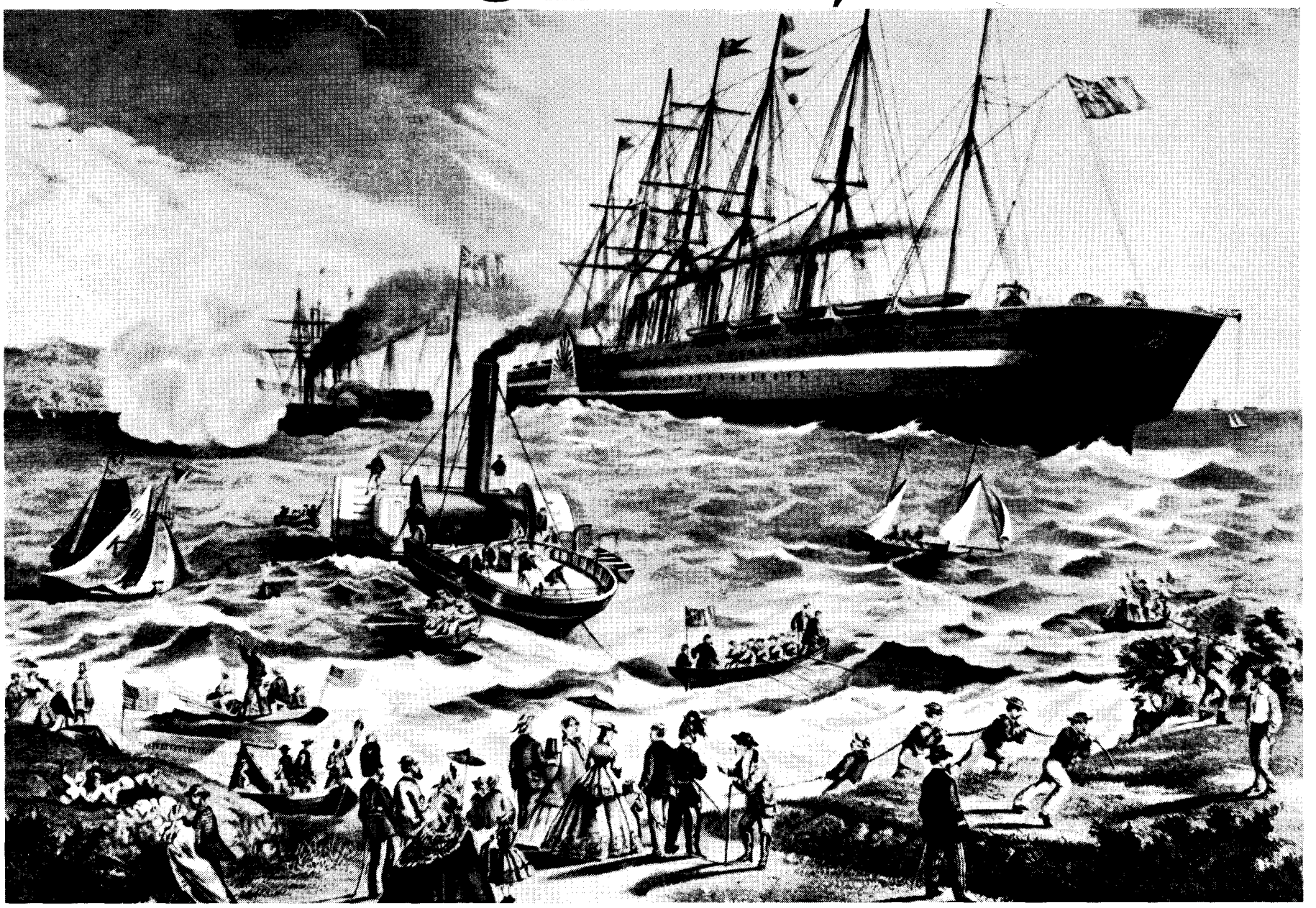
THE FOUR-DAY ARK

the drama of a family trapped by a flood.

in next week's Post

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JULY 27, 1866...



ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE

ROYAL-GLOBE
KNOWN ROUND THE WORLD
INSURANCE

She is five times the size of the largest ship afloat. She has six masts, five funnels and two mammoth engines. She can carry 4000 passengers. She is the Great Eastern and she has been a colossal commercial failure. But now, on this momentous Friday off Heart's Content, Newfoundland, she is about to make history as the ship that laid the first successful transatlantic cable. And Royal-Globe is there.

On this and succeeding cable-laying voyages, the Great Eastern was insured by a Royal-Globe company.

For 116 years, Royal-Globe has been insuring both the usual and the unique with equal integrity. It is one of the largest, most respected insurance organizations in the world. In the United States, Royal-Globe has 175 field offices and 18,000 agents, all eminently qualified to write insurance for every kind of risk. ***For intelligent protection, you would do well to see the independent agent who represents Royal-Globe!***

YOUR Independent Insurance AGENT

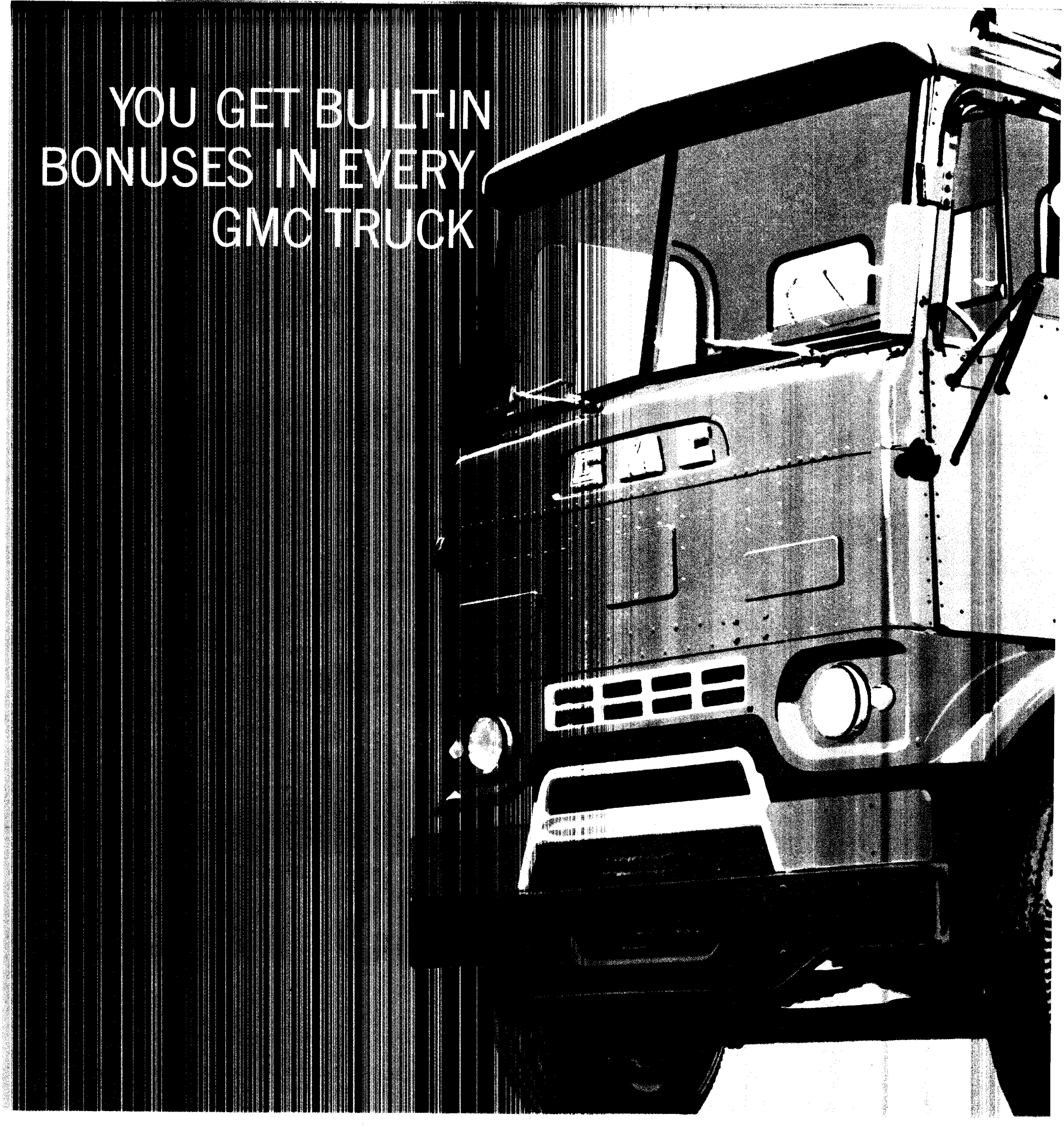
ROYAL-GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANIES

Casualty • Fire • Marine • Surety *150 William Street, New York 38, New York*

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD. • THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD. • ROYAL INDEMNITY COMPANY • GLOBE INDEMNITY COMPANY • QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
NEWARK INSURANCE COMPANY • AMERICAN AND FOREIGN INSURANCE COMPANY • THE BRITISH & FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD. • THAMES & MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU GET BUILT-IN BONUSES IN EVERY GMC TRUCK



Extra payload is one of the many big GMC Bonuses that help you make real money—up to $2,000 extra profit per truck per year. GMC's model DF 7005 does it by eliminating weight with a dependable diesel power plant that is up to 530 lbs. lighter than comparable diesel engines, and a cab constructed of modern, light-weight aluminum. It is the lightest diesel tractor in its class, weighing only 9875 lbs. ready for the road, with heater, trailer connections, 60-gallon fuel tank and fuel, fifth wheel and all ICC equipment.

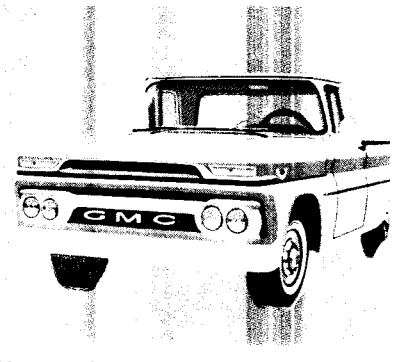
So, if your business requires the movement of goods—any kind of goods—here are other facts worth noting:

In addition to the 48″ aluminum tilt-cab shown above, GMC offers the only 72″ steel-tilt with the cost-busting performance and economy of the exclusive V-6 gas engine.... It's also available in GMC 90″ and 105″ Conventionals to give you an even wider truck selection to meet your exact hauling requirements.

For extra big power performance, GMC offers the exclusive and economical Twin-Six gas engine, the most powerful standard gas engine in any truck. It's also available in 72″ tilt or 90″ conventional models.

Before you buy another truck, talk to your GMC Dealer. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages.

GMC Truck & Coach ... a General Motors Division, Pontiac, Michigan

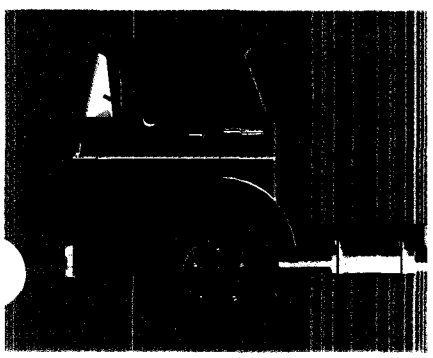


New style, greater economy are yo in new GMC Pickups. Now as stan equipment...the dependable 165 hp. engine for the most pulling power at rpm of any comparable truck engine the road!

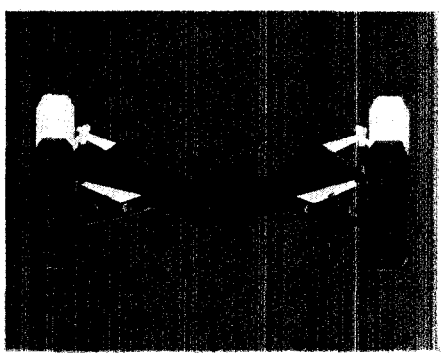
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAYLOAD BONUS

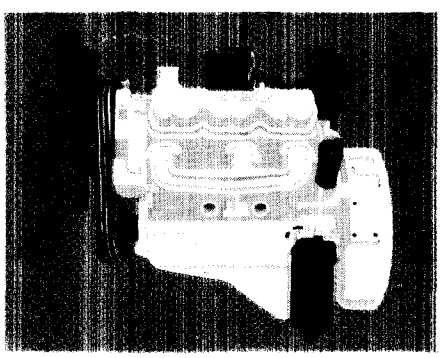
10 TONS EXTRA PAYLOAD EVERY 10 TRIPS



2" GMC steel-tilt cab—easy to tilt... sy to service... easy to drive. This highly *maneuverable truck gives you ideal over-*ll weight distribution. The only steel-tilt vailable with V-6 or Twin-Six gas engine r V-6 Diesel.



GMC independent front suspension with torsion bars acts separately on each *front wheel, soaks up road shock before it* can reach the cargo and driver. Result: a smoother ride, better protection for the truck and everything in it.



Extended-life V-6 engine—yours only in GMC! Tremendous torque at low rpm *saves gas, reduces strain, get loads mov-*ing fast. At service time, you save again: the most frequently serviced parts are within easy reach!

GMC

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

TRUCKS

FROM ½ TO 60 TONS

LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY JOHN MASTERS

ANGKOR

Partly destroyed figures near Angkor Thom's gates symbolized the struggle between good and evil.

MYSTERY CITY

A famous writer re-creates the glamour of a sensuous civilization buried and lost for more than 400 years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANGKOR, CAMBODIA. As the old year passed imperceptibly into the new, so the two men in the boat—a young naturalist and an older missionary—passed from the cultivated lands into the Cambodian jungle. Working together with their boatmen, they forced the boat on against the current and grounded it in shallows and refloated it and went forward again. The heavy silence of the jungle was broken into staccato, nervous sections by the shriek of parrots and the crash and fling of monkeys in the trees. Heat poured down from the sky, filling the green forest with a stifling sense of lassitude.

Soon they had to leave the boat and enter the jungle. "How far?" the naturalist asked.

The boatmen shrugged. "Not far—but we have never been. We have only heard."

It took the explorers two days to cover four miles. At last, struggling on through the clutching arms of the undergrowth, they found a vista suddenly opened to the east. The two men stopped. An immense building lay cradled in the jungle sea, its fretted towers piercing the sky. It stood there, acres in extent, utterly silent, a reddish glow lighting in the dark stone as the sun set behind the awed discoverers.

They were both French. The towers must surely reach as high as the pinnacles of Notre Dame de Paris. It existed then! The tales of a lost city in the jungle were true. The rumors recorded by a Portuguese priest in the seventeenth century were true. Now it was January, 1860. The city had vanished from history about 400 years back. After 400 years, men from the outside world had again seen the glory of the legendary, lost Angkor.

A few days later the naturalist, Henri Mouhot, was writing: "Hastily scribbling these lines by the pale light of a torch, sitting on my mat or a tiger-skin between the freshly scorched skin of a monkey and a box of insects ready to be classified and packed, devoured by mosquitoes and often by leeches, my only goal has been to unveil the existence of what are perhaps the grandest, the most important and the most artistically perfect monuments the past has left to us. . . ."

Today jets take us to Bangkok and Saigon, the nearest large cities, and smaller airliners carry us on to the field at Siemréap. From the hotel there we can cover those same four miles—which took Mouhot and the *Abbé* Sylvestre two days—in twenty minutes. Another hundred years have passed. Yet—whether we look down from the DC-3 and see below us, soaring out of the jungle, those towers that took the breath from Mouhot and Sylvestre; or whether, rounding the last corner in the little bus, the whole extent of the ruins leaps out to stun our sense of proportion—we will feel the same awe. For Mouhot was right—we are in the presence of one of the grandest, most important, and most artistically perfect monuments the past has left to us.

What the two Frenchmen discovered, and what we see, is the framework of a civilization, a vastly greater Pompeii, deserted near the peak of its greatness and abandoned to the jungle. For 400 years it waited, its enemy the fertility of nature, which has thrust tree roots between the great stones and rotted the timbers that used to hold up a line of arches.

We see only what was too strongly built for that insatiable enemy to devour—the monumental buildings of a capital city, the outer city wall and its gates. This is Angkor Thom. We see, a mile to the south, the palace-temple-tomb of the civilization's greatest king. This is Angkor Wat. We see two artificial lakes, each nearly five miles long by one mile wide. In these the people stored the water needed for their fields. These are the East and West Barays. We see, scattered about within twenty miles of Angkor, a host of smaller temples and shrines and palaces.

Everything that we see is built of stone. The rough, heavy work of wall and tower is done in the native laterite; various-hued sandstone is used for all the surfaces that were to be delicately shaped or carved upon or that needed lightness for their structural purpose. But these people did not live by and with stone; they lived by wood. It is not the whole body of their life that we see as though it had been thrust into a block of ice and perfectly preserved. The worms and termites have worked here, and heat and rain, eating away the flesh, leaving only the skeleton.

The civilization which left this stony testament was founded in the early centuries of our era, by a process very common in world history. A highly advanced and speculative people, proficient in art, architecture and agriculture—particularly the culture of rice—came into contact with a less advanced people, who through ignorance were not making full use of available resources. Here the newcomers were Hindus from South India. The exact identity of the native people is shrouded in mystery, but we may call them Cambodians. The Indians soon imposed their mastery upon the Cambodians, probably without serious strife, for the Indians brought with them obvious superiority in material means and in the sophistication of their religion.

As the years passed, and the centuries, the inevitable blending of the two peoples and their cultures took place. The Cambodians' simple worship disappeared, and so did the strict Brahmanical Hinduism of the Indians. New currents of thought caught men's minds. Gradually Buddhism took hold, first in the form called Mahayana, or the Greater Vehicle. This was the catholic sect, where men could worship all the old Hindu gods and more primitive spirits too, subordinating them only to Buddha. In time this Mahayana was ousted by the Hinayana, or Lesser Vehicle, the puritan sect wherein only Buddha and his teachings are given value. Art and architecture followed the same path as religion—a blending, an absorbing, the birth of something which at first appears obviously hybrid, later taking its own form and standing alone. So was born the culture called Khmer.

Its confused pattern of growth is clearly visible at Angkor, in the different styles, in the building and rebuilding and superimposing which strike the eye everywhere except in the final gesture of Angkor Wat. Nor were the Khmers' struggles only internal. Simultaneously they were subduing the neighboring Siamese and fighting for existence against the invading Chams, from Annam. Wars devastated the countryside. Let us look once more at Angkor now, not at what is visible to our own eyes, but at what a traveler would have seen about A.D. 1250, in the time of greatness.

There is flesh on the stone skeleton of the city now. The cold sense of permanence has vanished, overlaid by a teeming vigor of life. The stone towers of monument and temple stand out now above wooden palaces, their eaves arched and richly carved and painted with eggshell-blue enamel and gold leaf, in the patterns we can still see at Bangkok and Mandalay.

A troop of soldiers in brilliant costumes, with long bows and gleaming spears, marches down the wide avenue, shouting in time to the beat of a drum. A minister of the king rides out in procession toward the Victory Gate, on his head the high, pointed Khmer headdress, his elephant followed by footmen and guards, and behind them more elephants, bearing ladies in gold and silver. In the huge halls of the palace, mirrors cover each wall, reflecting the swirl of silk and gauze and the arched artificial eyebrows and dead-white painted faces of dancers practicing their steps. In another room the ambassador from Burma, prostrate, lays jade and rubies at the foot of the throne. Gold, gold everywhere.

Invisible, we pass where we would never have been allowed, through the entrance hall of the royal quarters, across the solid stone of the courtyard. Fresh, green water glitters in a great pool, and there a score of women splash and play, guarded by other women carrying swords, the Amazons of the King's Guard.

An immense crowd waits in the main square, facing the long terrace carved with elephants. In a high window of the palace, above the terrace, there are gold curtains. All stare up, waiting. Two beautiful women come, half seen, and draw the curtains aside. In the square the crowd moves suddenly, a surging of sound, and falls as suddenly silent. Far away now the marching soldiers sing and shout. The king appears in the break of the curtains, and all kneel, then lie, their faces pressed to the earth. After a time the king steps slowly back, the two girls lower their long, bare arms, the curtains fall.

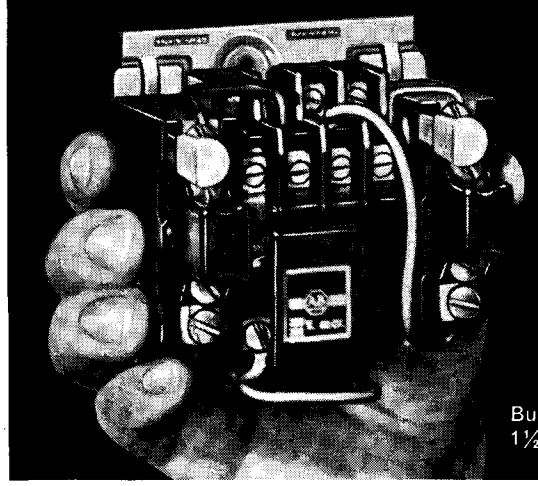
From square and palace, streets run out in every direction. Houses and stores and inns line them, all made of wood, built mainly on stilts. Here are the citizens by the thousands. Fishermen trot down the street, their fish in heavy baskets dangling from a yoke on the shoulders. Out in the street women dicker for spices with a shopkeeper. Farther down, coolies rest against a pillar, their loads set thankfully on the floor.

The sun sets, and twilight spreads, softening the hard outlines of the monuments. Torches flare now in the hall of mirrors, and music tinkles among the silk curtains. The king and his court and the guarding Amazons watch the delicate, winding patterns of the ballet. Silver bangles clink on the dancers' ankles; their wide calf-length skirts fall apart as they pose and balance, revealing tight gold-embroidered loincloths. However far the lithe bodies bend and arch, the painted, half-smiling faces and the towering, fantastic headdresses remain rigidly vertical. . . .

A gorgeous picture, worthy of a novelist's imagination? I describe scenes of 700 years ago, although there is no trace of them—no books, no paintings, no surviving descriptions except one given by a Chinese traveler; and how could he know what was going on in the back rooms?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Size 00 Bulletin 709...



a hand size starter for a man-size job

A-B QUALITY

Bulletin 709 Size 00
1½ HP, 220 V; 2 HP, 440-550 V

ALLEN-BRADLEY
Quality Motor Control

Here's the latest addition to the Allen-Bradley family of across-the-line starters—the tiny new Size 00—with the same inherent reliability and long life designed into all starters of this new A-B line. Millions of trouble-free operations are assured. A new, hot molded arc hood provides an unusually high interrupting capacity. The double-break contacts of weld-resistant cadmium oxide silver provide long life—without "servicing." New trip-free and tamperproof solderpot thermal relays give reliable and permanently accurate overload protection. Very definite "eye appeal" has been designed into the Nema 1 enclosure. At its lower cost, the new Size 00 starter will prove itself a valuable addition for both the "user" and all resale manufacturers. For more information on *all* the Bulletin 709 starters, please write for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 South Third Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin.

EARN MORE!

You can enjoy extra profits this winter by joining our staff of independent representatives. Send a postal to the address below and you will receive complete details about our offer. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY, 446 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

Like Walking on Pillows!

That's how it feels when you wear

Dr. Scholl's AIR-PILLO INSOLES

Every Step Is Pure Pleasure

Air-Cushion your shoes for only 60¢

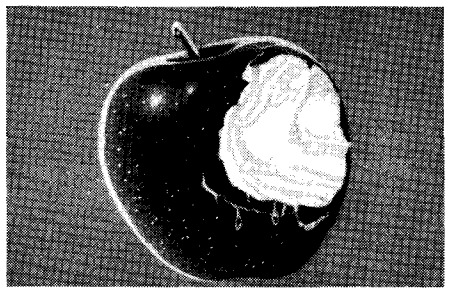
Dr. Scholl's AIR-PILLO Insoles put new life into your feet and a feeling of foot contentment that's priceless. Made of Latex Foam, they air-cushion, air-ventilate your feet from toe to heel. At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores.

- Relieve Callouses, Pain, Burning, Tenderness on Bottom of Foot . . .
- Give Feet a Soft Bed to Rest Upon . . . Ease Pressure on Nerves . . .
- Give Mild, Cushioning Support . . .
- Cushion Sore Heels . . .

P.S. AIR-PILLO Insoles worn in any loose-fitting, worn or misshapen shoes make them look better, fit better, feel better, wear better!

Dr. Scholl's AIR-PILLO Insoles

EAT ANYTHING!



ORAFix®

holds dentures fast...all day!

ORAFix

Use Ora Denture Cleanser, too!

Available in Canada

THE BEST-GROOMED PEOPLE USE . . .

TRIM®

MANICURE IMPLEMENTS
Look for the TRIM display in stores everywhere

THE W. E. BASSETT CO. • Derby, Conn.

ANGKOR

Well, I am not using my imagination any more than you would need to. All that I have described, and more, is recorded by sculptors of genius upon the long sandstone walls and galleries of Angkor. Eventually these jottings from a civilization's scrapbook would have gone, too, conquered at last by the jungle. From that slow extinction they were rescued by Mouhot, and the scientific work of recovery and restoration carried out by the French colonial rulers and now by the Cambodians themselves.

Let the pictures fade. Let time catch us up in its onward sweep and hurry us in a flash through the centuries until it has brought us again to our own era. Let it put us in a DC-3, coming in to land at Siemréap. As soon as the plane is down, it becomes obvious that we are indeed in the mid-twentieth century. A hundred years ago the Siamese and Cambodians used to beat and torture the *Abbé* Sylvestre and his early missionary companions. The modern Cambodians, instead of beating us, make us fill out forms. Armed with pieces of paper, which declare how many Venezuelan bolivars, Austrian schillings and Hungarian zlotys are in our possession, we climb into the bus, and chug off to the Grand Hotel d'Angkor.

This is pure tropical colonial. The public rooms are immensely high. Electric fans suspended from the ceiling disturb the air over scattered tables. There are many servants, a counter selling post cards and books, and bulletins everywhere about the times of flights and the times of trips on the Little Circuit and the Grand Circuit. Tourists from half a dozen countries sit and sweat and drink under the fans. They are glowered at, from the corner, by an unkempt fellow who is surely a refugee from one of the more lurid short stories about Moral Degeneration of the White Man East of Suez.

In the high bedrooms—except the few that are air-conditioned—the white cloud of the mosquito net hangs over the bed, ready to be lowered at dusk. The fan chugs and creaks, and there are only two differences, for me, from a past that is as familiar as my hand, and to others as familiar as the nearest shelf of Kipling or Maugham: The waiters understand French; and from the balcony outside my window I can see beyond the jungle a soaring cluster of stone towers—Angkor Wat.

The country feels in a betwixt-and-between stage, and it is. Once this area must have been under heavy cultivation, the rice granary of the Khmer empire. The view would then have been straight across level fields to the walls of city and temple. Then came the abandonment and the reversion to the jungle, so that it took Mouhot two days to cover what the Khmer king on his elephant must have traversed comfortably in an hour. In the nineteenth century the French gradually pushed the jungle back—just, surely, as the Hindu colonialists from India had done 1300 years earlier.

Now we stand halfway. The French have gone, but something of their civilization is blended into the Cambodian way of life. The fields stretch for two of the four miles to the ancient capital; then the jungle begins. The old villages have long vanished; some new ones have grown up—Siemréap itself, where the men with bicycle rickshas wait outside the hotel, eager to take you to the marvels of their ancestors; and there is a cluster of wood huts outside the great western causeway leading into Angkor Wat.

We eat a good European-style meal, served with something of the French genius. We climb into bus or trisha. And now, visibly, time hurries backward. The fields end, and we are back one century. The jungle begins. Faster, faster the years race back. Naked boys step out of the jungle, bows in hand and quivers of arrows on their backs—300, 400 years.

Stop here. This is the point where the French and Cambodian archaeologists and engineers, working backward in time to restore what stood here, have met the forward march of destruction which began on the abandonment of the city. Angkor looks now as it did perhaps a hundred years after that date. There is no wood left, nothing of light construction. Arches that rested upon wooden lintels have collapsed as the wood rotted and brought down the ruin of all that they carried above. One building stands serene and clear, almost unmarked. A few yards away its twin crouches like one of Laocoön's dying sons, held fast in the grip of a hundred writhing tree roots. In the open the Cambodian sun pours down its benevolence, and there is no menace. In the passages, under the fallen arches, it is dark and dank. A sharp, acrid smell pervades the sense, with a high twittering shriek that comes from nowhere and everywhere. I step carefully around piles of bat droppings and in the dusk see their thousand shapes, messenger-ghosts from history flitting down the corridors in front of me, past the carved eternity of gods and demons.

I stand enthralled and awed. What happened here? The kings Suryavarman II and Jayavarman VII built these monuments so that they could not be destroyed by their enemies—and they were not. Here they stand, and even the name of Cham has vanished. There are no signs of battle, as in the keep of the ancient Britons in England, where excavators find skeletons with short Roman swords still broken off in the spines. There are no bodies piled high in the breach of a ruined wall, as at some sites of the Indus civilization. Defeated the great kings' successors were, by their despised vassals the Siamese—but not overwhelmed and erased surely?

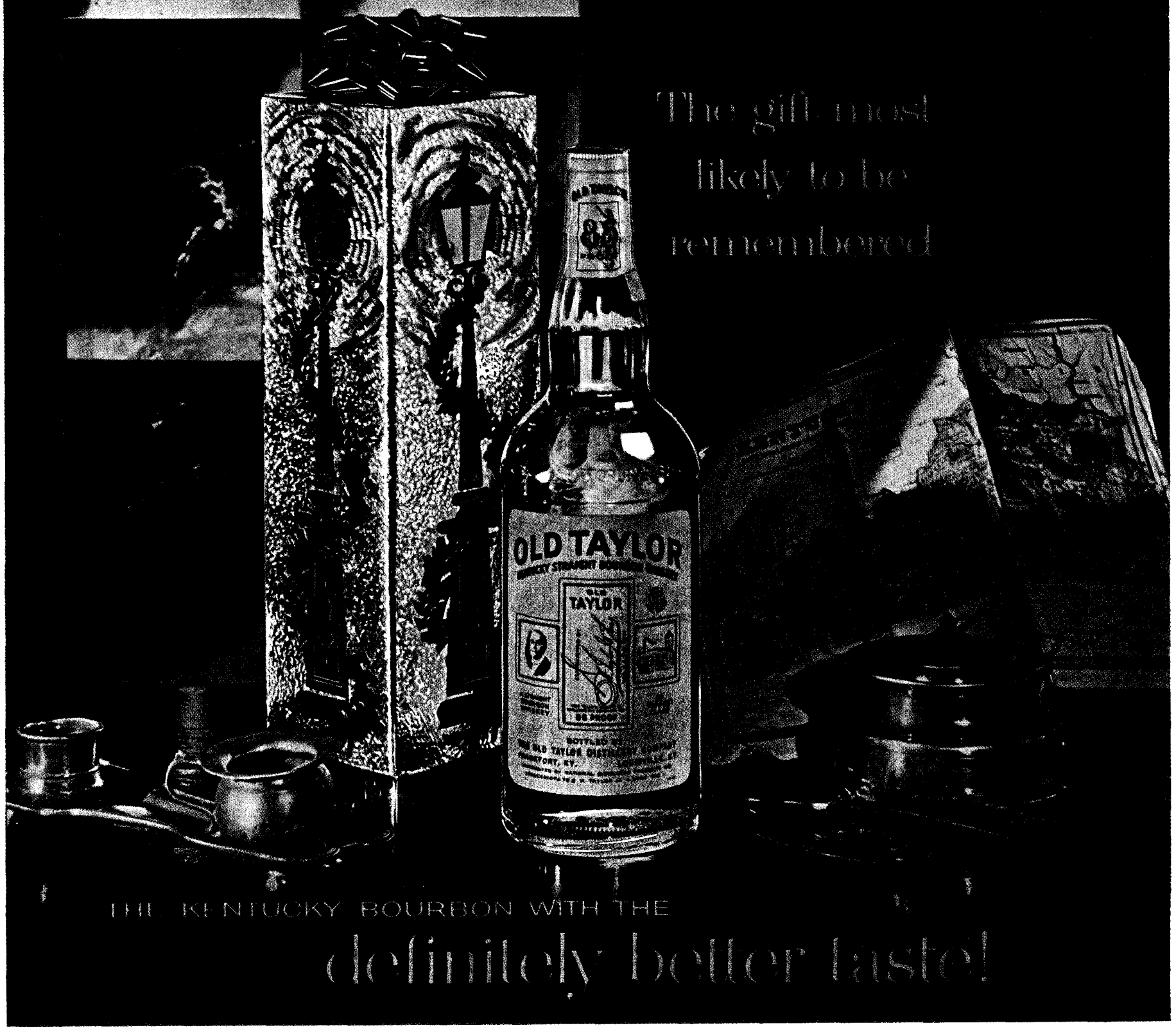
The mournful cheeping of the bats and an omnipresent air of resignation give us a clue. It was not an armed enemy who emptied these cities and temples. It was an unarmed and ghostly foe—disease. Perhaps it was a new form of malaria which weakened the Khmers and invited Siamese conquest. More probably it was the Asian Black Death, kala azar. Whatever it was, I can envision the remnants of the people, dwindling, the paddy field going back to the jungle acre by acre for lack of hands to cultivate it and lack of skill to regulate the complex irrigation works. And, more feared than death or the emanations of terror from disease, the silent scorn of their own past, looking down at them from the four faces of Jayavarman's mighty monuments—mighty and indestructible. There was no refuge from that gaze, except by desertion and flight.

The life went with them, and will never come back. What remains is the spirit that informed the life, caught by the genius of artists. Of the two main monuments, Angkor Thom, the city, is the warmer. It has been less fully restored than the Wat. Nearly everything is in ruins; but here are the low-relief carvings which bring back the people of the city, complete even to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old Taylor 86

The gift most likely to be remembered

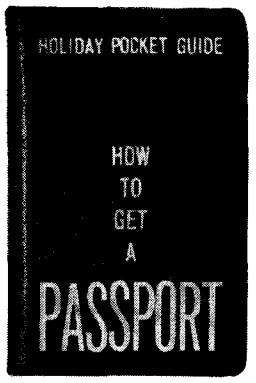


THE KENTUCKY BOURBON WITH THE

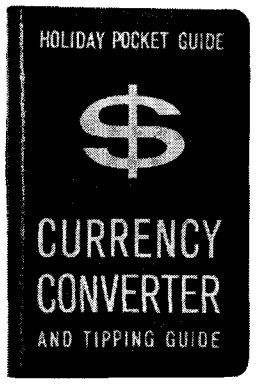
definitely better taste!

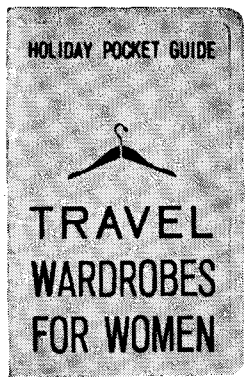
BEAUTIFULLY PACKAGED FOR THE HOLIDAYS • GIVE LIGHT AND MILD OLD TAYLOR 86 PROOF, OR SELECT OLD TAYLOR 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES, THE OLD TAYLOR DIST. CO., FRANKFORT & LOUISVILLE, KY., DISTR. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.

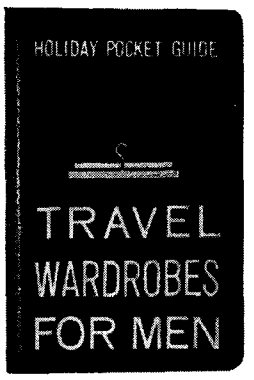
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

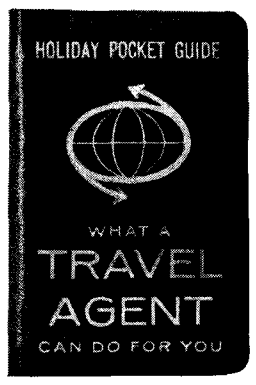


NEW! FROM YOUR TRAVEL AGENT









5 little books that will answer your biggest travel questions

Now you can have authoritative travel information in the most convenient, clear, concise form ever available.

HOLIDAY Magazine has compiled a unique new series of handy pocket guides containing a wide range of information essential to planning smooth, enjoyable trips anywhere in the world. Each HOLIDAY POCKET GUIDE is bound in a colorful leather-like cover and measures only 2″ x 3″ . . . perfect for carrying in purse or pocket.

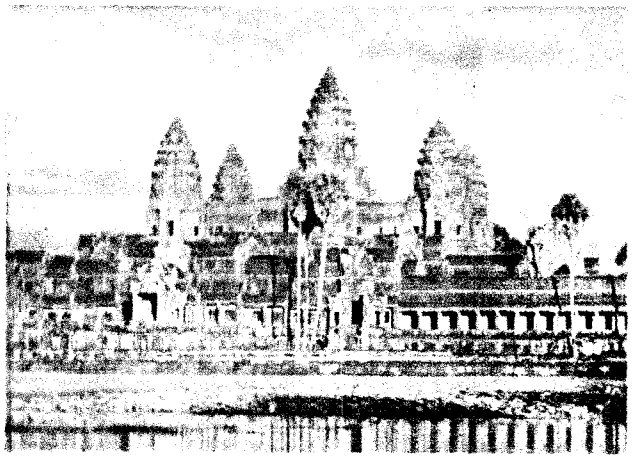
Five Fact-Filled Books:

1. **How to Get a Passport,** including: A one minute history of the passport . . . Where to get your passport . . . What to do if you lose your passport . . . What shots to get . . . Where and when you'll need a visa . . .
2. **Currency Converter and Tipping Guide,** including: Currency equivalents for 138 countries . . . When to buy foreign currency . . . Tipping suggestions for traveling by sea or air . . . When, where and how much to tip throughout the world.
3. **Travel Wardrobes for Women,** including: Baggage weight allowances for air, rail, ship . . . Basic cool and warm weather travel wardrobes . . . Wardrobe suggestions for traveling by sea and air . . . Regional dress suggestions throughout the world . . . Climate data for 83 key cities . . .
4. **Travel Wardrobes for Men,** including: Baggage weight allowances for air, rail, ship . . . Basic cool and warm weather travel wardrobes . . . Wardrobe suggestions for travel by sea and air . . . Regional dress suggestions and climate data for 83 key cities . . .
5. **What a Travel Agent Can Do for You,** including these chapters: Who needs a travel agent? . . . How much does he charge? . . . Choosing your travel agent . . . Choosing your travel plan . . . Special travel agent services . . . Shopping for space . . .

Only your travel agent has these HOLIDAY POCKET GUIDES . . . please do not order them from HOLIDAY. See him today for your copies.

TRAVEL AGENTS | *If you don't already have your Holiday POCKET GUIDE display unit, write for full information and sample copies: Promotion Dept., HOLIDAY Magazine, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.*

HOLIDAY POCKET GUIDES



The Angkor Wat, a shrine and tomb 700 years old. War and disease wiped out the civilization that built it.

ANGKOR the expressions of interest, boredom or excitement that were carved into their faces.

The most important single building at Angkor Thom, the Bayon, is a tangle of structure, alteration and reconstruction, recording in every line the changing plans of the kings and the changing religions of the people. Dominating the Bayon, and the five gateways into the city, are huge laterite towers carved with four faces, looking to the four points of the compass. It is typical of the confused Khmer history that these towers may represent the four faces of the Hindu god Siva, or they may represent the Buddha in the four-faced aspect called Avalokitesvara.

Trees line the long, empty avenues leading to the outer gates and the wall. These gates, with their four-faced towers, are seventy feet high. The major part of the weight is supported by the carved forequarters of elephants, who are plucking lotus blossoms with their trunks. Outside the gates the avenues cross the wide dried-up moat on causeways. Here there are representations of the Churning of the Milky Ocean, a legend of Hindu mythology, symbolic of the struggle between good and evil. In this legend gods and titans, using a sacred mountain as their churning rod and a gigantic serpent as their rope—to turn the rod—churn the primeval substance of the universe. Sometimes they work in harmony, sometimes they fight for possession of the vital powers that emerge from the churning. At Angkor Thom the scene has been split in two for the sake of symmetry. The immense row of the gods, all leaning back in benign effort as they haul on the serpent, is on your right as you leave the Victory Gate; the team of the titans (they look like Apache chiefs) is on your left.

That same legend is the theme of Angkor Wat. Here the waters of the moat lie still, reflecting tree and stone. A wide causeway crosses it from the west and continues from the threshold, straight and broad and nearly a quarter of a mile long, leading the eye and the attention to the central keep. But pause a moment here and look more closely.

The enclosure looks like a park—now. There are two small library buildings, to right and left of the causeway, and two small square lakes, lightless under a carpet of lime-green weed. Once this park was filled with granaries to hold rice, houses for ambassadors and stables for their elephants and quarters for a thousand priests. Nothing is left, nothing except the small bare libraries, whose empty walls and arches lie open to the sky.

Behind you, on the inner face of the outer wall, the sandstone pulses with the life and grace of Apsaras, the heavenly *corps de ballet*. These are the same girls, transmuted now into immortal beings, whom we saw bending and posturing before the king. Now look down the stone causeway. On either side of it a huge round balustrade runs toward the distant towers. You have seen this before. It is the snake, the cosmic serpent of the Churning. The towers of the central keep now represent the sacred mountain which was the churning rod. Where are the gods and titans who hold the serpent and fight for good and evil? There are none. Or are *we* fighting in their place, as we walk along the causeway, resting our hands on the balustrade?

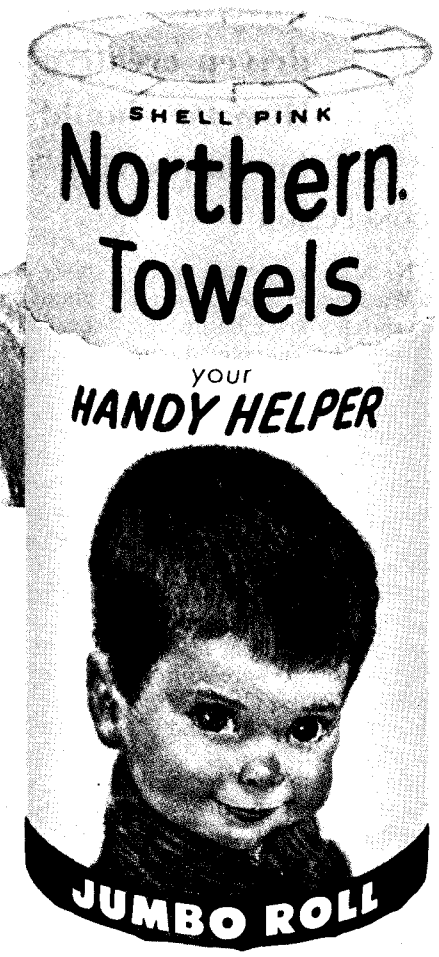
The central block is about 650 feet square, surrounded by a continuous cloister—that is, a passage whose outer side is a row of pillars, the inner side a solid wall. On that inner face, which is all of sandstone, glows and burns the chief glory of all the Angkors, the Khmers' prime testament. It is a series of low reliefs carved the whole way round the cloister from floor to ceiling—2600 feet long. The greatest single section is in the southern half of the east gallery. It is significant that the artists achieved their masterpiece in the scene that is also the theme of the whole—for here again, reduced now to proportions where we can see it all, but still immense, is the Churning of the Milky Ocean.

There is no trick of light cast by the pillars to emphasize the tension of the opposed figures, but the movement is so sharp and real that the stone strains away from you under the pull of the teams. There is urgent conflict in every attitude, every face, and over all a controlling symmetry, a sense that these opponents are part of a single design—whether of the sculptor or of the ultimate God the sculptor believed in.

The sun was setting as I hurried back to the western gate. A dozen Buddhist monks, wearing orange robes, stood in a courtyard. I passed a small boy carrying baskets of dried fish by a yoke on his shoulders. A family came, the low sun behind them along the straight line of the causeway—a man, his old mother, his young wife. She paused beside the inner wall to stare up at the Apsaras, and the same subtle smile worked into the living skin of her face and the dark light in her almond eyes.

In the square doorway, under the heavy lintel, I looked back at Angkor Wat. Red fires burned in the stone. The woman now walked ahead of her family, moving with swaying hips along the causeway between the giant serpents. In the other direction the water in the moat burned, the sun sank, and the trees reached up a thousand feathery arms to take it and bring it down to rest among them. In sky and stone and water the flame sank, only to rise again, at once, in the red eyes of the cooking fires of the little village. Angkor grew dark and black and at length vanished from sight. Bats from its silent galleries swept low along the moat, hunting. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The handiest helper in your home:

Northern Towels with Built-in Sturdiness

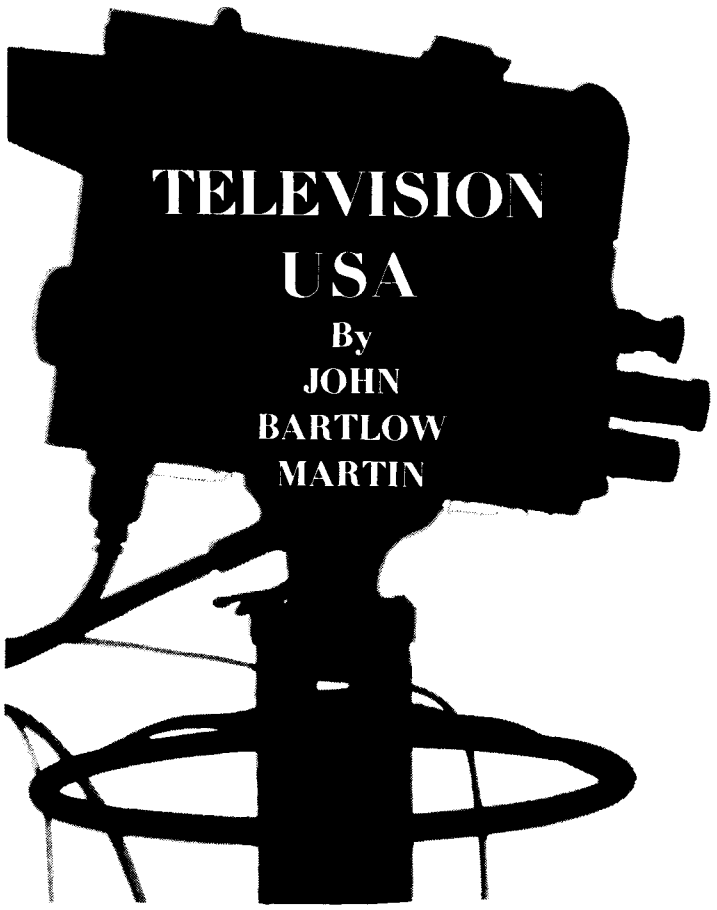
You see and feel the sturdiness in thicker, sponge-textured Northern Towels. Sturdiness that gives you a helping hand inside and outside your home. Because Northern Towels are sturdy, they will scrub without shredding. Polish without leaving lint. Drink up spills without falling apart. Soak grease from bacon, but not soak through. Yet, as sturdy as these helpful towels are, they are soft enough to blot lipstick.

In Pale Gold, Shell Pink, Snow White

For your set of three prints of Northern's "All American" Boys, 11" x 14" standard frame size, send 25¢ in currency to: Northern Towels, Box 765, Hinsdale, Illinois. (Offer limited to U.S.)

Another fine product of American Can Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Big Squeeze

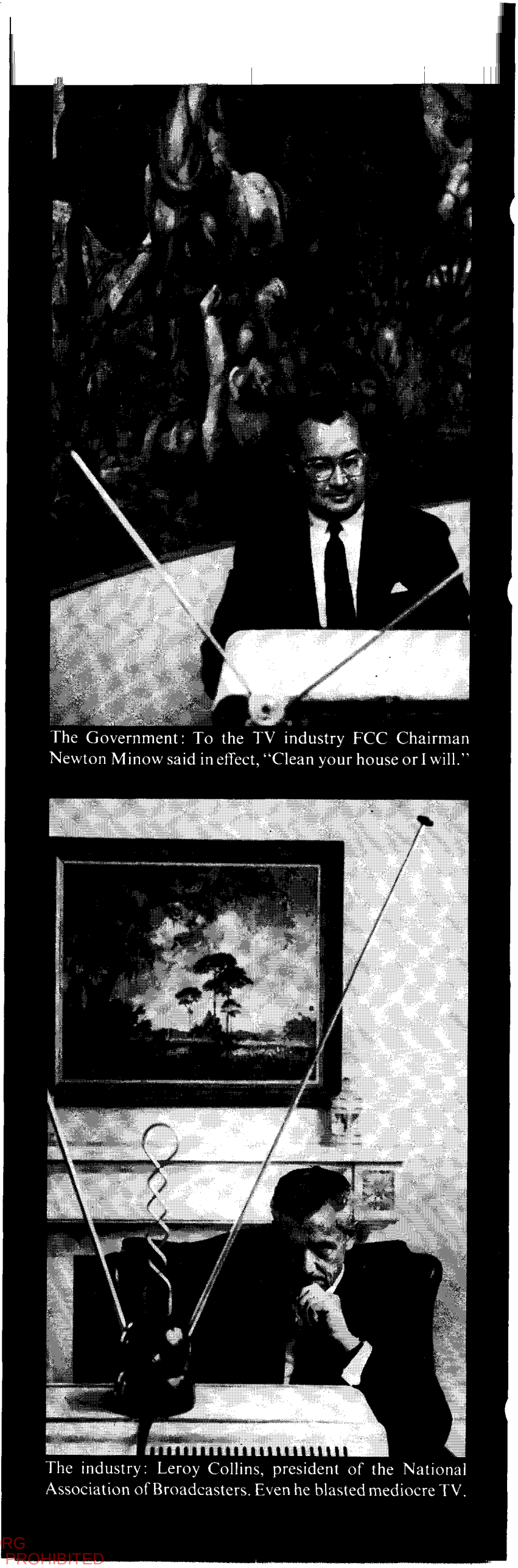
Have the "money men" driven creative people out of TV? How far should the FCC go in "improving" what we watch?

CONCLUSION

Newton N. Minow, having breakfast in a Washington hotel room one day last spring a few months after President Kennedy had appointed him Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, said, "These fellows, the television broadcasters, think this is an oil well. Unless they're making 30 per cent a year they consider it a failure. Some stations gross nine million and make five million profit before taxes. What other business is like that?"

Minow is a chubby, cheerful young man with a fast mind and enormous energy. He said, "Some of these local stations hardly ever carry an unsponsored public-affairs program. They'll pull off *CBS Reports* and put on an old movie and sell it to some local advertiser to make an extra five hundred bucks. They made only 38 per cent profit last year and they want to make 39 per cent this year. This is the kind of thing I object to." Minow was revising—to broadcasters' anguish—the forms on which each broadcaster is required to tell FCC what he proposes to broadcast if given a license and, when his license comes up for renewal every three years, what he actually did broadcast. Minow was determined to make performance match promise, and if it didn't FCC would refuse to renew a broadcaster's license. This was the crux of his whole chairmanship. "Renewal hearings should be held in the local community. Let anybody come and say what kind of programs the local station has been showing, League of Women Voters, P.T.A., church groups, everybody. I think that pretty quickly you'd have better television programing. I don't think people realize they own the air, and the broadcaster is using it with their permission."

One radio broadcaster, he said, had promised to put on only 700 spot commercials in a week and instead had put on 1600. One television station had reported proudly that it had broadcast nineteen charitable or educational programs but had neglected to mention that it had broadcast them at such hours as seven A.M. on Sunday. "They want to be treated like journalists, with freedom of the press. They ought to act like journalists. The fall schedule is unbelievable. Westerns, comedies, private eyes, and more of each. When you're using this responsibility"— and he drew a deep breath—"well, to me, maybe I'm crazy, but I've been told that if you survey the Chicago *Sun-Times* to see what's the most popular feature in it, it's the comics, followed by advice to the lovelorn. That doesn't mean the *Sun-Times* turns the whole paper over to 'em. But television does. When I was being confirmed in office, I told the Senate committee that if someone puts on a lousy Western it's none of the Government's business—but if someone puts on nothing else for three



The Government: To the TV industry FCC Chairman Newton Minow said in effect, "Clean your house or I will."

The industry: Leroy Collins, president of the National Association of Broadcasters. Even he blasted mediocre TV.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shaving comfort travels in the smoothest circles

NEW! NORELCO 'FLOATING-HEAD' SPEEDSHAVER. Designed to fit the face, not fight it. Heads adjust to facial contours. Powerful motor adjusts automatically to beard density. Nothing to set. 110/220 volts, adaptable to world-wide use. (AC/DC) with Deluxe case.

NEW! NORELCO 'FLIP-TOP' SPEEDSHAVER®. World's largest-selling shaver. Convenient 'flip-top' cleaning. 110 volts only (AC/DC) with travel case. Also new Norelco Sportsman, (not shown) operates on two flashlight batteries. Shaves anywhere.

Norelco's Rotary Blades stroke off whiskers, never pinch, never pull!

The very first time your face feels the soothing stroke of rotary blades, you'll *know* why Norelco is America's Number 1 shaver!

What a relief to get clean, close shaves without the pinch, pull and irritation of old-fashioned back-and-forth ⇆⇆⇆ clipping action! Norelco's rotary blades go round and round ↻↻ to *stroke off* your whiskers. They whirl around in one smooth continuous motion to give you the closest shaves with the greatest amount of comfort your face has ever known.

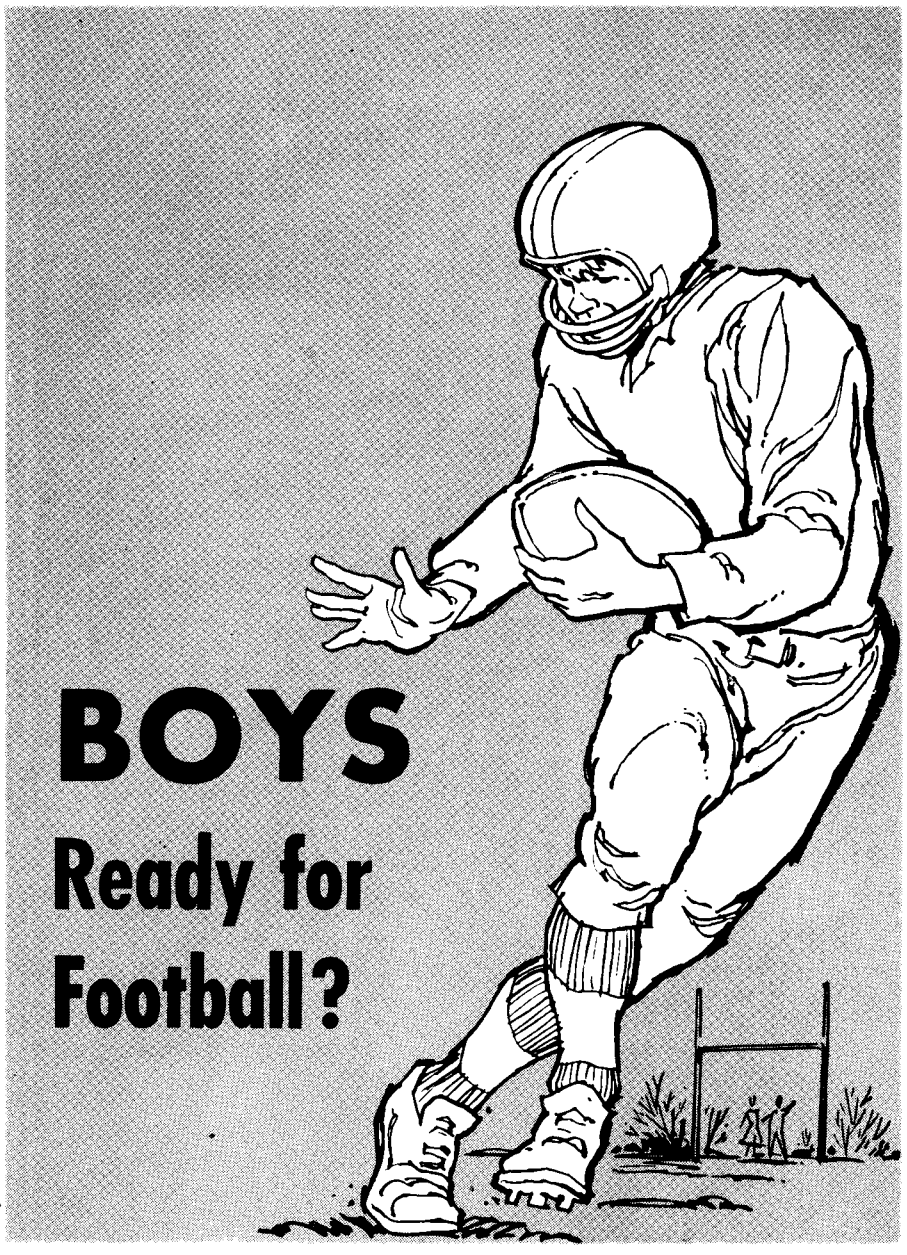
See these new Norelco shavers demonstrated on TV: the new 'floating-head' Speedshaver, designed to *fit* your face, not fight it; the new 'flip-top' Speedshaver, world's largest selling shaver; and the new Norelco Sportsman, the electric shaver that packs its own battery power. Choose any, or all, of these great new Norelco rotary blade shavers! Priced to fit every purse.

Find out firsthand why Norelco is the fastest-growing shaver in the U.S....the largest seller in the world.

Norelco®
ROTARY BLADE SHAVERS

NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC., 100 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y. Norelco is known as PhiliShave in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world. Other products: Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Helmets, shoulder pads and footballs are but a few of the hundreds of dandy prizes you can earn selling copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST right in your own neighborhood.

Join the many other young fellows who are earning their own spending money plus valuable prizes. It's lots of fun and mighty good business training.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it today for full particulars.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
Dept. 1440 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, PA.

NAME_____ AGE_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

years, then it is. And the worst of all is what it does to children."

He poured himself another cup of coffee and lighted a little cigar. He said, "I've got three or four things in mind. The most important is allocations. We're only using twelve channels, Two through Thirteen. We could use thirty more, the ones in the ultrahigh-frequency band. It's the only way to increase competition in television. If we used the ultrahigh frequencies, you might have ten or twelve stations in Chicago instead of four."

The networks, Minow thought, were becoming increasingly powerful. He would ask Congress for authority to regulate them. He had heard that payola had returned to television "bigger than ever," and he intended to look into it. He would encourage educational television and pay television. He was planning the development of intercontinental television through space satellites.

The next day Minow would make his first major speech since taking office, an address to the National Association of Broadcasters convention. He said, "I'm going to tell them, 'You clean up your house or I will.' Television is new. It's like the wild West. The lawmen are coming. Any broadcaster can get a maximum audience by exhibiting nudes. They've got to go after something besides maximum audience all the time. If in spite of all our pressure the industry doesn't reform itself, a nationwide educational network financed by the Government may be the only alternative."

In previous articles we have observed various forces that influence television—local broadcasters, networks, advertising agencies, talent agencies and film makers. Let us turn now from New York and Hollywood to Washington. Let us observe the final, and perhaps decisive, influence on television—the Federal Government.

In 1934 Congress set up the Federal Communications Commission as an independent regulatory agency. The President appoints and the Senate confirms one of its seven commissioners each year. People in the industry sometimes say that FCC stands for "From Crisis to Crisis." Over the years congressional committees have accused it of vacillation, inconsistency and even corruption.

The touchstone of FCC power is its licensing power. To broadcast, a man must have a license. FCC is required to issue licenses in the "public interest, convenience, or necessity." The Communications Act expressly forbids FCC to censor programs or abridge the right of free speech. At the same time the U.S. Supreme Court has held that the act does not restrict FCC merely to supervising traffic on the airwaves but gives it the duty of "determining the composition of that traffic." The extent of FCC's power over programs never has really been decided. Under Minow it probably will be.

Not long ago the new head of the Federal Trade Commission announced a crackdown on false or misleading television advertising. Several times the Department of Justice's antitrust division has studied television. Congressional committees have exposed rigged quiz shows and accused networks of monopolistic practices and of promoting juvenile delinquency by exhibiting sex and violence.

The National Association of Broadcasters serves effectively as the industry's lobby and, less effectively, as its conscience. Its code of good practices forbids "profanity, obscenity, smut and vulgarity"; derogatory references to any race, color, religion or national origin; lotteries; disrespect for marriage; approval of illicit sex, drunkenness or narcotic addiction. Drinking must be "de-emphasized." Gambling may be presented only "with discretion and in moderation." Fortunetelling and necromancy are to be avoided. "Cruelty, greed and selfishness" are unworthy motivations. "Horror for its own sake will be eliminated," and "the detailed presentation of brutality or physical agony" is forbidden. "Law enforcement shall be upheld." Revenge is not a justifiable motive for murder. Animals must be treated humanely. Quiz programs can't be rigged. The "moral, social and ethical ideals" of American life must be promoted. Performers' costumes must keep "within the bounds of propriety." Panic should be discouraged. Payola and unpaid commercials are prohibited. Advertising "should be presented with courtesy and good taste; disturbing or annoying materials should be avoided." Hard liquor cannot be advertised. Commercials for medicine must not "offensively" dramatize distress. Commercials are limited in length and frequency.

Daily, broadcasters who subscribe to this code violate it. NAB tries to enforce it by exercising prior censorship over most syndicated film and national spot commercials. (The networks censor themselves.) Such products as foundation garments, depilatories, toilet tissue, laxatives, corn removers, deodorants, and cold and headache remedies are troublesome. Stockton Helffrich, who runs NAB's New York code office, has said, "Some copywriters approach a laxative as though they're taking a Cook's tour of the alimentary canal. You can advertise a deodorant by showing a woman enjoying life. You don't have to show the armpit of her dress rotting away." Frank Morris, who runs NAB's Hollywood office, says, "Half a dozen killings in thirty minutes are unjustifiable. We suggest they kill one, wound one, and capture four."

Last fall NAB chose a new president, Leroy Collins, then governor of Florida. As Edwin H. James wrote in *Television* magazine, broadcasters are accustomed to hearing the president of NAB declare that "(1) broadcasting is wonderful; (2) it can be wrecked by Government control." They were, therefore, surprised when Collins, after taking office in January this year, told NAB's board of directors, "I believe broadcasting is in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICTURE IT NOW—*enjoy it again and again!*

Bring happy memories up to date . . . send Photo-Greeting Cards

Now's the time to take a picture for your Christmas card!

Why not send a Christmas greeting as personal as a handshake? Photo-Greeting Cards made from your favorite picture mean so much more to friends and loved ones. Your Kodak dealer has a wide choice of card designs. Why not take a special picture now? Then take the negative to your dealer. Your cards will be delivered in time for early mailing.

Looking for a new camera?

The Brownie Starmite Camera has built-in flash . . . gets beautiful color snaps and slides. Less than $12. See your dealer.

Price subject to change without notice.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

ENJOY WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR" SUNDAY EVENINGS, NBC-TV

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TELEVISION USA

serious trouble; that its public favor is dangerously low." Many people blamed juvenile delinquency on television violence, he said. Television must improve programs, diversify them in prime evening time and regulate commercials. *Broadcasting* magazine called this "the toughest speech delivered to broadcasters by an NAB president in recent memory." Collins followed it with one saying, "Broadcasting, to serve the public interest, must have a soul and a conscience; a burning desire to excel, as well as to sell; the urge to build the character, citizenship and intellectual stature of people, as well as to expand the gross national product." He proposed that the three networks present six hours a week in prime evening time of "blue ribbon" programs of drama, good music and public affairs. Some broadcasters wondered whether Collins was representing them or their critics, one asking, according to James in *Television*, "What's the s.o.b. running for?"

Collins, tall, handsome, graying, is a humorous man with a soft Southern accent who affects an air of helplessness that masks a sharp tough mind. "This is the whole issue," he says, "to help broadcasting do the job within itself and not allow it to get to the point where Government will lay its heavy hand on us. I told my board that if they just wanted a man to preside over the convention and keep peace in the family, they didn't want me and I didn't want them. But if they wanted this to be a creative job, making meaningful contributions to broadcasting and through it to the United States, I wanted the job. They've been reasonably co-operative. There may be some feeling that I'm trying to move too fast and without knowing enough about it. But I don't think we've got any time to dally around. I think this industry is at a crucial point in its history—just like this country is."

Before the NAB convention began, *Broadcasting* magazine had said, "[This convention] is the most critical in history. . . . This week should start an agonizing reappraisal of life under the New Frontier and under a new kind of NAB president." In his speech to the convention, Collins attacked mediocre programs and single-minded profit chasing, urged broadcasters to serve the public interest with enthusiasm and dedication, and asked them to clear time for his "blue ribbon" programs. Later word spread that at least one network head was "out to get him."

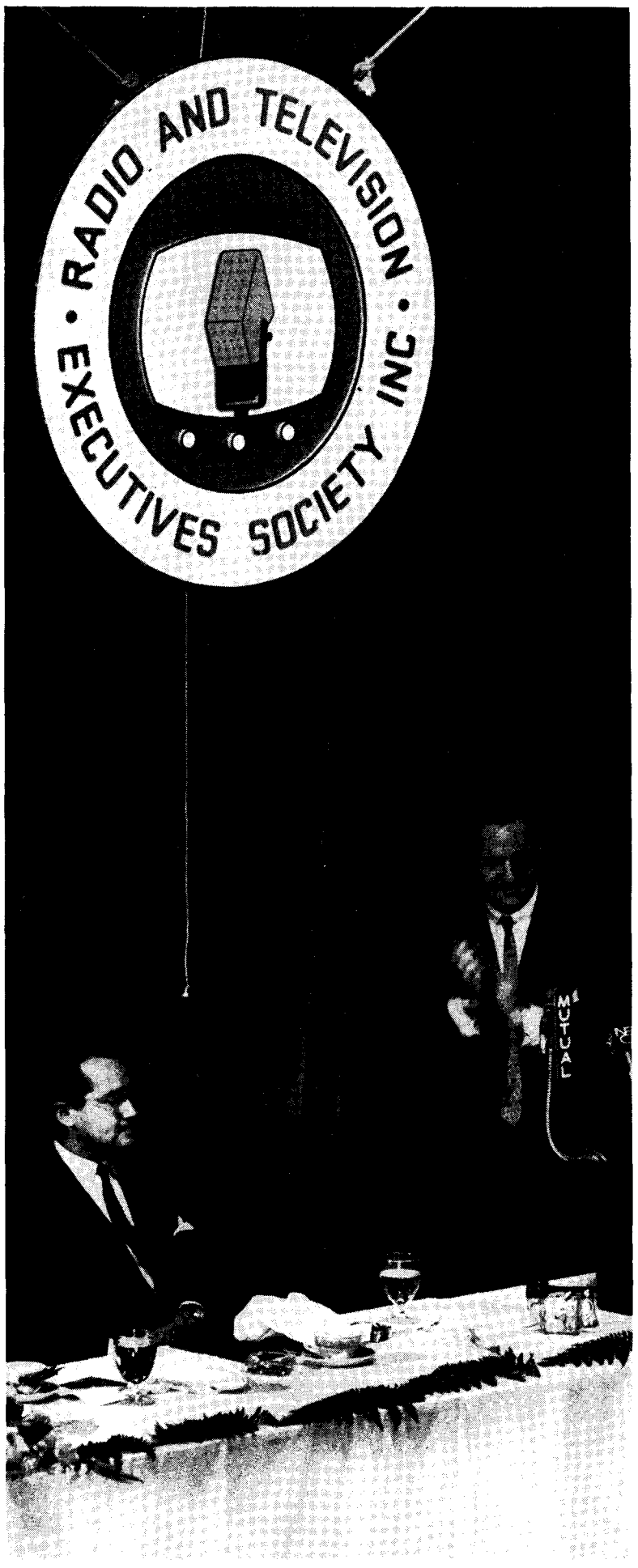
Minow addressed the convention next day. Minow, black-haired and cherub-faced, only thirty-five years old, has had a brilliant career. After being graduated in 1950 from Northwestern University School of Law, where he stood first in his class, he became Justice Fred M. Vinson's law clerk. He left in 1952 to become an administrative aid to Gov. Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois. He joined Stevenson's campaign staff and, afterward, Stevenson's law firm. He is married and has three small children. His present job has been called the toughest in Washington. The chairman has enormous responsibility and insufficient authority. He is often opposed by his fellow commissioners and the powerful television lobby. Some past chairmen or commissioners were appointed to pay off political debts. Some wanted the prestige or pay. Some catered to broadcasters and, after leaving FCC, went to work for them. Minow has none of these handicaps.

In his speech Minow said, "I am here to uphold and protect the public interest." He denied that "the public interest" meant merely "what interests the public." And he declared, "With chaos in Laos and the Congo aflame . . . in a time of peril and opportunity, the old complacent, unbalanced fare of action-adventure and situation comedies is simply not good enough." Television, he said, possesses "the most powerful voice" in America. It therefore had "an inescapable duty to make that voice ring with intelligence and with leadership." It should assume the task of making people "aware of their world," as magazines and newspapers do.

"I invite you to sit down in front of your television set when your station goes on the air and stay there without a book, magazine, newspaper, profit-and-loss sheet or rating book to distract you—and keep your eyes glued to that set until the station signs off. I can assure you that you will observe a vast wasteland. You will see a procession of game shows, violence, audience-participation shows, formula comedies about totally unbelievable families, blood and thunder, mayhem, violence, sadism, murder, Western badmen, Western goodmen, private eyes, gangsters, more violence and cartoons. And, endlessly, commercials—many screaming, cajoling and offending. And most of all, boredom."

How could broadcasting be improved? By voluntary action by the broadcasters? By "direct Government intervention"? Minow was "unalterably" opposed to Government censorship but had not come to Washington "to idly observe the squandering of the public's airwaves." Performance would have to match promise. Intercontinental television was not far off, and, "We cannot permit television in its present form to be our voice overseas." The times "demand the best of all of us," he said. "The power of instantaneous sight and sound is without precedent in mankind's history. This is an awesome power. It has limitless capabilities for good—and for evil. And it carries with it awesome responsibilities, responsibilities which you and I cannot escape. . . . I urge you to put the people's airwaves to the service of the people and the cause of freedom. You must help prepare a generation for great decisions. You must help a great nation fulfill its future. Do this, and I pledge you our help."

Minow's speech stunned the broadcasters. *Variety* headlined, HOT NEW ACT: MINOW & COLLINS, and said, "Minow threw the book at the broadcasters, telling them in effect, 'Clean up your shows



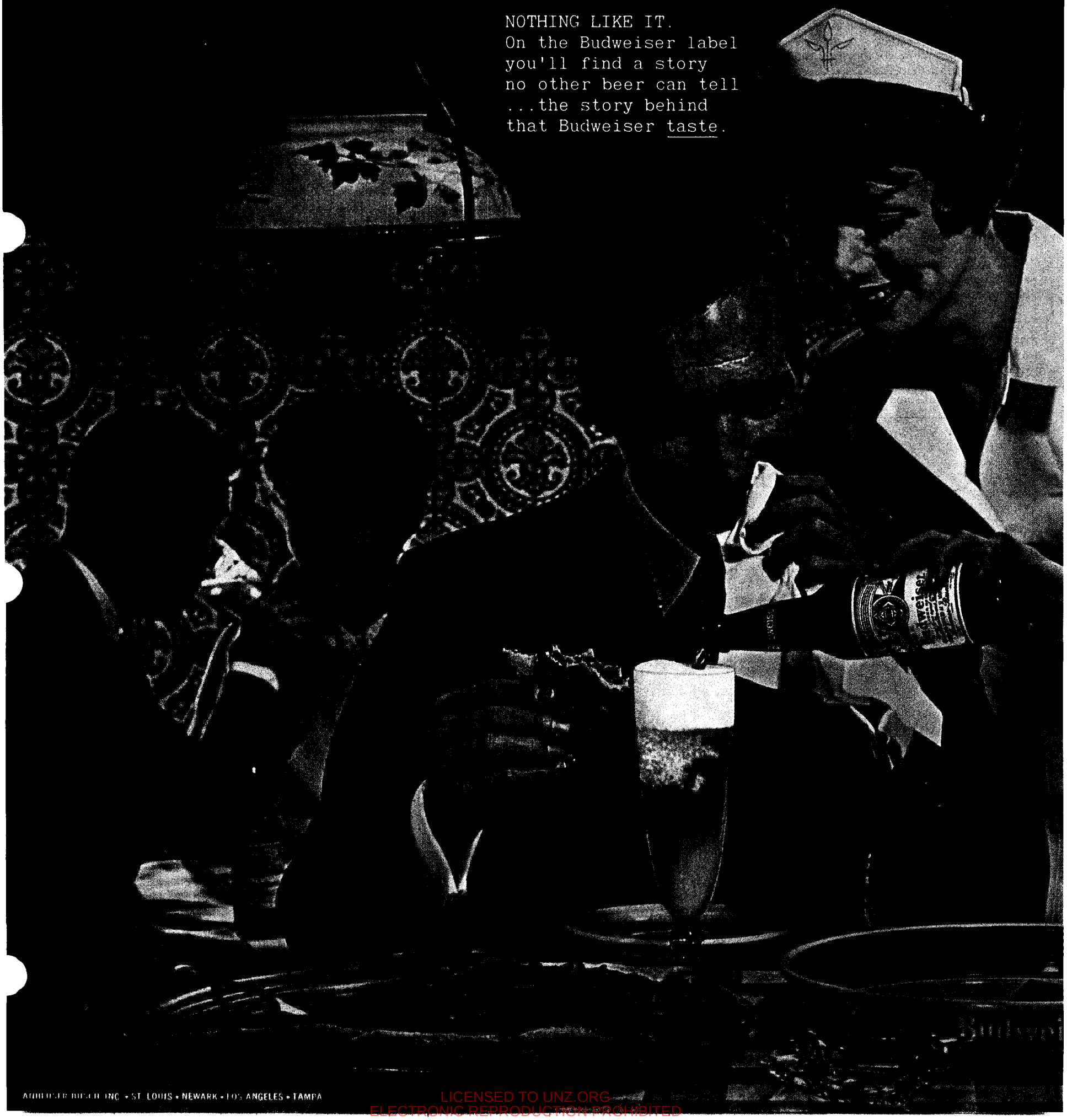
Four months after his "wasteland" speech, Newton Minow (left) reiterated to TV men, "I do not retract a single word." They applauded politely.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Budweiser®

where there's life...there's Bud®

NOTHING LIKE IT.
On the Budweiser label
you'll find a story
no other beer can tell
...the story behind
that Budweiser taste.



ANHEUSER-BUSCH INC • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or get off the air.' . . . The battle is on." *Broadcasting* declared that, by threatening to revoke licenses if programing did not improve, Minow endangered liberty, and it called for "an attack" against his "interpretation" of the First Amendment's free-press guaranty. A network executive said, "We've got to issue a call to arms against him," and a station executive, "He's full of ——" Advertisers praised him; several years ago networks had recaptured program control from them, and now they seemed to enjoy sitting on the side lines while someone else got kicked around. Minow's speech received more attention than any made by any other New Frontiersman under President Kennedy. He himself said, "The people liked it—I've gotten thousands of letters. The top people in the industry have avoided me like the plague. The FCC has become the six Untouchables and the one Unmentionable. From now on they are going to shoot to kill."

What can we conclude about television?

Starting only fifteen years ago, television has had enormous effects on viewers' thoughts and habits. It has threatened radio, movies and some magazines with extinction. It has had, as Minow said, its moments of triumph and disgrace and its years of mediocrity. By its coverage of the 1960 political campaign it recovered much of the prestige lost in the quiz scandals. Yet critics agree that last season was its worst. Television has sunk into a swamp of mediocrity and sameness. When it occasionally presents a serious drama or public-affairs program, people applaud, and if it is suggested that the drama is hardly O'Neill or that the public-affairs program is dull, the reply is, "Well, it's pretty good by television standards." People have come to expect little of television.

Leisure is increasing, and most surveys show that people increasingly watch television. But one study suggests that evening viewing is declining. A few years ago most intellectuals actively despised television. Today many of them simply ignore it. People used to hurry home to watch certain programs. Not many do that today. One senses dimly that although television is on occasion capable of being one of the most powerful forces in American life, it is no longer such a force day to day. It has lost momentum. Talking with people in the industry, one senses a pervasive uneasiness. They have always deeply feared—and held in contempt—the viewing public. Now they have begun to fear that people will simply quit watching. They think not—but their unease remains, for they cannot count on addiction as a heroin peddler can. They wonder if television's ultimate destiny is that of the deserted neighborhood movie.

Many people in the industry seem to wish that programs were better but feel that there is little they can do to improve them. Television has major built-in limitations. It is, first, a mass medium. Television's audience—some of it, of course, only occasional—numbers 130,000,000. Is this really an audience at all? The members of an audience at a serious Broadway play have several things in common—they care enough about serious drama to spend several dollars for tickets and to make the trip to the theater. But what can 130,000,000 people have in common? "Mass audience" in this sense is something new in history. It frightens broadcasters. It should. One network executive said, "We've got the people by the tail and they've got us by the tail."

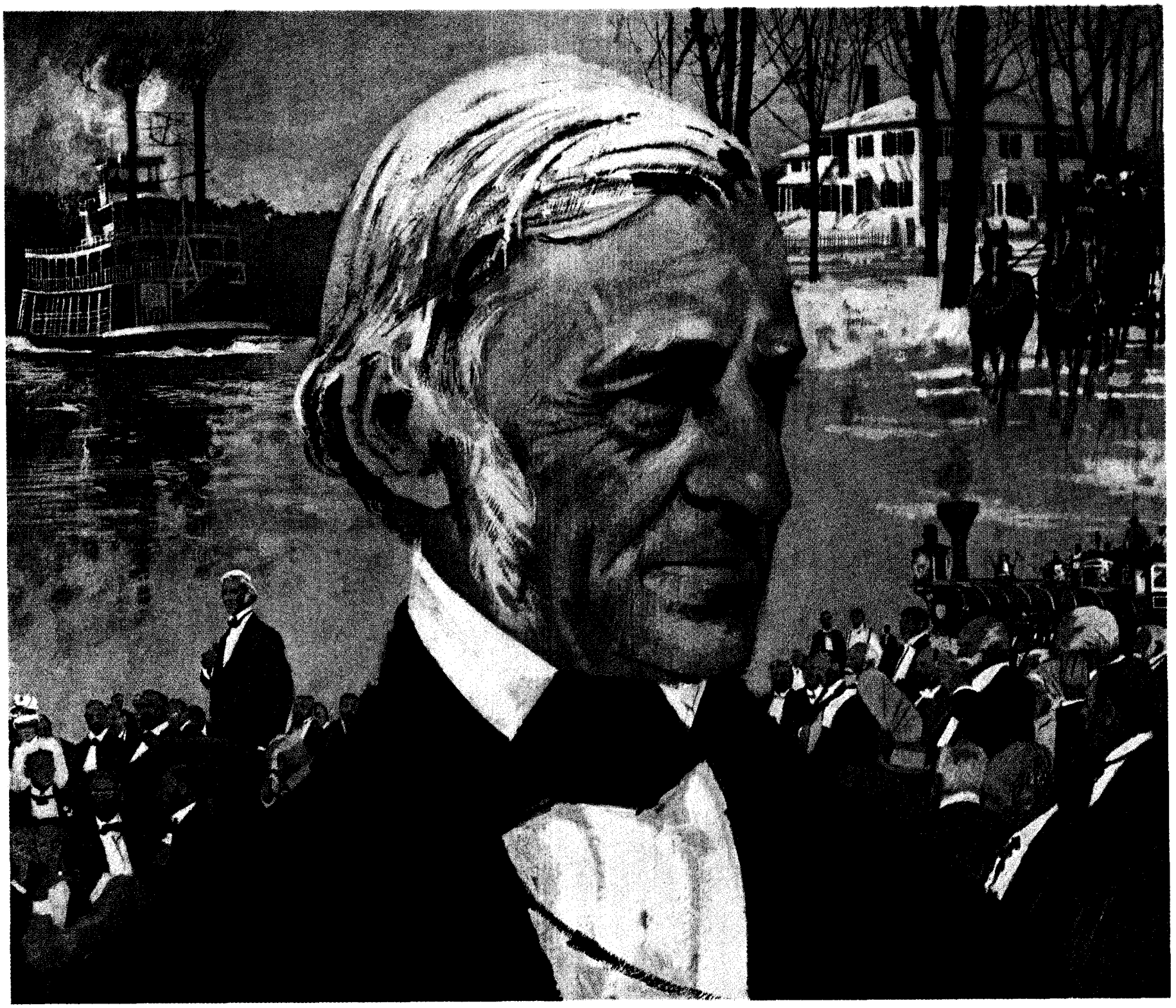
Since all the people can be reached, television tries to reach them all. This is expensive. Advertisers pay for it. This is television's second limitation: It is commercial. Much has been said about who decides what programs shall be presented. The decision is the result of a tug of war among networks, local stations, advertisers, their agencies, film makers, talent agencies. At present the networks dominate. But it matters little. All these forces wish to reach the largest possible audience at the cheapest possible cost. What really controls is money. Businessmen, not creative people, run television. For the sake of getting a big audience cheaply, they present violence. For the sake of profits, they too often have all but thrown away television's finest asset—its ability to transmit into homes pictures of things while they are happening.

Broadcasters say the people decide what will be on television—more people will watch *77 Sunset Strip* than will watch opera. Broadcasters call this "cultural democracy." But in a political democracy, the rights of minorities are respected. In television's "cultural democracy," the rights of minorities are all but ignored. If a majority favors Westerns, then all must watch Westerns or turn off the set. This is the reverse of democracy.

Television's third built-in limitation is enormous profits. Anybody who owns a station that is making him $1,000,000 a year is reluctant to change anything. And finally television suffers from a malaise that appears to afflict all current culture—too few novels, plays, movies or magazines today have much to offer the serious audience.

Nobody knows in what ways people want television improved. The people themselves cannot really know. If 100 years ago you had asked people how they wanted lighting improved, they would have asked for a longer wick or better kerosene. Nobody would have asked for an incandescent bulb. If a few years ago you had asked them what they wanted of television, they would have said more (or fewer) Westerns (or private eyes or something else). Nobody would have asked for the Khrushchev press conference or *Harvest of Shame*. Only the industry leaders, not the people, can improve television. Will they? The prospects are not promising, the record not encouraging. The quiz scandals resulted in much oratory and a few reforms, many of which have already been quietly shelved. Mounting complaints about sex and violence have resulted in such halfhearted self-policing as removing two killings out of four from a program. Such self-censorship, because it is designed to avoid giving offense, inevitably winds up—as in the movies—by vitiating art. What is wrong with television is not that it contains too much sex and violence. What is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



He was the voice of the American dream...

R. Waldo Emerson

THROUGH the hurly-burly of young, growing America sounded the rich baritone of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

For forty years he put the American adventure into words that sang and soared. From the lecture platforms of the land he taught, he inspired, he prophesied.

Emerson's thoughts flew like arrows to the mark. He shook people up, and some of them didn't like it, but more of them *did*.

Hotels burned, rivers froze, but somehow Emerson always appeared on time, ready with optimism about self-reliance and individualism, man's creative powers, and mind supreme over matter.

Emerson saw America as a great effort to redeem a tired world with a fresh start. He gave dry Yankee sayings a twist and a polish.

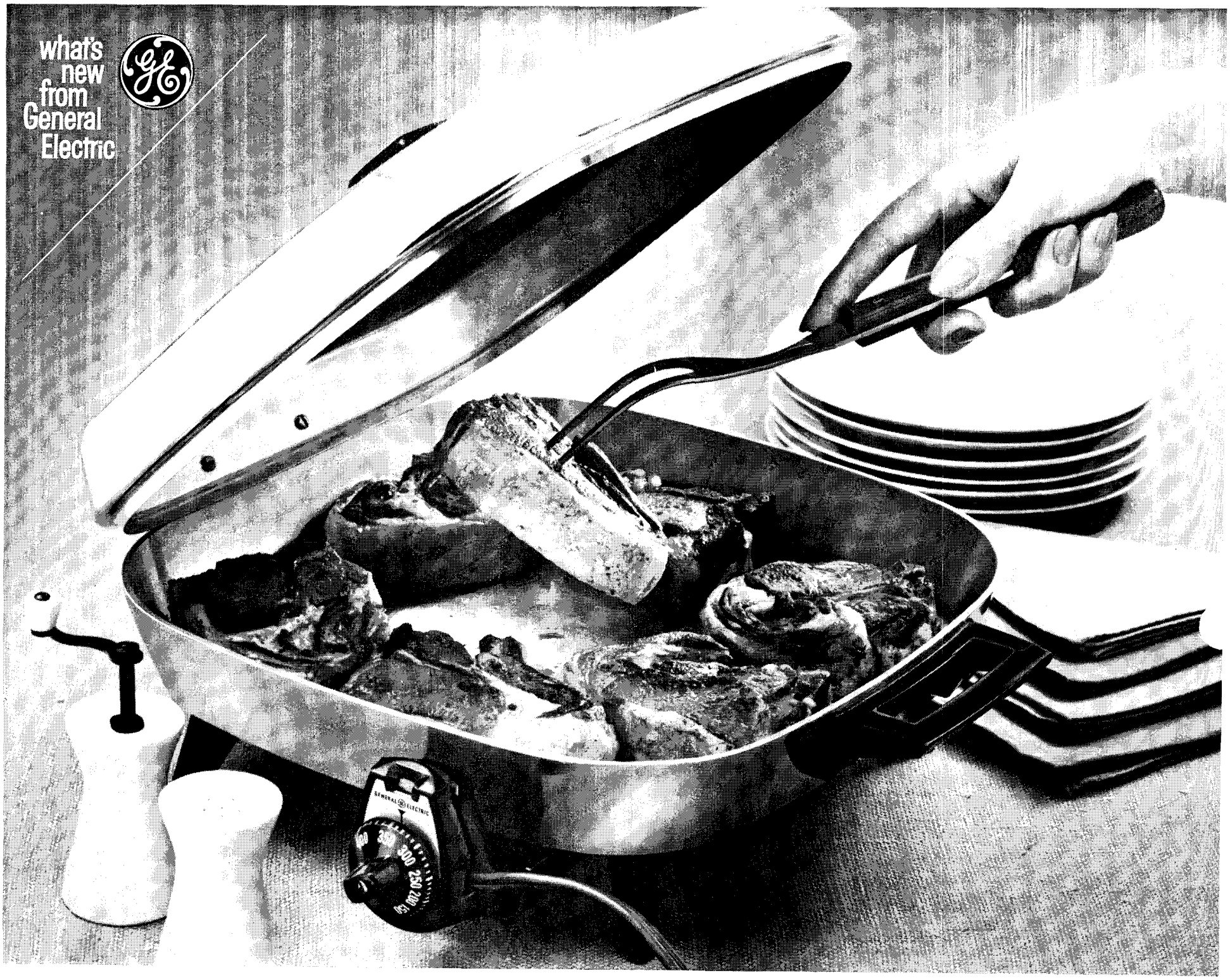
He said that the scholar was the servant of truth. He took people on voyages of self-discovery. He showed them new horizons. He moved and persuaded thousands.

He observed that an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; that the only reward of virtue is virtue; that the way to have a friend is to be one, and that if a man builds a better mousetrap, the world will beat a path to his door.

It would please Ralph Waldo Emerson to know that today's American speakers and writers quote him more than ever—and will as long as the independence and initiative of the American spirit endure.

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New Buffet Skillet with adjustable, removable lid!

Tuck the lid into either handle, part way up to help control spatter, all the way up for serving.

Fry, stew or bake. There's no watching, no burning. The extra-dependable thermostat gives exact cooking heats.

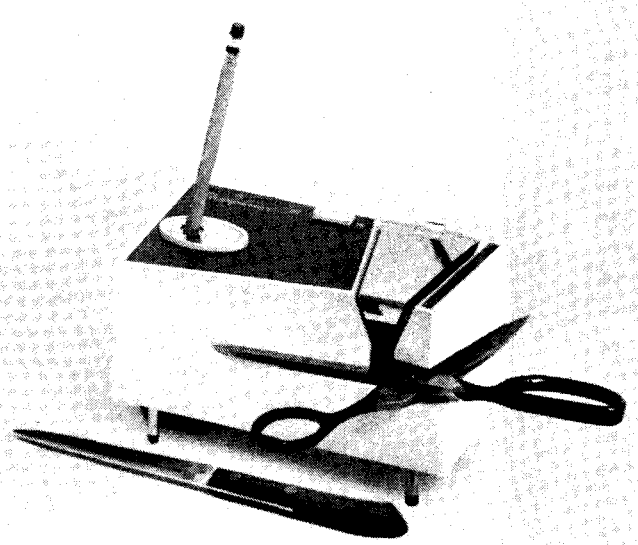
When cooking's done, remove the control and the whole skillet dunks in water for easy cleaning! Can you think of a better gift idea? You'll find General Electric's new Buffet Skillet at your dealer's. Shouldn't you pay him a visit real soon?

General Electric Co., Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Spray, Steam & Dry Iron! It sprinkles as you iron! Has 3 wash-and-wear settings, handy fabric guide, unique Even-Heat system!



New All-Purpose Sharpener! Sharpens knives, scissors, pencils electrically—quickly, easily. A welcome gift for all!

New All-Stainless-Steel Coffee Maker! The Peek•A•Brew® gauge counts cups! New Danish

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wrong is that it contains little of anything at all but junk. Given television's mass audience and commercialism, it is extremely doubtful that network leaders can improve television, even assuming they want to—which is by no means certain, for profit as usual exerts a powerful pull. This season they are presenting several dramas and ballets. One can almost hear a network executive ordering, "Hurry up with that drama—I've got to have something to talk about next week in Washington." But one ballet does not excuse 1000 private eyes.

How, then, can television be improved? (Somebody suggested actors in Westerns should be forced to use real bullets.) Some people consider pay television, still unproved, the solution. Some look hopefully to educational television, which has so far been disappointing. Some think increasing competition by utilizing UHF channels would diversify programs—though fifteen stations in New York might merely broadcast twenty Westerns. And there are some people who think that only direct Government intervention—by either legislation or FCC order or both—can improve the programs.

Government could pre-empt certain prime evening hours for noncommercial programs of its choice. It could require networks to rotate commercials throughout their schedules or to sell their time at a rate based on each show's audience, as magazines do. It could establish a Government network which would serve as a programing yardstick—just as TVA's electricity rates serve as a yardstick—and would, in the years ahead, broadcast America's image to the world.

Every time Government seeks to intervene in any private business, the cry is raised of "censorship" or "interference with free enterprise." Some years back Government undertook to regulate the stock market to protect the public from abuse. Can it not similarly regulate broadcasting to protect the public from abuse? No one likes censorship. But is a constitutional censorship issue really involved here? No one proposes to censor television news or public-affairs programs. Entertainment, not news or public affairs, is at issue. Moreover, even newspapers are not wholly free. After they publish, they may be prosecuted for obscenity. They are free only from prior censorship—censorship by Government prior to publication. Minow has not proposed to censor programs prior to their broadcast. Rather he has proposed to revoke stations' licenses afterward, if they continue poor programing. This is not Government censorship in the ordinary meaning of the term.

Finally, should broadcasters really enjoy full protection under the free-press guaranty of the Constitution? The press does not have free use of public facilities. Broadcasters do. Is not the public, through its Government, entitled to tell them how to use this? By failing to educate, to inform, to uplift, television has wasted a scarce public asset, the airwaves. Soon the public interest will become even more urgent. In the near future intercontinental television may be little more than a stunt, but someday it will be commonplace. Dare we entrust to commercial television the broadcasting of America's image to the rest of the world? It seems unwise. What will barefoot Congolese think of a master of ceremonies on a quiz show bestowing free refrigerators, cash and a multitude of other prizes upon screeching ladies? Do we want Burmese to think that private eyes and Western sheriffs are our national heroes? Will soap-opera swoonings impress the Russians with our good sense?

When broadcasters say that many forces are responsible for program decisions, or that the people themselves are, they are really saying that no one is responsible. Talent agencies supply stars, film makers invent programs, networks buy them, advertising agencies estimate their audiences, advertisers sponsor them, broadcasters sell local commercials adjacent to them, people with nothing better to do watch them, nobody thinks them very good but they get exhibited, matters drift, no one is really at fault, no one is really in charge. But when no one is responsible, little good results. In the absence of responsibility in an area vitally affecting the public interest, can Government afford not to intervene? Minow is attempting to. He cannot succeed without public support. Will he get it? No one knows. Even then, can he succeed? Again, no one knows. A larger question is involved here. It is whether we have lost control over our society, over our fate, in this area as in many others.

A while back John Houseman, a producer, sitting on the lanai of his house on Malibu Beach, said, "Of course one never knows, but it seems to me that television is the final extension of electronic entertainment. It all started with people sitting in dreary old stores looking at the nickelodeon screen. Then we had the movie palaces. Then they went home and listened to the radio, and now this—television." Houseman is a thoughtful, heavy man of fifty-nine who has produced outstanding shows in radio, television, the theater and motion pictures.

He said, "When I went into radio in the mid-'30's, it was very exciting. Everybody was taking chances. In three years the advertising agencies took it over. When television started it was free and loose and creative. Now the networks and the agencies have mechanized it. Financially they are doing fine. But they don't like to be talked to that way by Minow. Or anyone else. They want to be loved. Mass media have to be loved. They lose sleep and lie awake nights figuring out how to be loved. It was the same with movies. When people began to fall out of love with Hollywood, they began to stop going to movies. In the same way, people may stop watching television for entertainment. I don't think they like the junk they see. I really don't."

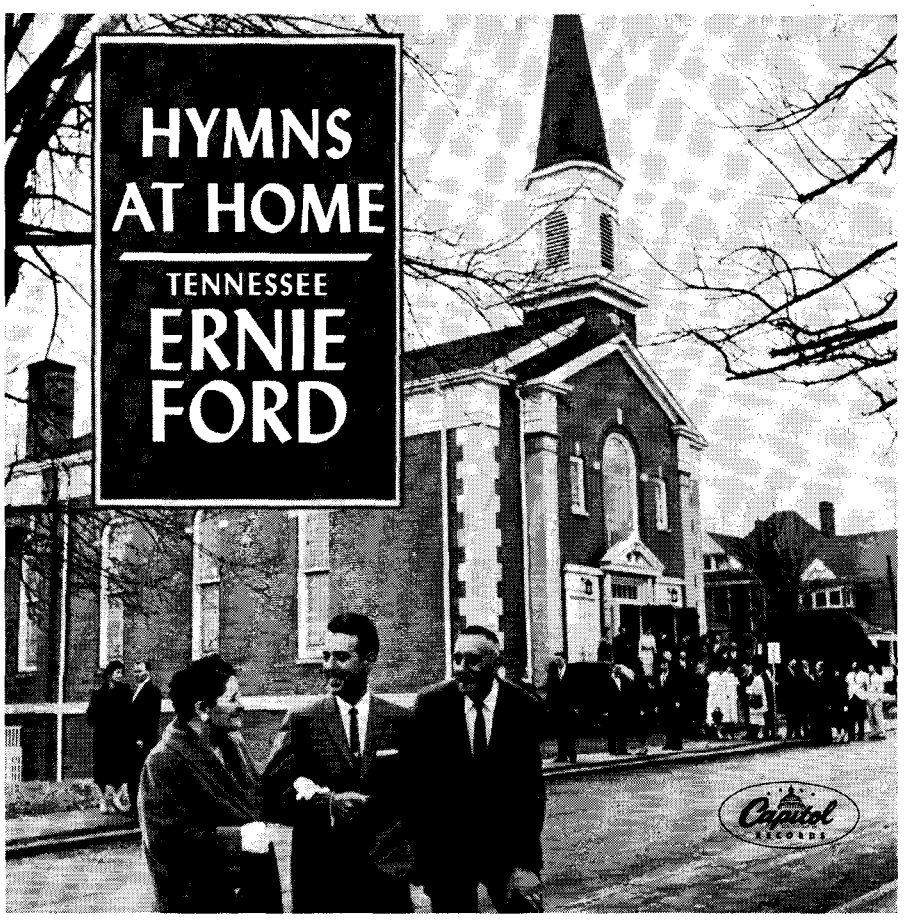
Houseman was barefoot after walking on the beach, wearing old rolled-up white

Welcome home, Ernie!

The biggest thing since the Civil War. That's what the folks of Bristol, Tennessee, said of Ernie Ford's homecoming. Two brass bands and 20,000 of the town's residents were there to greet him when he arrived. Next day the Old Pea-Picker took all his relatives and friends over to the Anderson Street Methodist Church where, 40 years before, he had sung in public for the first time. There in the church – with a choir composed of his parents, aunts, uncles and cousins – Ernie recorded twelve of the hymns he had loved most as a boy. Warm, wonderful, inspiring hymns. Hymns like "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "Did You Think to Pray?," "His Amazing Grace," "Jesus Paid It All," and "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." Seven more. They are Ernie's favorites. Yours, too.

©CAPITOL RECORDS, INC.

Capitol RECORDS



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

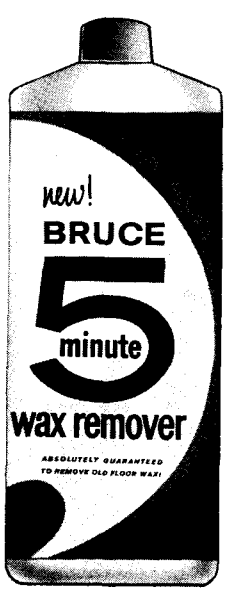
pants and a brown suède shirt. It was late afternoon, and the light by the sea was soft and luminous. Houseman said, "Still, if television and movies are not turning out masterpieces by the dozen, neither are our publishing houses, nor the concert halls, nor contemporary theater. Look at Broadway—what the hell has it done lately? The truth is that we're in a period of cultural recession. People are preoccupied with other things. Our generation has seen space and time melt before its eyes. I was born when the automobile was just beginning. Now in my fifty-ninth year I am witnessing manned satellites orbiting the earth. I'm not certain whether, at the moment, we have time or reason to concern ourselves with the tragedy of the human soul any more. This may just have to wait till some of our other problems are perceived in their true shape and form. Any kind of art requires a strong frame—a social, personal, ethical frame—in which to exist. Then you work out your conflicts within it. You have an ethical and philosophical frame like the Greeks or the vivid Christian Renaissance frame of the Elizabethans. Within these frames you create art. When the frame is shattered, I don't think you can expect any great art. I'm afraid our frame is gone, blown up in our faces."

Over his shoulder the sun was sinking red across the Pacific, and a fisherman was walking slowly along the beach at the edge of the surf, carrying two long rods. Houseman said, "When you know as little as we do what the face of our world is going to be like, not one thousand but one hundred, or fifty, or even ten years from now, how can you seriously concern yourself with private tragedy or amours and the intimate drama of human relations?" THE END

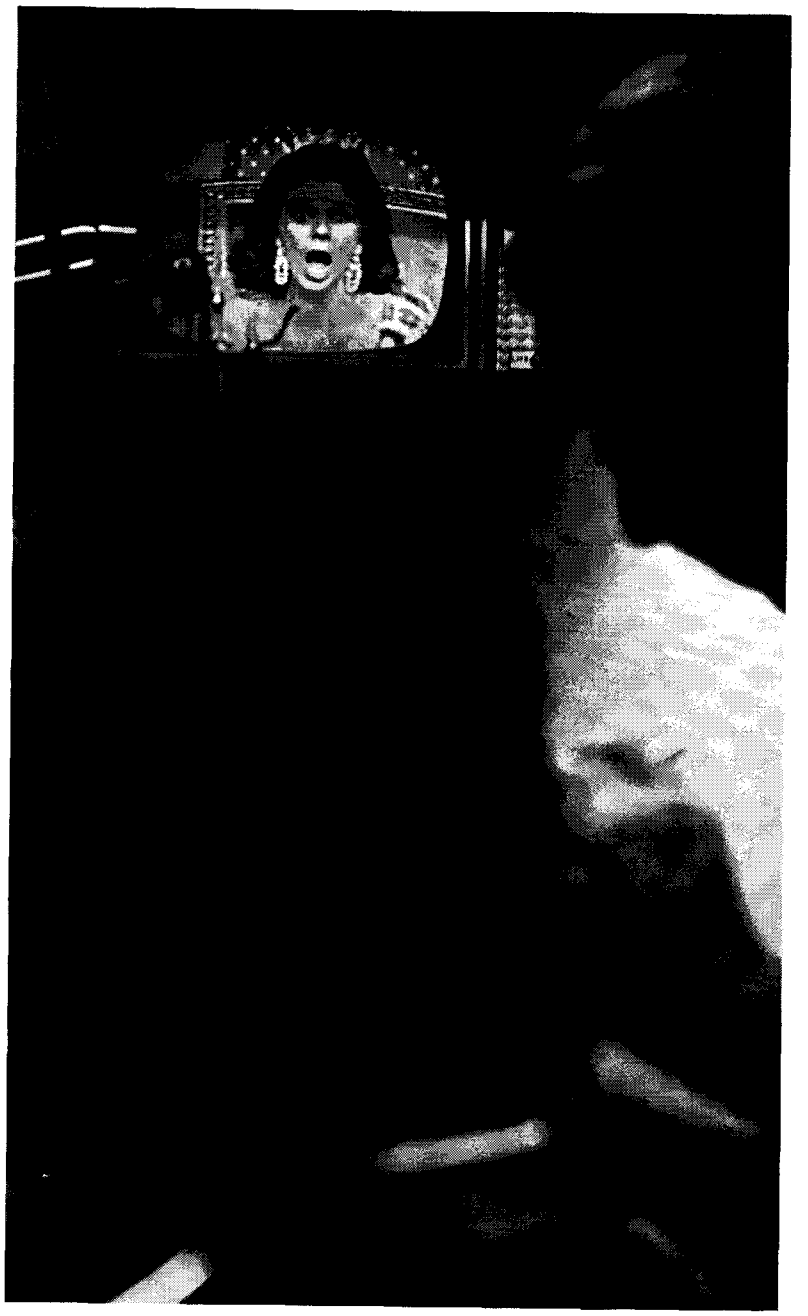
"Who says my kitchen floor isn't clean?"

Temper, Temper! Of course you put in a lot of time cleaning your kitchen floor. But no matter how hard you work, your floor can't be really clean unless you remove the old, soiled wax. And no amount of floor washing can do it! As you keep putting new wax over the old, your floor gradually darkens and discolors.

Skeptical? Just take a close look at any kitchen floor area you don't walk on very much. Chances are it has taken on a yellowish tinge. Now use our new Bruce 5-Minute Wax Remover and see the difference. If you aren't simply amazed with the results, we'll give you every penny back. Works wonders on linoleum, tile or any other non-wood floor. Try it, and next time you'll give us a big smile.



Made by E. L. Bruce Co., Memphis, Tennessee, makers of famous Bruce Cleaning Wax and Bruce Floor Cleaner for wood floors.



Television comes to the dentist's office. Does misery love company? Then this program may be what the patient needs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sitting Pretty...or Humpty Dumpty?

Money in the bank is money you can count on—a cash reserve for any emergency *or opportunity*. When you need it, it's *there*—the full amount. With interest. All the king's horses and all the king's men can't topple your nest egg—when it's safely *in the bank*.

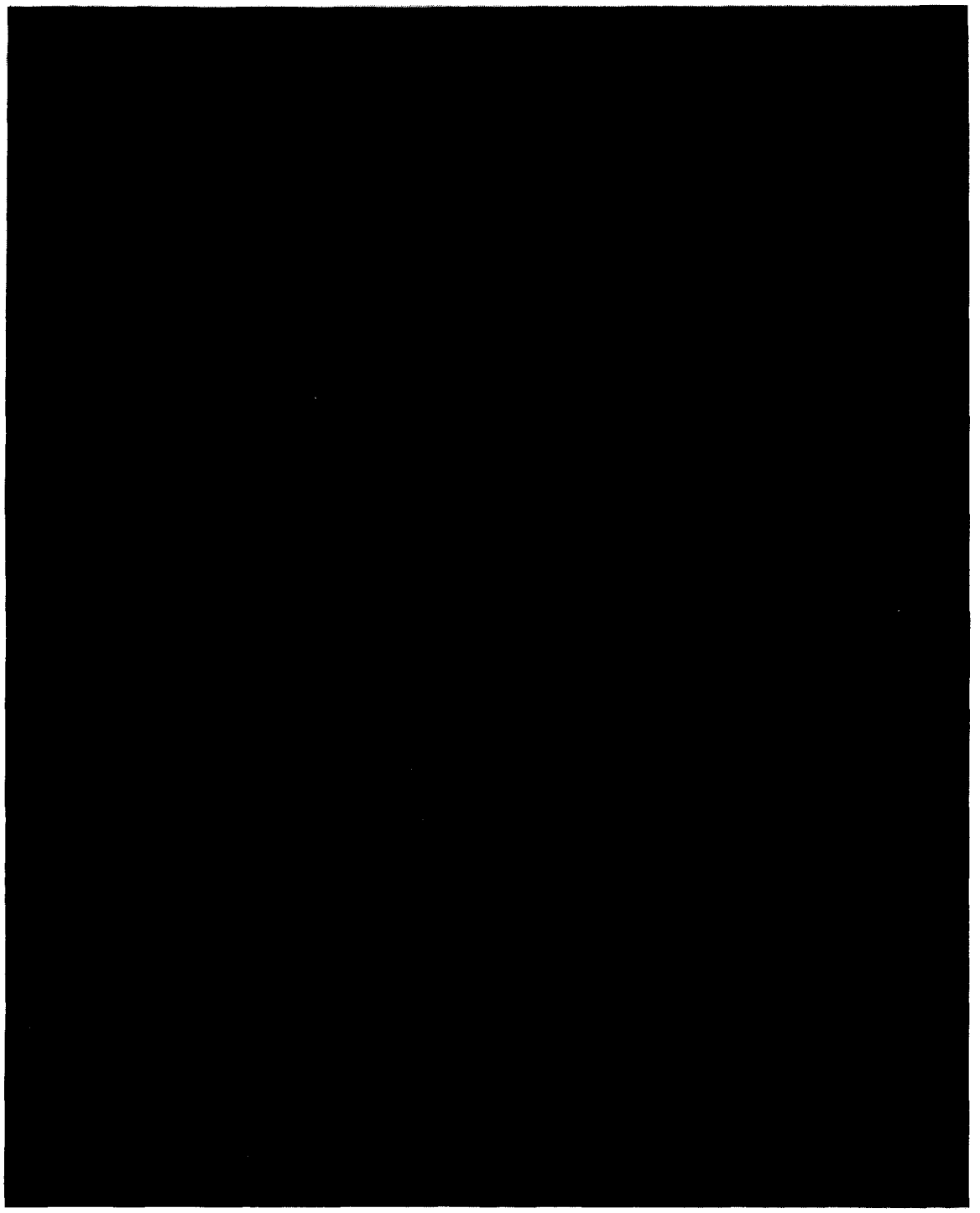
BANK OF AMERICA

—first in savings

BANK OF AMERICA · NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION · MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Peacemakers By Marquis Childs / Part 5



The young American diplomat had been indiscreet. Perhaps he had also ruined the chances for peace.

A low sun burnished the broken surface of Lake Geneva as the approaching twilight showed how little time was left. Caleb Fulton, American Secretary of State, and his aides in the Hôtel Ville de Calvin, discussed ways to prevent all-out nuclear war. Fulton, awaiting a telephone call from the President of the United States in Washington, knew he had to put his final stand to the three other great powers at their 8:30 dinner.

Fulton answered the buzzing phone. It was the President. A brief message: no bargains, no deals that might jeopardize inhabitants of the free world—and damn the cost. Fulton sat in his chair, his face old, old from knowing a world menaced with complete destruction. Soon it would be full night. From now on he would have to play it by ear, to improvise from moment to moment.

Meanwhile, in his quarters, British Foreign Secretary Hawkes and his wife awaited a visit from Veronica Templeton.

■ 5:45 P.M. In his present mood, as detached as one who surveys events from another planet, Geoffrey Hawkes recalled his fury of the morning with a wry kind of humor. He had been then under the threat of the avalanche, waiting in the dull, soundless air, hearing from far off the cracking and crackling of warning. And now it seemed that he had escaped. They were in the upstairs sitting room, waiting for Veronica.

"I'm afraid I was rather unpleasant this morning," he said as she filled his cup. A shade of contrition was in his voice.

"Yes, you were," Anne Hawkes said, not looking up at him, preoccupied with the tea things.

"You know I was not at all sure that we would get out of this dreadful business." This came as nearly as he could come to an apology. "How hellish it's been I can't begin to tell you."

"I do know, Geoffrey. I've tried simply to stand out of your way and do what little I could."

Between them was a sense of solitude as though it had been the small library at Green Tree Farm, a moment snatched out of the day, and he was grateful for it, putting out of mind what was still to come, the hazards, the frustrations, the lurking uncertainties. He could not imagine why, as Veronica came into the room, preceded by Blossom, he had been in such a rage over Veronica Templeton. She wore the bright, brisk, child-on-Christmas-morning look that she seemed to put on when she got up and never took off, one supposed, until she went to bed at night.

"I've been having the most wonderful talk with Blossom," Veronica said. She always remembered the names of servants, carrying on with them an intimate private conspiracy. They liked it too. "Blossom and I have been talking about you, but he is altogether too loyal."

"Oh, Veronica, how very nice to see you," Anne said, and they exchanged those cool, dove kisses.

She came forward and, a little to his surprise, she kissed him. She was wearing, and he was amused to note it, a suit of gray flannel of rather an odd cut, the waist nipped in, the sleeves extremely tight with a row of military-looking buttons extending from the cuff almost to the elbow. Anne had once told him that Veronica had an understanding with one of the great fashion houses of Paris under which she wore what was "new," even before it was known to be new. Anne had noted the suit too.

"My dear," she said, holding Veronica at arm's length, "how charming!"

"Yes, isn't it adorable," Veronica said brightly. "It will be in Brocard's next collection. It's really rather illicit my having it, you know, but I work with them rather closely because of the magazine. But I've been longing to see you. I can't tell you how maddening it's been."

"My dear Veronica, if I could only give you some idea of my frustrations," Geoffrey Hawkes said in his most benign manner, conveying a worldly sort of benediction. "We've been trapped in this thing, you know. I've never gone through anything quite like it."

"Oh, I want to hear all about it."

"You're sure you wouldn't rather have a drink, Veronica?" Anne interrupted at the tea table.

"No, I adore tea. I have it every afternoon when I think about it. And, Geoffrey, you've got to tell me what's really happening. You know, I have to do a column that has to be phoned over by midnight tonight for *Woman*. You know we've got the most wonderful audience, Geoffrey."

She looked at Geoffrey Hawkes with her bright, conspiratorial smile, her eyes with the eager brown glitter of a small but very active animal. Before her she held out what he had hardly noted until that moment, a package wrapped in pink-and-white paper and tied with a big pink bow.

"It's for you," she said, rising and coming a little toward him.

"What can this be, Veronica?" he demanded, feeling momentarily on his face a foolish look.

"You mean you don't know!" She put the package in his hands. "You can't mean it!" She was more pleased with herself than ever. The embers of his old irritation were stirred at

© 1961 by Marquis Childs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new Dixie® Cup Dispenser goes with any color scheme. Because it's transparent. It has no color of its own. Durable, too. Will last for many years.

Kids love to help themselves with fresh colorful Dixie Cups. You'll have fewer glasses to wash. New dispenser holds full box of 50 sanitary Dixie Cups.

Products of American Can Co.

©A.C.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEACEMAKERS this onslaught. The woman was, as he remembered, importunate, unpredictable.

"Geoffrey, three days from now it's your birthday. You can't have not known that. So ——"

He took the package from her, feeling that in some way a trick had been played upon him. Yet it was churlish to suspect her pleasure. The unmistakable delight that she took in his surprise was quite without guile.

"Oh, Veronica, you are so clever," Anne said. "This is so like you."

"Veronica, I am *bouleversé*, but completely. I swear to you I hadn't the slightest idea. Another birthday! If I hadn't been so caught up in this wretched business, I might have realized."

A little gingerly, as though it had been timed to explode, he put the package down on the table beside him.

"But you don't have to keep it until your birthday," Veronica said a little plaintively. "I want you to open it."

Implied in this was an order. He untied the pink bow, feeling foolishly self-conscious about the whole proceeding, taking off the pink-and-white paper. Inside was a chest of smoothly polished wood. He opened the chest, and there in a little nest of gray velvet was a Tabrizi bowl of the rare oval shape with flanged sides. He took it out, quite unaware now of anything but its beauty, and held it up to the light. It was in mint condition, as though it had come only yesterday from the potter, the gray and rose and taupe of the design having the look of soft silk woven under water. How satisfying, how deeply, deeply satisfying. For a moment, as he gazed enraptured, the gift was quite divorced from the giver. Then as he put the bowl gently down on the table beside the chest, the audacity of it came over him. Why, at old Devereux's in Paris this would have cost not less than 300 guineas and perhaps a great deal more. It was one of the most remarkable pieces he had ever seen. What could one say to this? Was it an outrageous gesture, one he should properly resent? Or was it innocent goodness, the child on Christmas morning? On the sofa opposite, her teacup poised in mid-air, she positively beamed at him.

"Oh, I say, Veronica! I can't let you do this. And how did you remember that I went in for Tabrizi?"

"Now, Geoffrey, if after all the years we've known each other"—her voice had risen a little, and he saw in the tautened lines of her mouth signs of the determination that made her such a force to be reckoned with—"you're going to be stuffy, I just don't know what I'll do. It gave me so much pleasure to find it that I can't tell you, and then when I think I knew it was your birthday —— Of course I saw your collection at Green Tree Farm."

"It is very beautiful," he said. "I doubt that I've ever seen a piece of such remarkable purity, so unblemished. And the shape is very rare you know. To think that you should remember."

We are the beholden, he thought, seeing with a fascination that nevertheless left him still quite detached from the scene, the roles which he and Veronica Templeton were playing. The newly rich, the newly powerful, the parvenus, come with gifts, placatory offerings, for those from whose hands power had lately fallen. It had all happened so quickly, the cycle of history spinning like some cheap wheel of fortune at a village fair. And what was the motive? Even as he asked this question, he was shamed, seeing Veronica's radiant face, by its baseness. Surely it was an innocent, a harmless, desire to peer into the inner council chamber, to breathe the mysterious air of lofty decision, of imminent peril, the scent of blood in the wind. A reversal of the old saying occurred to him: beware of Greeks accepting gifts. In a flash of awareness he saw how difficult, yes, how degrading, was the role of the beholden. We have gone through the metamorphosis with such poise and dignity. We have learned to put down power, to relinquish it gently and with a deportment for which we praise ourselves. But was this not really, he asked himself, letting his hand rest on the smooth, flawless surface of the Tabrizi bowl, a reproach? It was what the Americans meant when they said, approvingly and with only a slight and almost unconscious condescension, that you have been so civilized, so civilized about India and Burma and Malaya. And yet the alternative? To go down before the Visigoths in a fierce and vengeful hell of fire and blood. Civilized, yes, the word had connotations of gentle surrender.

"You've been so kind in the past, you know," Anne was saying, "that week we spent with you in Palm Beach was heavenly. Was it two years ago? It scarcely seems possible."

"We did have fun, didn't we? I adored having you. Everybody was madly jealous. You know, I'm thinking of having that big old house torn down. That old barracks."

Photographed in Paris on a Holiday abroad via Sabena Intercontinental Jet

First and only $5 Spin-Dry Cotton Shirt Backed by proven Performance!

....In 1960 Arrow introduced Spin-Dry Cotton in a premium shirt. More than one million wearers found through daily usage that this Arrow shirt outperformed any other Wash-and-Wear cotton ever made. Now Arrow introduces a Wash-Wear shirt of this same proven fabric at $5.

Irons itself in the wash...Stays wrinkle-free through the Spin-Dry cycle... Dura Neat finish...Launder any way you please..."Sanforized Plus"!

ARROW®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why, I found it enormously pleasant," Geoffrey Hawkes said. "A kind of gaiety that's quite gone out of the world almost everywhere else."

"Oh, you don't really think that at all, Geoffrey. You know it's really just a kind of colossal joke. Father built it, and it was all right then, but it's not the kind of thing you can manage today. I don't think I've seen you since I was over in America for a bit last winter. You know what I'm doing? I'm having a Japanese garden done. I brought a man over from Japan, really quite a distinguished landscape architect, if you call them that in Japan, and he is simply doing everything over. Isn't it funny that everything is Japanese now, absolutely everything? And you know what I think I'm going to do? I'm going to have a Japanese teahouse built in the garden. And if I tear that old barracks down, I'm going to do three or four small Japanese houses set into the garden, and then one will live quite simply. Don't you rather adore that? But why am I going on like this?"

She looked at them with such sudden dismay, as though an opportunity, a great golden chance at fortune, had begun to slip from her hands, that Geoffrey Hawkes laughed out loud.

"You're quite wonderful, Veronica," he said.

"No, but I wanted so badly to see you. To find out what was really happening. And what is going to happen. Oh, Geoffrey, I've just really got to know. And it isn't only for the magazine. It's because I want to know. I have to know." There was a pleading note in her voice.

"I only wish, Veronica," he hesitated, "that I could give you an ultimate word, a sign and a seal. But I very much doubt that ——"

"Oh, but you can," she broke in, a sudden intensity in her voice. "You can if anyone can, Geoffrey. You know you've been coping with these things so long."

"Not quite, my dear, with these things." His irony underscored the last two words. "I believe the quaint phrase out of the past is 'uncharted waters.' We are moving in dangerous and uncharted waters. Have you talked to Caleb?"

"Oh, I can't talk to Caleb. I don't know what he's talking about. And besides, he's been so difficult in the last two or three days. I saw Clarabelle yesterday, but she always pretends she's a sphinx or something."

"We are all having our difficulties, Veronica," he said in a compassionate voice.

"I could always talk with Foster." This was nostalgic, colored with a melancholy regret for a simpler past. "Even when he talked in"—she made flourishes in the air with her index finger—"parables, or whatever they were, you always understood what he was trying to say. Of course, I could never get anything out of dear, sweet Chris Herter. He was so fine. Oh, Geoffrey, I've just got to know."

As though by revelation, a sudden parting of the clouds that let a transcendent sun shine through, it appeared to him that Caleb Fulton and Veronica Templeton, for all her glitter, the glare that she gave off as she moved about the world from house to house and from one set of people to another, were of the same piece. And she did glitter. It was not just the suit that was newer than new. This was a sign for the initiated. On the third finger of her right hand she wore the enormous marquise diamond that was a kind of trade mark. He recalled the wistful remark of the wife of the American ambassador when, sitting on his right at a large dinner, she had looked far down the table at Veronica, who had no rank, and, seeing the glitter of the great diamond, had said in a charming *sotto voce*, "You know, Veronica's father is said to have worn brass knuckles in his mines in the West, but she has greatly improved on that, don't you think?" He had laughed gently at this malice. Yes, Veronica had raised the standard very high. The magazines, *Man, Woman, Child*—how stark in their simplicity—might not be altogether gold. When she had divorced Freddy Templeton, her third husband, Veronica had moved into a corporation that had among its dubious assets the three publications, and with characteristic passion she had thrown herself into rehabilitating them. But if they were not pure gold, to swell the coffers of her vast, her almost legendary, fortune, they were gold of another kind. For they gave her a chance to participate in the great game as a player with some counters of her own. They gave her legitimacy, so that she was here at the conference to resolve the problems of the Middle East by right as an observer or even, it could be said, as one who slightly tipped the balance of power.

Veronica wanted the answer, Caleb wanted the answer, 180,000,000, or however many it was, Americans all wanted the answer. It was the answer that would resolve all doubt, put an end to all suspense, banish jeopardy, fear and uncertainty, shortness of breath and constipation. In short, the answer, if only it could

If management had to get out the mail—

"Oh boy—every boss would have a postage meter! I'm no big shot, but I'm no low-pay peon either. A postage meter saves me from wasting time—wetting and sticking dumb little stamps. Playing den mother to a stamp box. And running down to the postoffice when we run out of stamps. Come to think of it, metered mail is another indication of good management."

With a postage meter, you print postage as you need it, any amount for any kind of mail. Directly on the envelope, or on special tape for parcel post. Also prints your own ad, if you want one. Seals envelopes, too. Makes mailing fast and easy. Postage in the meter is safe from loss, damage, misuse, and is automatically accounted for!

Metered mail needs less handling in the postoffice, can often get out on earlier planes and trains. The compact, hand operated Model 5500 postage meter machine for the small office is shown above. Other models for larger mailers. Get a demonstration of the one you need – by calling any Pitney-Bowes office. Or send the coupon for free illustrated literature.

FREE: *Handy desk or wall chart of latest postal rates, with parcel post map and zone finder.*

Pitney-Bowes
POSTAGE METERS

Made by the leading manufacturer of mailing machines . . . 149 offices in U.S. and Canada. In Canada: Pitney-Bowes of Canada, Ltd., Dept. 313, 909 Yonge Street, Toronto.

YOUR AD HERE

PITNEY-BOWES, INC.
2813 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn.
Send free ☐ booklet ☐ postal rate chart to:
*Name*_____
*Address*_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEACEMAKERS be found—and the search was becoming more frantic, more desperate—would permit the Americans to return to that state of unalloyed grace they believed they had enjoyed before the horrid events of the past twenty years or more. He knew this was unfair. This was nevertheless the gloomy turn his thoughts were taking, and he saw that his gloom was colored by an apprehension that he had scarcely brought into the light about what might come in the evening. Caleb had been so reluctant, looking back over his shoulder like Lot's wife, believing that this awful Gomorrah must somehow be made to vanish. The Bear was looking for the answer too, quite another answer, all tangled up with the dreadful abracadabra of Marxism and Leninism, but just as ultimate, as unequivocal, assuring the eternal blessing of peace and order prescribed by the Bear's own divinity. It was tribal, that was what it was. Oh, they were so much alike, the two lonely giants, asking really only to be let alone when they were in fact hopelessly entwined like the figures in the Laocoön. And we shall go down, he thought, between them as they strive for what can never be. As she unfailingly did, Anne had been filling in the gaps.

". . . we are more private here," he heard her saying, "but Caleb and Clarabelle seem quite content in the hotel, and it is well run, and perhaps it's less of a bore than trying to do this sort of thing."

Veronica's attention was straying. Her eyes were fixed on him with an appeal, a demand, that was not to be denied.

"You see, Veronica," he began slowly, knowing that his voice had a schoolmasterish sound, "after the debacle in Paris ——"

"Oh, wasn't it awful!" she interjected.

"——we were faced with some rather grim realities. On our side we felt that to continue in a void was intolerable, simply intolerable. On our side we felt it was important—yes, it was much more than that; it was absolutely vital—to try to make a new approach to the Bear. This was Selwyn's strong conviction before he left the Foreign Office. It might be possible to make a small beginning and perhaps in an area where our interests were so largely in conflict. And if we could come together for discussion on the general outlook, perhaps no more than that, without offending the *particeps principis*, then we could count it as a small beginning. Caleb seemed to like it and so did the French. I had even had the idea that we might undertake some kind of common project, resettlement of the refugees or something of that sort. But this was not well taken by the Bear. So we agreed to come together for what were to be, in a sense, preliminary discussions, in a sense preparatory for a full-dress conference on the Middle East. Of course, you always have the problem of the Israelis, and we have Hussein and Kuwait. But nevertheless it seemed worth giving it a try. You do see how it came about, do you, Veronica?"

"Oh, I do," she said earnestly.

"Then, as you very well know, we had scarcely begun here when the French walked into the trap. Oh, yes, provocation, very grave provocation, we all know that. But trap nonetheless. And then the Bear, having baited the trap or, rather, having watched it baited, proceeded to close it by the device of 'volunteers,' and those 'volunteers,' we know very well, have nuclear weapons. This evening a very short distance separates the French from the 'volunteers' and their Tunisian friends. It is a moment of very great danger. You are, I know, Veronica, very discerning ——"

"But there must be something we can do," she broke in, lighting her cigarette with such nervous haste that his gesture with his cigarette lighter was in vain. "We can't just sit here and let this happen."

"Precisely! This afternoon—I am telling you this, you understand, in greatest confidence—we believe that we obtained the approval of the Bear to the intervention of the United Nations for the supervision—that is a rather unhappy word, but it conveys the purport—of the withdrawal of the French forces. That is what we are undertaking. Although I must add that final agreement has not come either from you or the Bear. Let me say that there is nothing happy about it at all, nothing whatsoever. We seem simply to have found a small egress, a mean, narrow crevice, through which we may slip out from under the thumb of perdition."

The mark of a true executive is usually illegible.

Leo J. Farrell Jr.

"Oh, Geoffrey," she said, "I know that most of this has been you. I just know it. You have a grasp on these things, Geoffrey. Well, I mean you see them as a whole. Not just this little piece or that little piece."

"Caleb has been splendid." He felt a slight embarrassment that his voice should have a pompous sound. "And poor Duhamel too. It has not been easy—I am telling tales out of school. We had your General Gahagan this morning, who was all for marching up the hill with bayonets fixed. I must say Caleb was magnificent."

"Don't pay too much attention to Jerry Gahagan. He's a wild man. Oh, but Geoffrey, you've told me so much; you've given me a new perspective. I feel as if I can see where we're going to come out, that we are going to work it out."

"I shouldn't go quite that far." He smiled tolerantly. "There are some bugs in it. Not really final until we have another go at it."

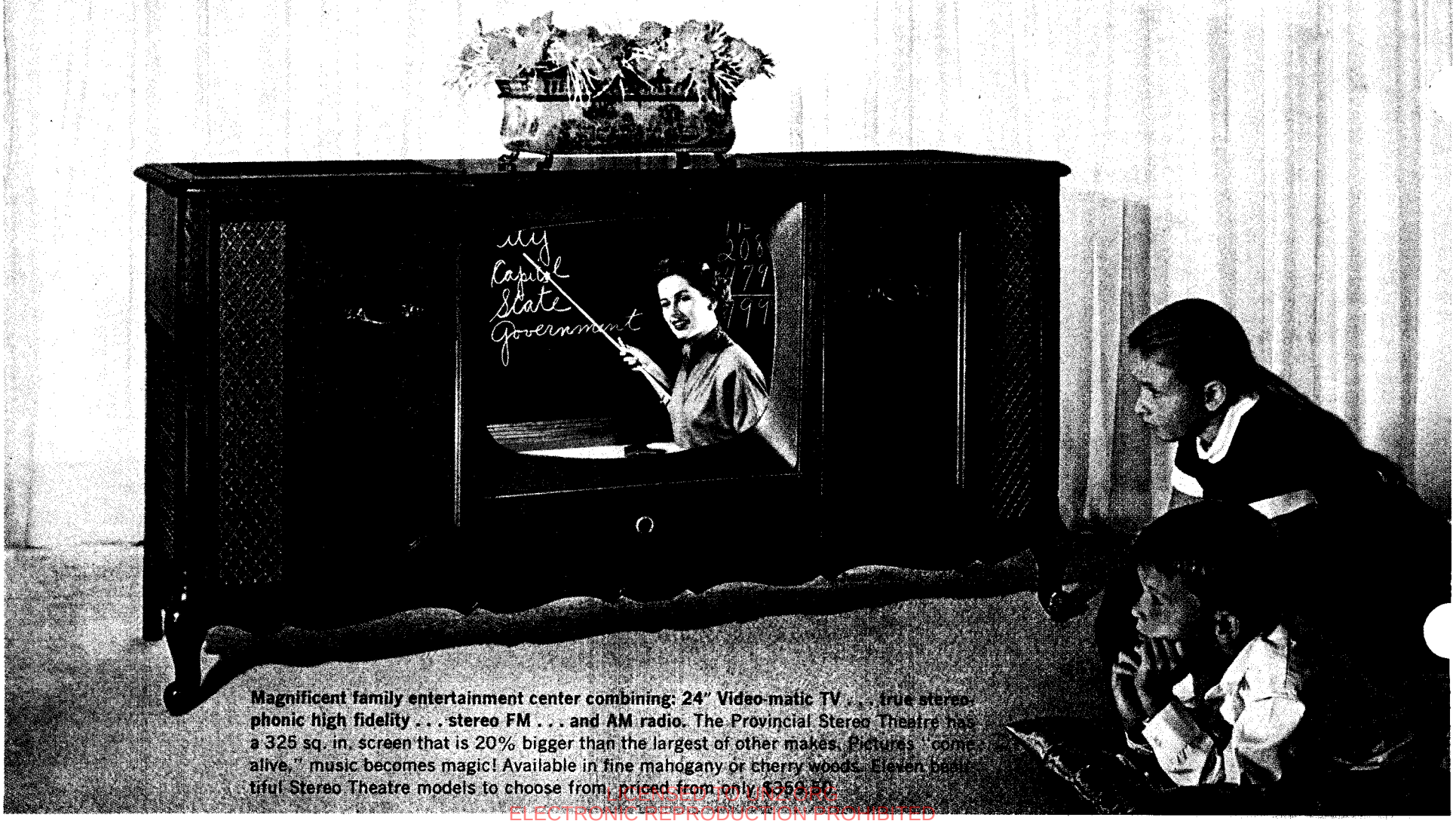
"Do you know who called me up just before I came over here?" He saw that she was enormously pleased, triumphant. The doors to the inner sanctum had been opened. "It was Mike Anker. I'm quite interested in him, because, you see, I'm buying into some CBS television stations. I'm getting into communications. And—would you believe it?—he knows hardly anything. He would just die to know what you've told me, Geoffrey."

"Oh, my dear," he let his anxiety come into this, "you would never speak a word of this to him, would you? Our dear friend Mike would be on the transatlantic line instantly, and that would be most ill-advised."

"Geoffrey, I wouldn't dream of telling him! But can I—my deadline is midnight. You know what I've done? I've got *Woman* on a five-day print interval. I did that one. And I'm going to phone New York at midnight."

"If you have had no other word by midnight, then do with my blessing. I'm not at all sure I've told you anything—anything that has validity beyond this moment when we sit here, waiting."

Only from **Magnavox**...true Stereophonic High Fidelity...and



Magnificent family entertainment center combining: 24" Video-matic TV . . . true stereophonic high fidelity . . . stereo FM . . . and AM radio. The Provincial Stereo Theatre has a 325 sq. in. screen that is 20% bigger than the largest of other makes. Pictures "come alive," music becomes magic! Available in fine mahogany or cherry woods. Eleven beautiful Stereo Theatre models to choose from, priced from only $359.50.

LICENSED TO UMSRD
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But you have, you have. I can't tell you how much better I feel. And I've kept you much too long."

"Yes, I must change. I'm seeing Caleb before the others come for dinner. As for this"—he touched the Tabrizi bowl, running his hand carefully over the surface—"I shall treasure it and derive great joy from it. I thank you for it."

"I won't say good-by," she said. "I'll stay and chat with Anne for a bit."

In his bedroom Blossom had laid out his evening clothes with characteristic precision. There would hardly be time for a bath. Overwhelmed by a sudden weariness, a great lassitude, he sank, fell almost, into an armchair. It was close to being a pleasurable sensation, feeling the weight of each bone and muscle in his body.

Yet slowly, with the movements of a sleepwalker, he roused himself, overcoming, as though he were a spent swimmer far down in the depths, the weight of his weariness. For what seemed a long time he stood before the mirror, baffled by the familiar business of trying to make the ends of his tie even. They would not come right. He observed his face in the mirror, gaunt and somber in repose, the scarecrow cheekbones unrelieved by the brilliant Hawkes smile. You could turn it up as you turned up a lamp. Was it worth the effort? This was resignation scarcely touched by melancholy, not even self-pitying, the dust that drifted through the great empty spaces of the universe.

He had known that Veronica would still be in the upstairs sitting room. She had a whisky and soda in her hand, and she was talking with the curious, rapid intensity that he found so wearing. But at his entrance she broke off, looking up admiringly. "Isn't he handsome, Anne?" she said to his wife who, still barricaded behind the tea table, looked a little overcome. Veronica had been making arrangements, and with the weight of his lassitude upon him he yielded pleasantly enough. She was going to drive to the Hôtel Ville de Calvin with him in his car. She was going to have her car follow, because she had one more thing that she did so want to ask him, then she was going to come back in about an hour and take Anne to dinner at a marvelous little restaurant in the Old Town that practically no foreigners knew about at all. So they went out together, Blossom holding the door for them with his radiant smile beamed at Veronica, who promised that she would be seeing him again very soon. And his chauffeur stood ready beside the car.

"We make rather a handsome couple, don't you think?" he said as he settled himself beside her. She looked up at him with what was almost a guilty flash of recognition. *Words out of your mouth, my dear*, he thought, pleased at his intuition.

"You said you had something you wanted to ask me, Veronica."

"Oh, yes, Geoffrey, yes I did." She was actually looking down, nervously twisting the great ring on her finger. It was modesty, shyness, or an amazing simulation. "What I wanted to know"—she looked into his face—"was whether in what I write I could say that you had done this? That it was your work."

This could even be considered flattering, a small consolation prize at the end of an awful day. For Veronica was no fool. "This is very touching of you, Veronica." He let his hand rest gently on hers for a moment. "And you are very discreet, thoughtful, to ask. But I would prefer that you didn't. As I am sure you know, I more than anyone else initiated what has now become a rather desperate business. And I suppose it is only poetic justice, if there is a way out to be found, that I should have to find it. You know I am pleased that you should want to put it that way. But you do understand?"

"I knew I should ask you, Geoffrey. I thought about it when I was talking with Anne. But anyway you'll know it's what I really, really believe."

She gave him a flashing smile of understanding, compassion, affection, or even something more, all rolled into one.

The only thing more annoying than a precocious child is its mother.

John W. Maxson Jr.

They were passing the small park with great trees and neat flower beds. Above the exhaust fumes he was suddenly aware of the smell of the linden trees. How miraculous that it should survive.

"The lindens," he said, "of another Geneva. I remember Anthony talking about the days of the League when it was simpler here, so much simpler. One's own little city. And that restaurant down in the town, I can't remember the name at the moment, where everyone met in the late afternoon, Briand, Stresemann and the others."

"It's a divine smell," Veronica said. "Do you know what I think? I think it would make a wonderful base for a perfume to be called *Unter den Linden*."

He looked at her narrowly, to see if this was meant to be a joke. "No, I'm afraid that name will not do. At least for me it fails to evoke the romantic past, and this the lindens must do. The sound of violins across a moonlit lawn. That sort of thing. Now let me see—Nostalgia, just simply Nostalgia for our perfume."

"No," she considered this, "I'm afraid we can't have that. I think there's one like that already."

"Ah, I have it, Veronica! *Du Temps Passé*. There you have it. A stroke of genius, don't you think? Nostalgic and with a fine flavor of literary snobbism."

"My dear, perfect! You are a genius, Geoffrey. Our fortunes are made."

He was tempted to say that her fortune was already so well made that nothing could improve it and, as for him, it was too late even to try.

"I'll take that idea to Coco when I get back to Paris," she said, "but it will be our idea. You think I don't mean it, but I really do."

The game came to an abrupt end as they stopped before the Hôtel Ville de Calvin. "You've quite taken me out of myself, my dear," he said.

On the sidewalk, posted like a menacing sentry before the entrance to the wing of the hotel that contained the private apartments, was Mike Anker. He came forward as they got out of the car.

"Hi there, Geoffrey," he said in his insulting fashion. "Who's that tramp you've got with you?"

"This, Mike," he said, his arm linked with Veronica's, "is the love of my life, the light of my life."

"You want to be careful, that light goes on and off like the lights on an old car," Mike said dourly, squinting at Veronica.

"Isn't he terrible!" Veronica said, and then turning to Mike, "you better be

the biggest, clearest pictures in TV... now AUTOMATICALLY

Only Magnavox brings you all these advancements in electronic science...

Revolutionary new Video-matic TV. Now, all you do is select your program—from your easy chair if you wish. Video-matic makes *all* adjustments automatically. Electronics continuously synchronize and adjust *both* brightness and contrast to give you the finest picture you've ever seen—day or night.

True Stereophonic High Fidelity. Your family will discover a glorious new world of beautiful music—magnificently re-created by Magnavox. The unique Magnavox sound system projects sound from each side as well as the front of the cabinet to reflect music from your walls—just as in a concert hall. You hear breath-taking instrument separation and tonal purity.

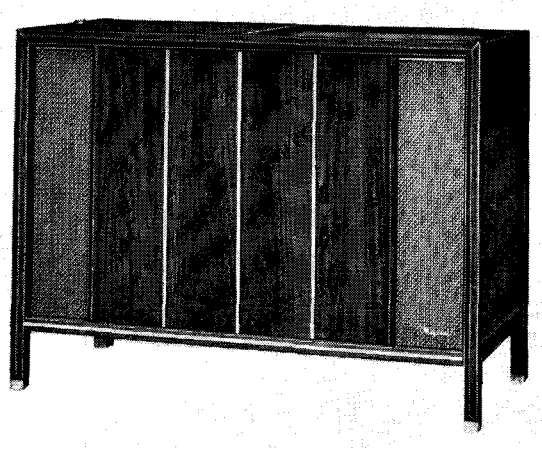
Greatest reliability. Technology developed for military electronics makes a Magnavox so dependable that **service, all parts and tubes are guaranteed for a full year** in Gold Seal models. Your Magnavox dealer listed in the Yellow Pages, will be delighted to show you a vast variety of beautiful styles and finishes.

the magnificent **Magnavox**

truly the finest . . . and your best buy . . . on any basis of comparison!

With Magnavox your records can last a lifetime

The new Micromatic record player is so precise . . . the pick-up plays perfectly at only 1/10 ounce touch. Tone is always on true pitch, distortions and surface noise are banished. **Because there is no discernible wear on either records or stylus, Magnavox guarantees the Diamond Stylus for 10 years.**



Enjoy all the magic of true stereo high fidelity. The Contemporary with six high fidelity speakers, powerful stereo amplifiers, superb FM/AM radio and gliding top panels for convenient operation. In mahogany, only $299.50. Other consoles in a wide selection of beautiful styles and finishes from $149.50.

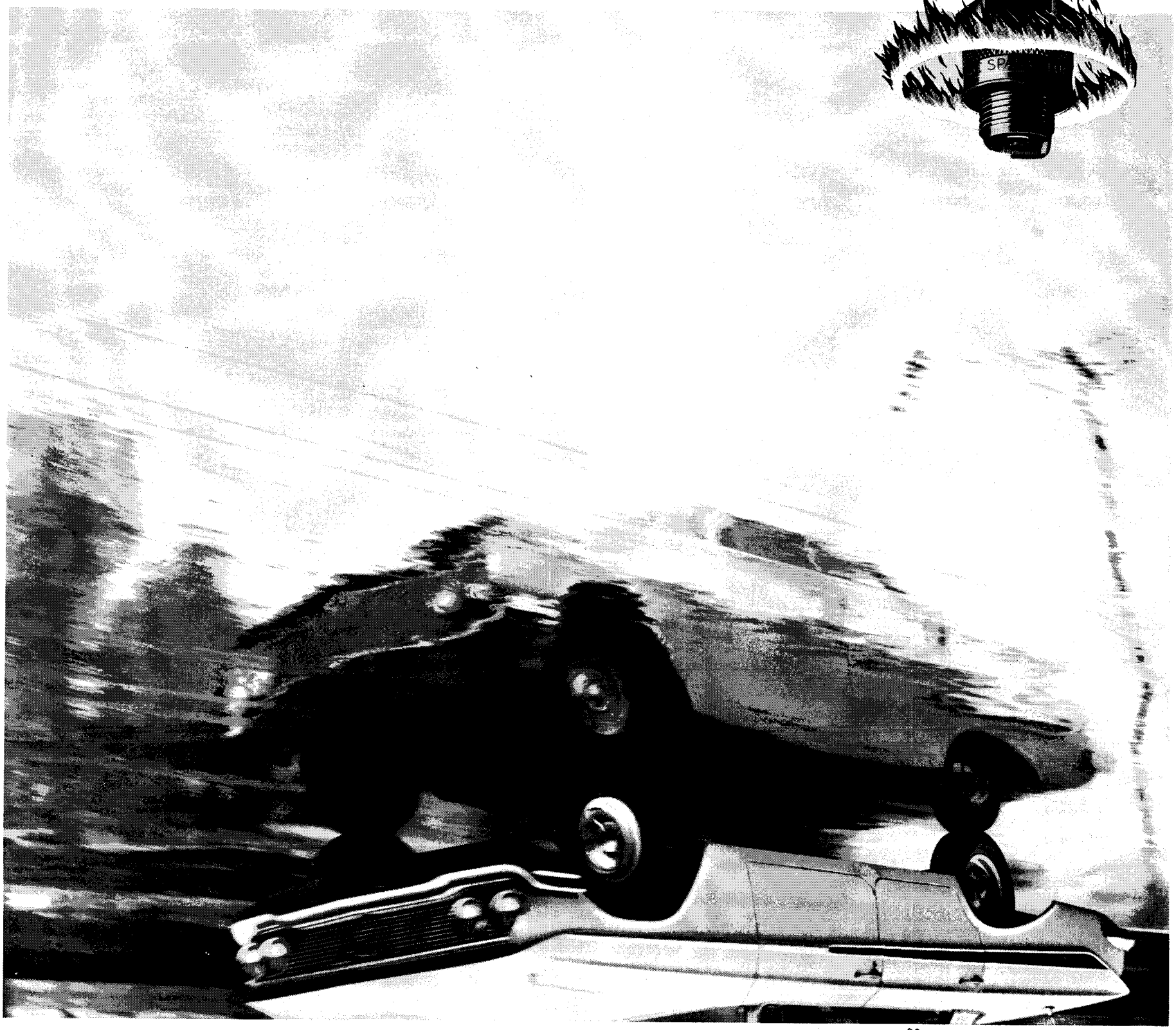
The biggest most spectacular picture in TV

Think of it, a 400 sq. in. screen half again as big as the largest of other brands. Video-matic operation, a Chromatic optical filter adds thrilling depth and beauty to pictures—eliminates reflections and glare that cause eyestrain. The American Modern 27 in mahogany, only $299.50. Select from nine other 27" models in fine furniture.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

start-and-go

you get ACtion with



AC SPARK PLUG THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Reflect on performance, *especially hard starting and stalls due to raw, wet weather. Could be your worn spark plugs are at fault. AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs with self-cleaning Hot Tips encourage quick starts and top mileage, whatever the weather. Ask for start-and-go ACtion . . . ask for AC.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEACEMAKERS

careful, Mike. Quite soon now I'm going to have a controlling interest in two or three CBS television stations, and then ——"

"Listen, you'll need me more than I need you. What have you been up to with him? What's he been telling you?"

"Oh, don't you wish you knew?" The peal of Veronica's laughter was like a bell rung offstage and not quite on cue.

Glancing back after he had said good-by, Geoffrey Hawkes saw them go off together.

6:45 P.M.

As he came out of the Hôtel Ville de Calvin, Tom Brace saw the web of color that the sun in the West had spun across the sky. It was, he thought, sniffing the air greedily, as though he had come out of a dreary, seemingly interminable tunnel in which he had been close to suffocation.

The Ville de Calvin had a Babylonian magnificence only slightly muted in deference to the Swiss love of concealment and understatement. On the roof was the handsome private dining room with its broad terrace, where Caleb was giving his dinner. Tom Brace walked slowly beside the dark olive-brown turbulence of the river as it twisted and turned tortuously n the narrow channel into which it was forced.

A city of refugees, Tom Brace was thinking, refugees who can pay the price, bringing their quarrels with them and their despondencies and their vain, absurd hopes. How many of them had loitered along this walk, looking down into the dark, churning water. With longing, it might even be, to extinguish once and for all hopes that they cannot but know privately and secretly are bound to end in monstrous folly and misery. He had been thinking of his own quarrel, or near quarrel, with Merton Simms. He had not provoked it. He had sought—or so he told himself now—to be merely the voice of cool, dispassionate reason. And was not that ultimate folly? For in the jungle of fierce passions and unrelenting partisanship the frail plant of reason was an anomaly. It was pride, a boastful pride in his own intellect. If Merton was a fool then he, Tom Brace, was another kind of fool. And there was poor old Caleb, having to pick up the pieces and to pretend that the decision, if indeed it could be called that, that he would somehow reach had come out of a process of ratiocination, of weighing and balancing, rather than from the force of necessity arising out of passions and prejudices over which he had no control whatsoever. That was the game, to deceive others and at the same time not to deceive yourself entirely, which a Secretary of State must play. *You're for it, old boy*, he thought with compassion. But Caleb would find a way out. They always did. That was the art of fan dancing. Some were more skilled than others. Dulles had been a master.

As he neared the Quai du Mont-Blanc, passing the little bridge that led into the Ile Rousseau, he saw in the distance an unmistakable figure. It was Cynthia Grimsby. For a moment he was of half a mind to turn and go back in the opposite direction. They had scarcely seen each other during the conference, and then only under the most formal circumstances. She had avoided him, and he knew the reason why. It was over, dead, finished. He had told himself this with all sternness, not once, but a thousand times. And yet he knew that this chance meeting in the street, this sudden, unwanted encounter, would renew all the longing, the cherished hope, the lonely desire, that he had tried so desperately to put behind him. He would not turn back. He saw her approach, as on the first time they met, with the same wonder. He saw her coming toward him as in a glade, the sun dappling the grass of the path under her feet. *Leave it alone, fool; stop torturing yourself, fool*—he said these words sternly, knowing that they were cast into the wind. What had happened in the end, a year ago, was the kind of smash in which, as in so many auto accidents, there is one victim who is rushed off to the hospital at death's door for a long uncertain siege and a dubious convalescence while the other person in the car walks away unhurt. She had even, he remembered, laughed a little as she walked away.

As he drew near her, he saw on her face the absorbed, introspective look that could vanish so quickly when something amused her. The light falling on her hair had a special radiance, and this he remembered, too. In the glade he could hear her footsteps. She was as unaware as was he of the press of the traffic, the noise of the trams, the fusillade of the scooters. He waited until she was almost upon him, and still she did not look up.

Andre Previn: Hollywood's BASHFUL GENIUS
By Dean Jennings
IN THE NEXT POST

As she drew near, he saw on her face the look he remembered well. It came to him with an aching poignancy, the memory of her head thrown back, the eyes wide and yet somehow sightless, about her mouth the shadow of a smile. She had lain thus, as removed from him as a face seen in passing through a window, after their fiercest transports during those few weeks in Paris and then again in New York. Where this private world was, into which she escaped, he had never known. So often he had stood a petitioner, a stranger on the threshold, not daring to ask admission for fear that he would be forever excluded. And it was that way now. He could almost have let her pass by.

"Hello, there," he said. At the familiar voice she turned and still from the infinite distance of that removed world smiled at him. "Your Gioconda look; I recognized it from a long way off."

"You did really, Tom?" She put into her incredulity a slight sting of mockery. "I should have thought you would have long since forgotten."

"No!" He shook his head solemnly at her. "You forgot. I, no, no, no."

"Oh, Tom." In this was a depth of feeling, compassion if it was that, which startled him. He saw that the dark eyes with curious glints of light in them were troubled. With her hand on the rail by the river's edge she stood looking at him. "But we know so little about anyone. It is true. What can I say? If only ——"

"Nothing, nothing," he broke in impatiently. "Just let me look at you."

"Do you have a cigarette, Tom? I don't seem to have any."

He gave her a cigarette and lighted it for her. They had begun to walk back very slowly toward the Ville de Calvin.

"Why didn't Mary come with you? Wouldn't you have been happier?"

"This is a new role for you, Cynthia. Advice to the lovelorn."

"I should know. If experience means anything." She looked him full in the face with a candor that was also part of her cheerful capitulation. "You know, Tom, you won't believe it, but I am terribly, terribly fond of you."

There it was, the small consolation prize, handed out to the little boy who failed to win the race. Perhaps he had not come in last. But he was not the winner, and that was all that mattered.

"Thanks," he said dryly. "You know how I feel. I seem to remember that I wrote you a letter that must have sounded pretty hysterical. It's the way I felt then and, if you must know, it's the way I feel today."

"Oh, but surely, Tom ——" She checked herself. "Oh, I do know." Her voice was barely audible. "Please forgive me."

"You asked about Mary," he said, giving no sign that he had heard this last. "You know she hates this conference sort of thing. All this business of sitting around and waiting and going to lunch parties and dinner parties. It isn't Mary's cup of tea. I had a letter from her just now. She's flying out to San Francisco to show her prize Weimaraner.

"Mary has always got everything she wanted," he added. They had never before, he thought, discussed his wife. In the midst of it he had never for a moment considered the consequences to Mary or to the children. They had simply ceased to exist. And so, for that matter, had he. Every consideration of caution and common sense had been cast aside. His closest friend had, in the fine traditional way, taken him aside. To be now in this state, adjudged recovered, still a little bruised and battered, was somehow more painful. For he saw in a focus unbearably sharp what he had lost. "I don't know whether that's good or bad for the character."

"Everything, including you," Cynthia said. "I wish I knew Mary a little bit."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, why! You'd have nothing in common. She's as precise and as well regulated as one of these damned watches the Swiss make. That's a hell of a thing to say, isn't it?"

His loyalty to Mary caught him up short. She had brought him other gifts, offering them in a cool, undemanding, almost disinterested fashion. They were gifts by which most people set great store. The very substantial income from her trust fund simply banished all ordinary cares, and for Mary it was the most natural and normal possession in the world and one to be shared with him as though it had been a schoolgirl's allowance.

"I shouldn't have said that about the watch," he remarked as though to himself. "Mary has great qualities."

foul weather friend . . . your AC dealer

Ever found yourself fuming in your driveway on a raw, wet morning when your presence was urgently needed elsewhere? Exasperating, isn't it? But take heart, there's hope! Next time your car balks on a blustery day, see your AC Dealer. He's an ignition specialist with the knowledge and experience to cure the ills of a weather-cranky car.

Tell him your troubles—erratic starting, frequent stalling after you do get started, the whole list of bad weather blues. He'll check your car over carefully with particular attention to the spark plugs. If you need new ones, he'll recommend AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs. They have insulators specifically designed to reduce flashover, the nasty condition which immobilizes engines when the barometer drops.

You'll find your AC Dealer a reliable friend in need when your car suffers a power letdown for any reason. He'll recommend ACs, too, because he knows you get AC reliability only under the AC name. Ask for ACtion . . . ask for AC.

AC
FIRE-RING SPARK PLUGS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEACEMAKERS

"She never knew about us, did she?" Cynthia said matter-of-factly.

"Certainly not. I'm not sure she would have minded. She's a cool customer."

As he said this, he saw all at once the empty shell of his life. He could see himself scurrying about in the shell that he had outgrown. It was like the discarded shell of some insect blown into a dusty corner.

"Damn it, Cynthia," he could taste the bitterness in his mouth, "why have I failed so? With Mary. And with you."

Mr. and Mrs. Dinwiddle. That was the name they had used during that weekend at Beaulieu-Sur-Mer. He remembered the sun on their balcony at breakfast and the dazzling color of the water and a sense of absolute bliss that would never come to an end. Very soon after that Cynthia had walked away, taking the gift as she had given it and with the same casual affection.

"People's lives," she went on, "do get fearfully messed up. Oh, Tom, if I'm talking like a fool, push me into the river. I'd rather thank you for that just now. Don't you see that we had so much, and we could never have more than that. Oh, I'm putting it so very badly."

"I'm afraid you're talking nonsense," he said harshly. As they walked on, he knew that he was angry, the old familiar rage consuming him even as he knew its futility and, yes, its childish absurdity. How could she be so blithe? Was it simply that she was an unloving woman? But, no, he turned away from that. That she was not. He felt a savage desire to hurt her, somehow to break through into that serene, distant world into which she was able to retreat. With all that he knew of her, all that they had shared, she was still in some mysterious way untouchable.

"It's such a filthy time to live," she said. She was walking in the proud way that he remembered, with her head tilted a little back. "I seem to remember the war as being better than anything that's happened since. At least we knew what we were doing then. Could I have another cigarette, please?" They stopped again, and she took the cigarette from him. "You know, I've been thinking about you, Tom. You don't know what you want. Is it terrible of me to say this?"

"I want you. And right now I could push you into that water." She was standing so close to him. The smell of her hair that was so familiar, and yet so strange, was overpowering.

"I do wish you would," she said, mocking him a little. "It would make everything so simple for me. You know—I may sound a fool—you're so American, Tom. And that's why you don't know what you want. You have so much you don't know what to choose. Does this sound like utter ——"

"Yes," he broke in, "you're talking rubbish again. Sure I should be happy as a lark. Mary doesn't need me; she's cold as a fish. When we were having our go, I felt a curious kind of loyalty about Mary. The faithful little woman back home bending over the hot cookstove. Sure, I should be happy in my work. Nice clean work. Helping dear old Caleb wrap a nice red bow around the latest disaster. Catastrophe. Or worse than that, if you can have worse."

They had come even with the Ville de Calvin, its Swiss Babylonian façade reflecting the last glow in the sky. He wanted to wound her, to hurt her terribly, to seize her shoulders and shake her, shake her, shake her. She stood looking at him with the strangely innocent, childlike look on her face. It was now at this moment a goad.

"You have to go in?" she said. "Another meeting?"

"Look, why don't you come up to my room"—his voice sounded loud and harsh in his own ears—"for about ten minutes or so?"

The slight, fugitive smile was on her face. "What would we do with all that time?" she asked.

"Oh, if we had any time left over, I could show you some of my baseball pictures. I've got a wonderful collection of pictures of baseball players."

And then as he watched, waiting to see how she would take this, he saw her eyes fill with tears. They rolled down her cheeks. She was powerless to stop them, helpless as he had never seen her before. With the shock of this and with the contrition that went with it, for a moment he could not speak.

"Cynthia, what is it? Cynthia, tell me." He had taken her hands in his, almost unaware that he had done so. "What is it, Cynthia? Please, for God's sake, tell me."

Small inarticulate noises came from her as she struggled for control. Shame, pity, amazement flooded in on him at seeing this shattered Cynthia, so vulnerable, so unlike herself.

"Don't speak, don't try to speak," he said gravely.

"I thought you might have known." The words came out at last, haltingly, as the tears still fell from her eyes. "And then I was sure you didn't know, but I—I couldn't bring myself to speak about it."

"What is it, Cynthia? You must tell me."

At last she brought out the name, so low that he hardly heard. "Michel. He had a wire this afternoon saying that his brother was killed in Tunisia. And he left for Paris a bit ago."

"Oh, no!"

"So you see if I've seemed somewhat strange, you can understand why."

"I shouldn't think you could ever forgive me. For being so brutal and callous and blind, entirely unaware."

"Oh, we're all quite blind, I'm afraid," she said slowly, painfully.

"And you—you two——"

"You see, Charles was the older brother. That means so much in Michel's family. But now everything's changed. It's happened so suddenly I ——"

"Oh, Cynthia, I do see."

She was trembling a little. On her face was a look of such sadness as he had never before seen.

"Do you think if we went over on the terrace I could have a brandy?" She smiled. "A double brandy."

At a table on the terrace of the Ville de Calvin he signaled a waiter. It was all so painfully clear. She was the one who now lay in the wreckage and through no fault of hers or of Michel's. That made it somehow more unendurable; a miserable, vile, wretched accident. And Michel? What was he feeling?

"He's terribly broken up," she said as though she had heard the unspoken question. "They were very close. For Michel—it was almost a kind of hero worship for Charles—it's very hard to express it."

"It must kill you to talk about it, Cynthia. Like talking with a broken jaw. I think the brandy will help."

She took a long swallow from her glass. "No, it rather helps to talk. Michel is so honest. We knew, both of us, really, without saying anything, that it was all quite changed. That it was quite over. Oh, Tom, I —— do please forgive me for going on this way." She took a swallow of the brandy. "I must be keeping you. You should be in one of those meetings, those dreary meetings." She managed a faint grimace of scorn. "How dreadfully boring they must be."

"Look, Cynthia, to hell with it. I've behaved badly enough for one day. I have to be at that dinner, Caleb's dinner. But Geoffrey's having a private session first with Caleb; I think he's up there now. Tell me what I can do, Cynthia. There must be something I can do."

"You know as well as I, better perhaps, that there's nothing. Really nothing. Just before I met you, I'd had the most frightful row with Hugh. Poor old Hugh. It has helped me to talk."

Without question he knew that she was stronger than he had been, tougher, more resistant, and not because she suffered less. It had to do with that same quality of withdrawal, or so he had called it once. But he saw now that it was an inner reserve; a kind of secret resource upon which she could always count in great anguish or great joy. And he knew too that, apart from everything else, all her other qualities, this was what had drawn him to her. She had finished her brandy.

"What splendid medicine," she said, "and now I must be going."

"But let me take you. Please, at least I could do that."

"Not at all, I'll get a taxi here."

"But, Cynthia, what are you going to do?" His voice was serious. "Do you know what you're going to do now?"

"Yes," she said rising, "oddly enough I do know. When I met you, I hadn't the foggiest, but now I do know."

"And you don't want to tell me?"

She shook her head.

"You see"—he held her arm as he took her down the steps to the taxi stand—"I love you, and I suppose I always will. That's one reason I know the kind of hell that you're going through. I couldn't bear it if anything terrible or awful happened to you."

She stood with her hand on the open door of the taxi. "Oh, it isn't terrible or awful. In fact, for me it's rather funny."

"I do wish I could help you."

"Good-by, Tom dear."

As the taxi drew away, she waved, and he saw the faint shadow of her smile as she looked back. As he turned to go into the hotel, he was accosted by Mike Anker, and he sensed that Mike, who kept a patrol outside the entrance to the Ville de Calvin, had been watching the whole scene, even perhaps from the time they had come up to sit down on the terrace. He felt all at once an unreasoning anger at having been spied upon, as though Mike had had his cameras trained on them, a minor scene, a touch of sex and romance, in Mike's version of the conference. Knowing this was absurd, nevertheless in the state in which he was he wanted somehow to pay Mike off for his eavesdropping. He would have passed quickly on in, but Mike blocked his path.

"What's your hurry?" he demanded. "She sure is a knockout, isn't she?" He nodded his head in the direction of the departing taxi.

This rare tribute from the dour, dark Anker only served to feed Tom Brace's anger. He said nothing.

"The tender trap." On Mike Anker's face was the sardonic glower so familiar to the vast television audience. "The British secret weapon. Why doesn't she train some of that stuff on the Russians?"

"Listen, Mike, if you've got anything to ask me ——" He could hardly keep out of his voice the fury he felt at this man's obscene paws. And yet at the same time he knew how dangerous it was to cross Mike Anker. "I'm afraid I've got to go up and change for the old man's dinner."

"This is the lousiest deal I've ever had. I stand out here like some kid reporter trying to pick up a few crumbs. What happens?" He still blocked the path, a square, thick obstacle. "Look what happens! Old Veronica Templeton comes along with Geoffrey Hawkes, and she tells me she's got the hot poop. So this dame, this amateur, she gets it from the British. What do you know about that!"

"Look, Mike!" He could not keep his annoyance out of his voice. "There isn't any hot poop. Do you think it's possible to let this thing go on to a war, a war with nuclear weapons? This isn't Berlin. Some kind of a solution has got to be worked out. Call it a compromise, or whatever you want to. I don't know what the final terms will be. I don't think at this moment anybody does. But they're going to be found somehow, and I should think within the next few hours. That's all there is to it."

"I get it," Mike said.

In the understated, almost subdued nature of this response, Tom Brace felt a momentary shock of warning. It was so out of character, leaving so much unspoken. He remembered that poor Joe Singleton had fallen victim when he had talked indiscreetly to Mike at the time that Joe was ambassador to Vienna, and it had nearly finished Joe's career. But if these cautious reflections briefly crossed his mind, he brushed them aside. Nothing mattered, nothing, and least of all this darkly threatening bull standing in his path. This is the way you spend your days, he told himself, contriving the foolish gestures that pass for living, the vain postures concealing the empty desert which had no end. If there was no way out, no way to cross this space, then the whole thing was utterly without meaning. You took one dusty step after another toward a horizon forever receding. And on the long march they were alone—he, Cynthia, Michel, and even Hugh.

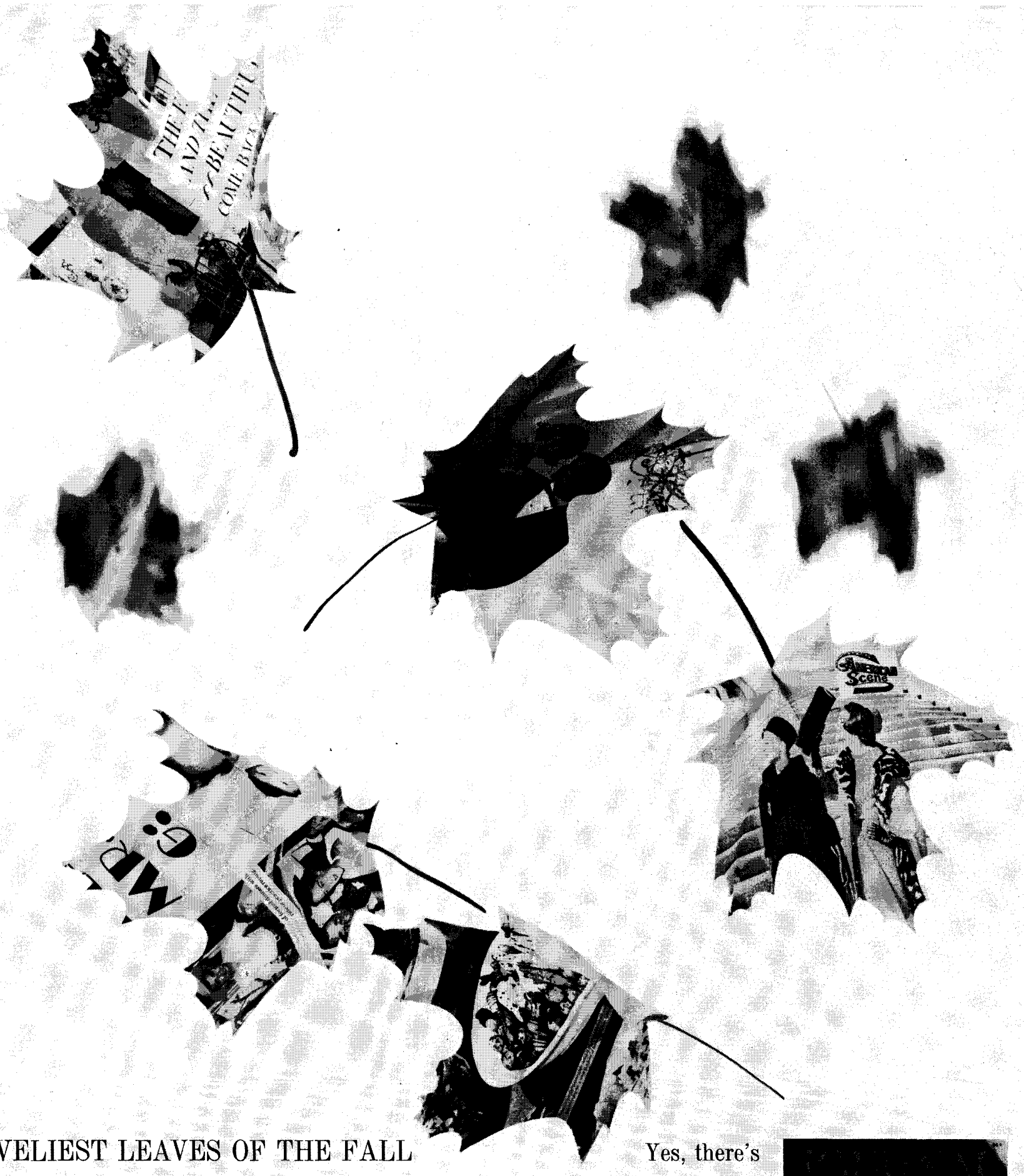
"Would you mind getting the hell out of my way?" he said.

Mike glowered at him from under his thick, dark eyebrows and, as Tom pushed past, he heard him say, "O.K. old pal, if that's the way you want it, O.K."

TO BE CONTINUED

COMING:
PT 109
EXCLUSIVE:
The first full story of President Kennedy's wartime adventures.

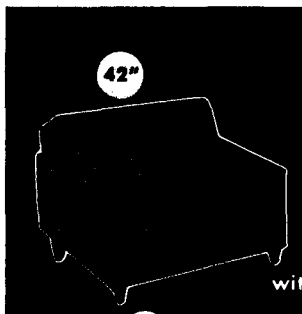
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



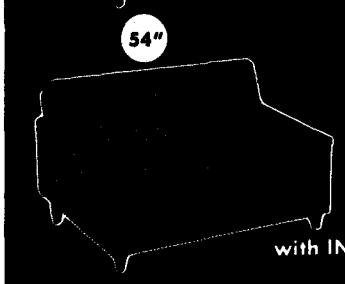
LOVELIEST LEAVES OF THE FALL Yes, there's something in the wind at Ladies' Home Journal. An invigorating freshness. A bright and bold kind of usefulness. The Journal is in the wind, populating its pages with a dazzling array of personalities, doing them up in splendid splashes of color. A leaf through the Journal shows you the loveliest, liveliest look in the women's magazine field this fall. This is the look that is attracting for advertisers more young readers, more college-educated readers, more upper income readers than any other women's magazine. *Today's most exciting women's magazine . . . to women!*

Condensed Complete Novel By
DAPHNE DU MAURIER
Author of REBECCA
Our Children Drove Us Apart
YOUR CHRISTMAS BAZAAR
Foods · Fashion · Fixings That Sell
FIVE WAYS WIVES FAIL
NEW-FOUND BEAUTY
FROM HEAD TO TOE
Is There An Easy Way To Stop Smoking?
KARIM AGA KHAN:
The Man Who Really Does Have Everything

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

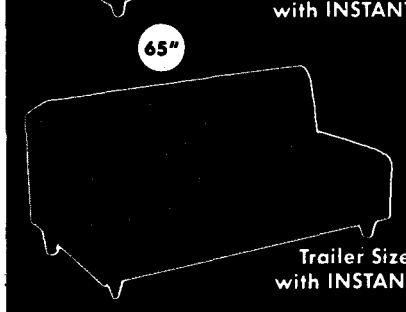


Bed Chair
with INSTANT BED



Love Seat
with INSTANT BED

Apartment Size
with INSTANT BED



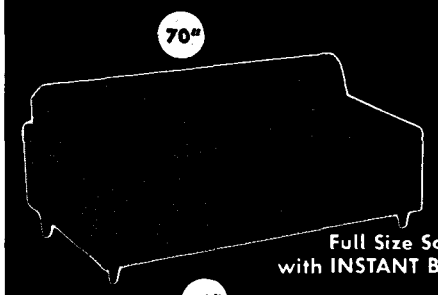
Trailer Size Sofa
with INSTANT BED

GOT A MEASUREMENT PROBLEM?

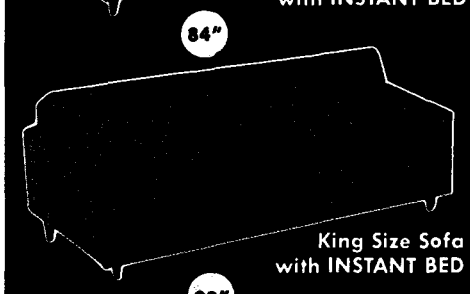
Riviera features every size, including Sectionals for living rooms, bedrooms, dens, apartments ...even for trailers.

ATTENTION TALL PEOPLE!

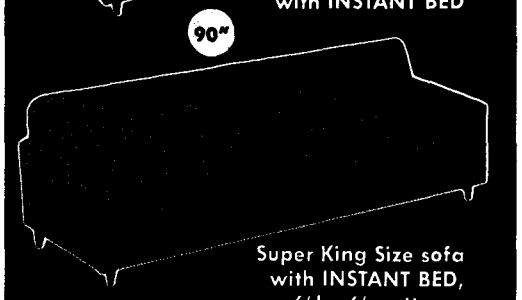
Open bed lengths available to 96 inches.



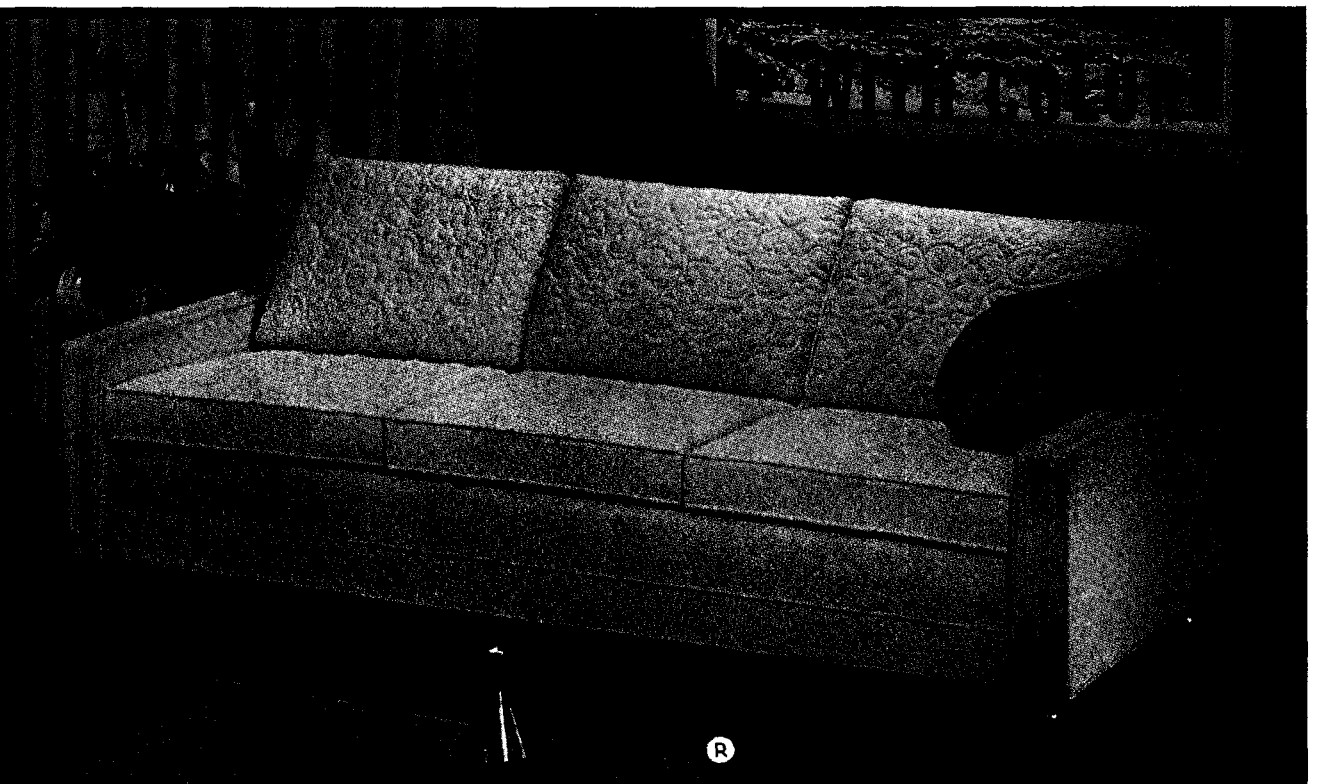
Full Size Sofa
with INSTANT BED



King Size Sofa
with INSTANT BED



Super King Size sofa
with INSTANT BED,
6′ by 6′ mattress.



CHROMSPUN®

"House of Color" fabrics now available for your Riviera Convertible Sofa

COLOR-LOCKED...stunning, fashion-right Chromspun colors are locked in to stay bright in direct sunlight... and *color-linked* to match or harmonize throughout your home. These new upholstery fabrics of *rayon and Chromspun acetate* come in vibrant hues...exciting textures. They're a joy to live with every hour of the day.

RIVIERA CONVERTIBLE SOFAS...

Riviera...the West's largest manufacturer of convertible sofas, offers 85 magnificent designs in every size.

Every style complete with Riviera's luxurious innerspring mattress and INSTANT BED. Matching Chairs available in all styles.

fabulous RIVIERA features:

- *Perfect Balance* • *Concealed Cushion Compartment*
- *Tilt-'n-sweep Back* • *Posture Perfect Cushion Support*
- *All Hardwood Frame* • *All Steel Bed Unit* •

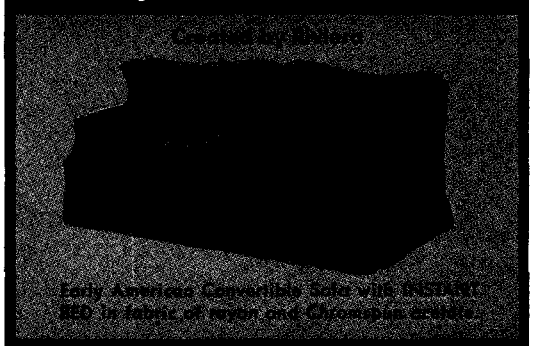
CHROMSPUN® house of COLOR

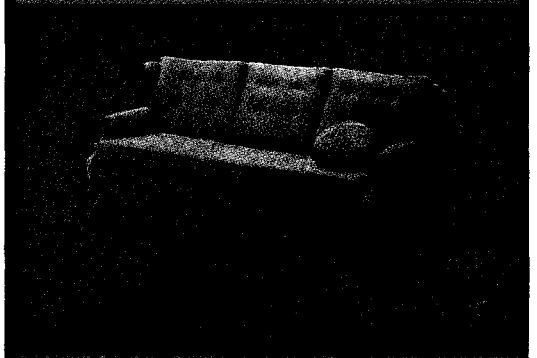
Riviera's Newest Creation!

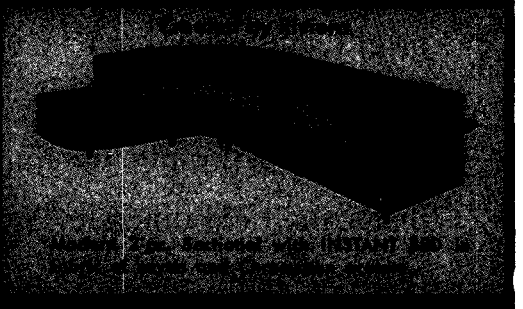
Ultra-modern pillow back super king size convertible sofa. Elegantly quilted in fabric of rayon and Chromspun acetate.

Live on the Riviera **Riviera**

Convertible Sofa, that is!







Riviera Convertibles sold in Exclusive Riviera Showrooms in California: Bakersfield • Compton • Culver City • Daly City • Downey • El Monte • Fullerton • Hollywood • Inglewood • Long Beach • Metropolitan Los Angeles, Crenshaw & Vernon • No. Hollywood • Oakland • Pacific Beach • Pasadena • Pomona • Reseda • Sacramento • San Bernardino • San Diego • San Francisco • San Jose • Santa Ana • Santa Monica • Ventura • Whittier • Las Vegas, Nev.
Home Offices: Riviera Mfg. Co., Inc., 3876 Santa Fe Ave., Los Angeles 58, Calif.

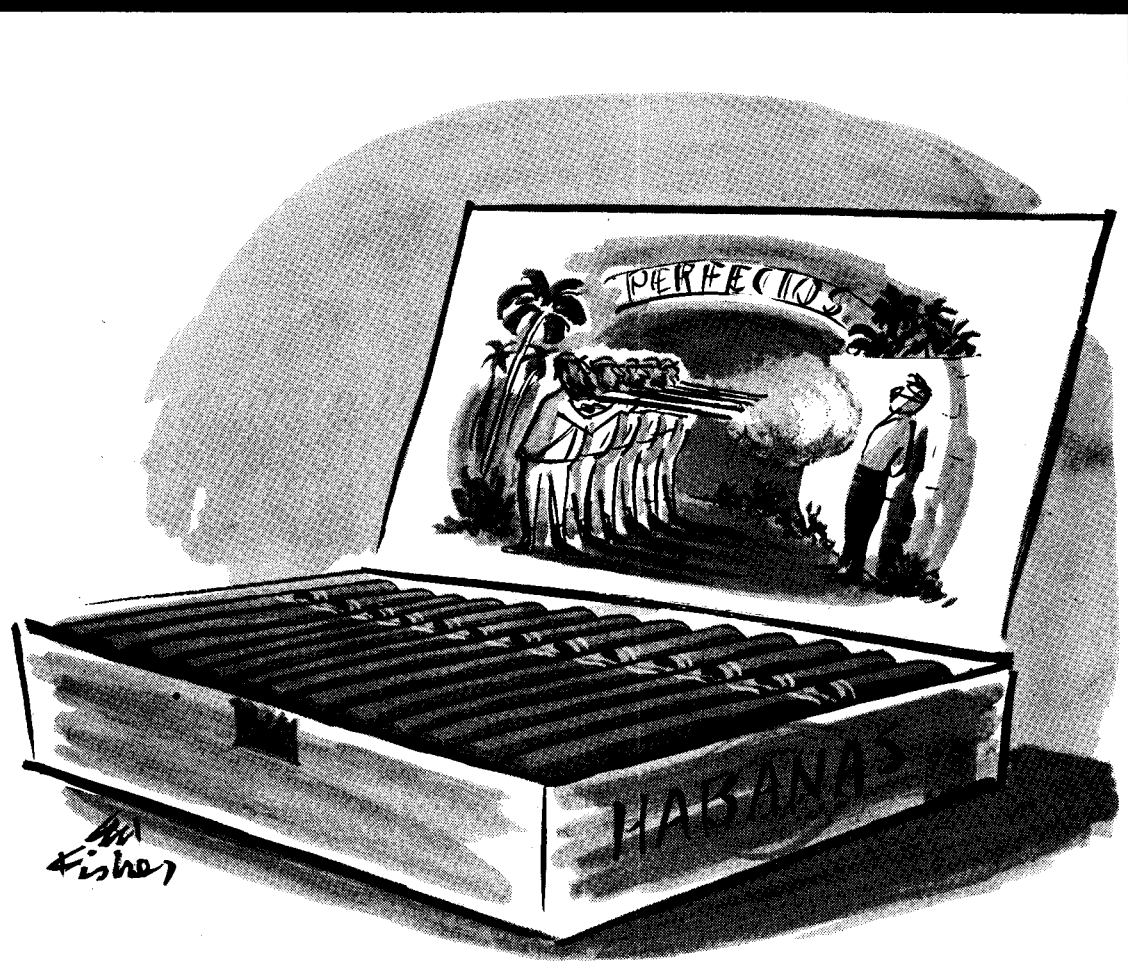
Chromspun is the trademark for Eastman color-locked acetate fiber. Only the fiber is made by Eastman, not fabrics or furniture.

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., *subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company*, 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post scripts

"I think we're behind schedule."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO TEACH YOUR SON ABOUT CRIME & PUNISHMENT

My eight-year-old son Mike stared at me. "Parents are funny kind of people," he said ruefully. He had a pained look on his face which was going to be more pained.

"You have to learn that crime does not pay. You swiped a quarter from your mother's teapot."

"That's the wrong place to keep money," Mike said, hoping to get me off into ramifications of investment policy.

"You swiped it, didn't you?"

"You're just guessing," Mike said. "It isn't fair to spank me when you are just guessing. You should have to prove it."

"You had a quarter in your hands, and you were broke an hour ago."

"You're just guessing I swiped it," he persisted.

"Did you swipe it?"

Mike groaned. "Yes. But you didn't know it. You just guessed. You would have spanked me anyway."

"Not if I were wrong. Bend over."

Mike looked annoyed. "The least you could do is force me. I have to bend over, and I have to bring you the paddle and everything. And what do I get? I get spanked."

"Crime does not pay," I insisted.

"You just guessed," Mike said. "I could of been innocent." He bent over reluctantly, staring up at me.

"You pleaded guilty," I said. "Now take your punishment." I raised the paddle, and Mike began to cry. I said, "I didn't even hit you yet."

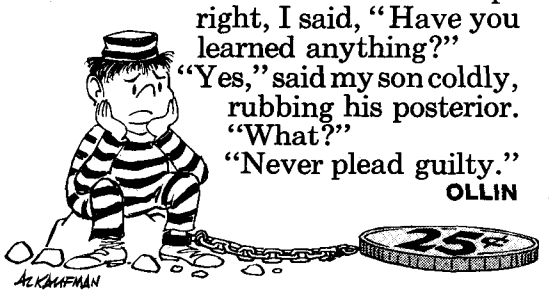
"I know. But you'll hit me until I cry, so I might as well start now." Irked, I brought down the paddle a number of times. Mike yowled fiendishly. When I was done and he was upright, I said, "Have you learned anything?"

"Yes," said my son coldly, rubbing his posterior.

"What?"

"Never plead guilty."

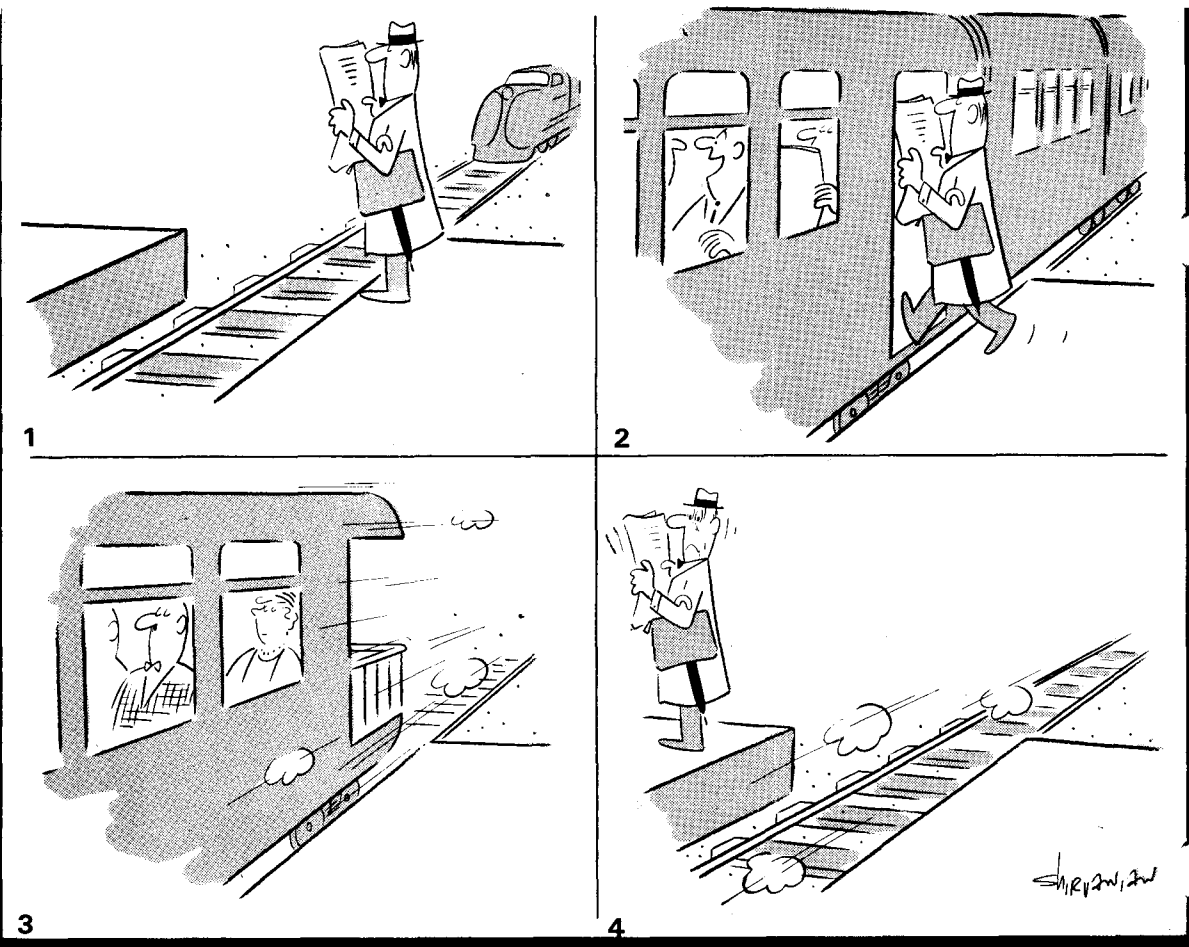
OLLIN

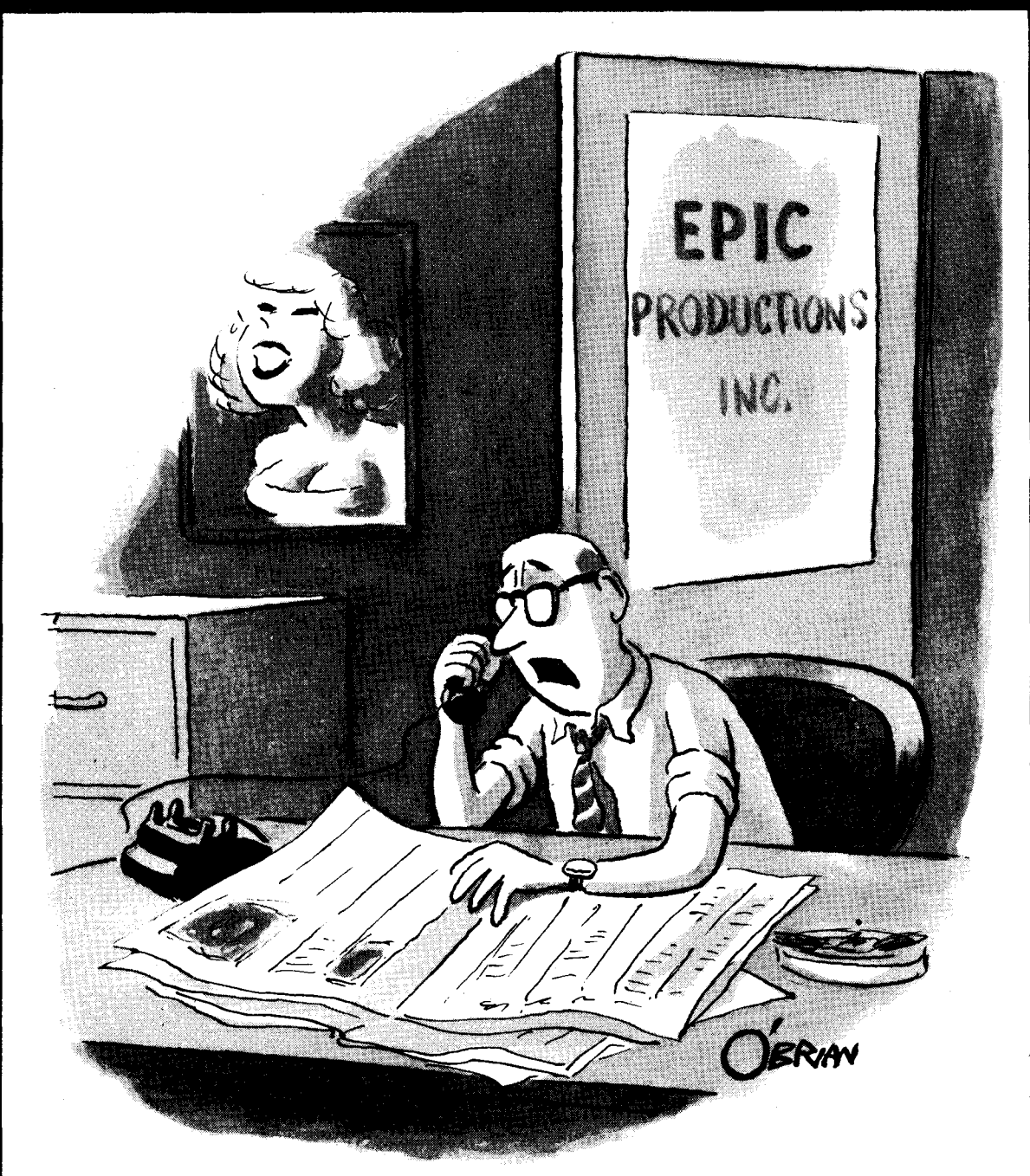


SOMETIMES I THINK I'LL GO A.W.O.L.

In view of what I've had to date,
Alas, it seems to me
I'm not the captain of my fate;
I'm just a Pfc!

Penny Pennington

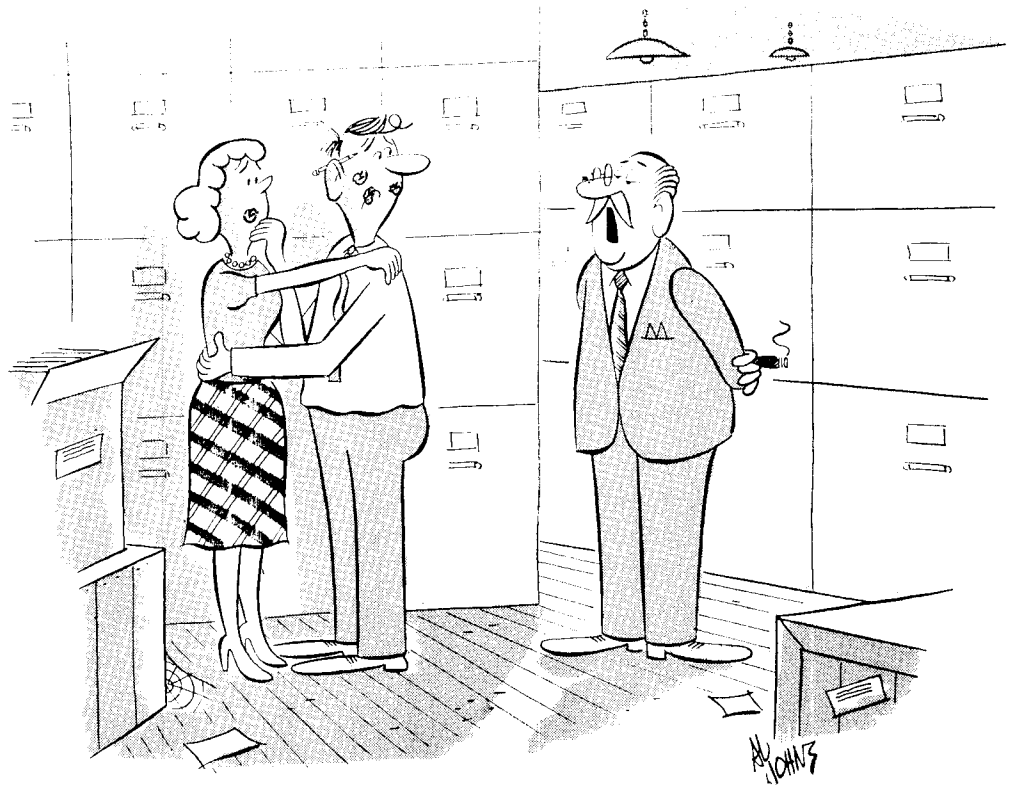




"We're dead! The reviews call it 'wholesome family entertainment.'"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

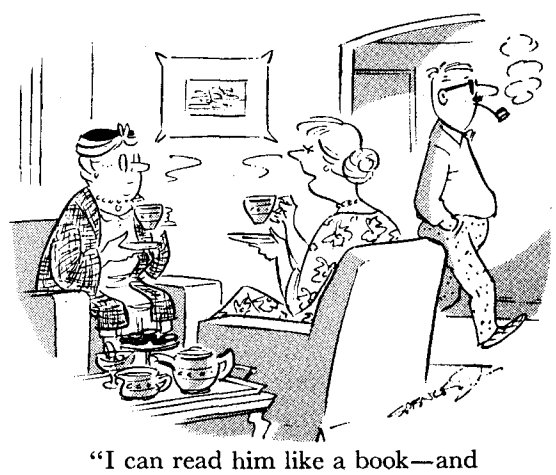
"Now, folks, in a moment you will hear the Mystery Voice!"



"There's a time and place for everything, Hibbley. I see you've discovered that."

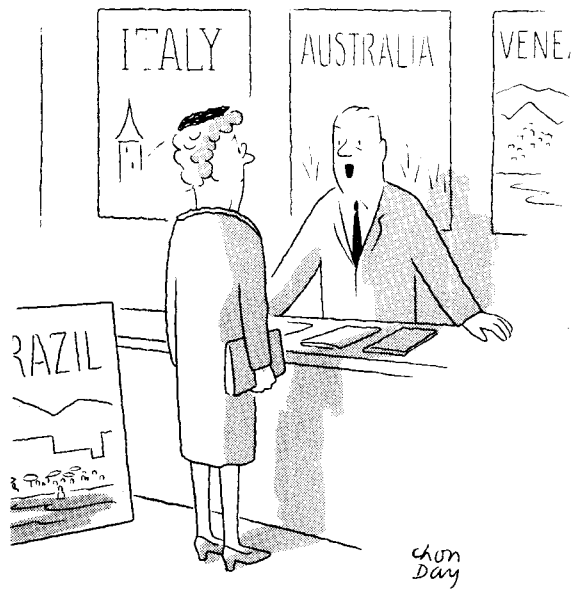
"Occupation? Well, if you promise to keep it under your hat,
I'm the kingpin in an international spy ring."

"I've found your operation very interesting,
but I'm afraid you have the wrong number."

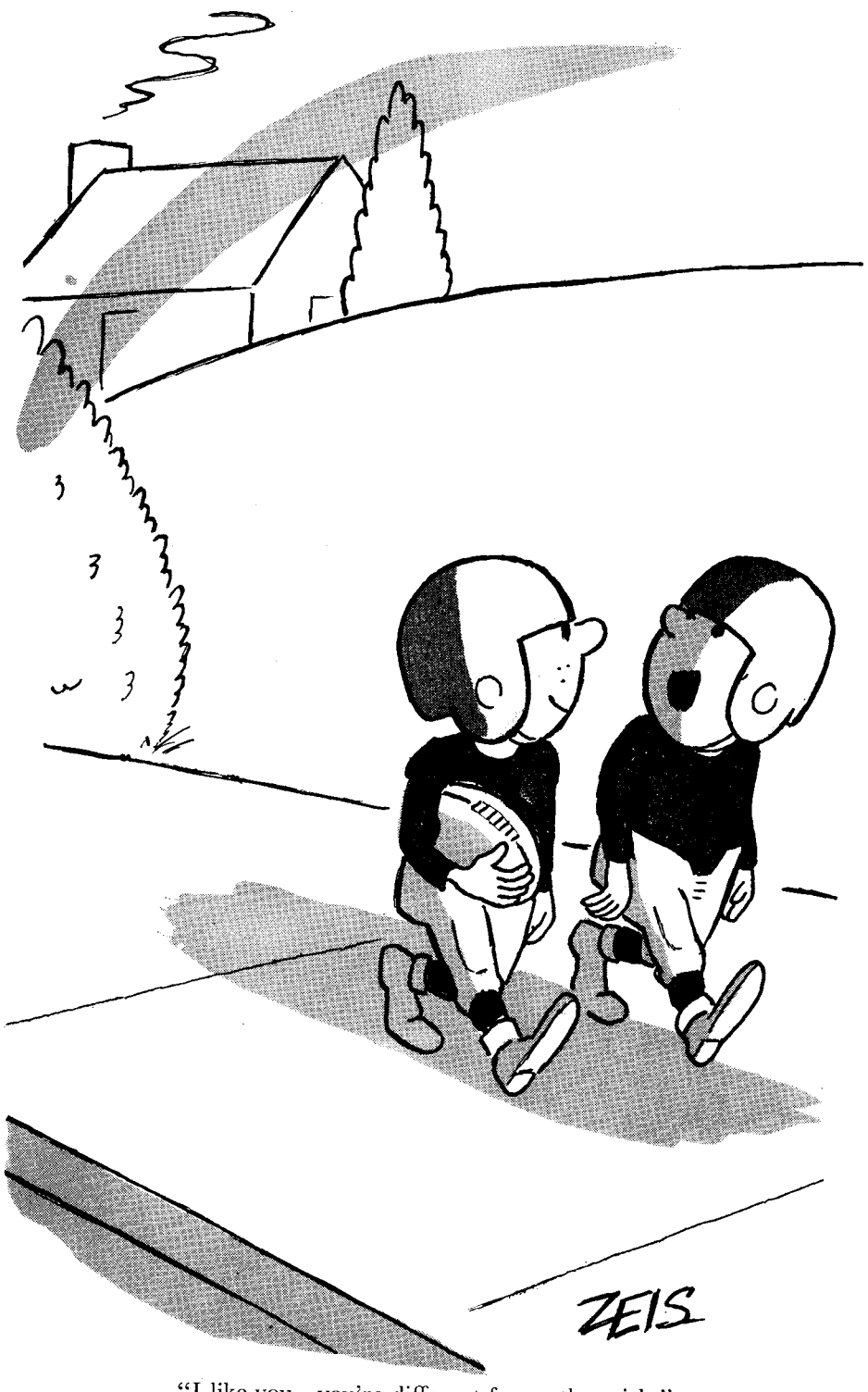


"I can read him like a book—and
a long dull tale it is, believe me."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



". . . or how about the romantic island of Samoa, where you will spend six exciting days and exotic nights, see the fertility rites . . ."



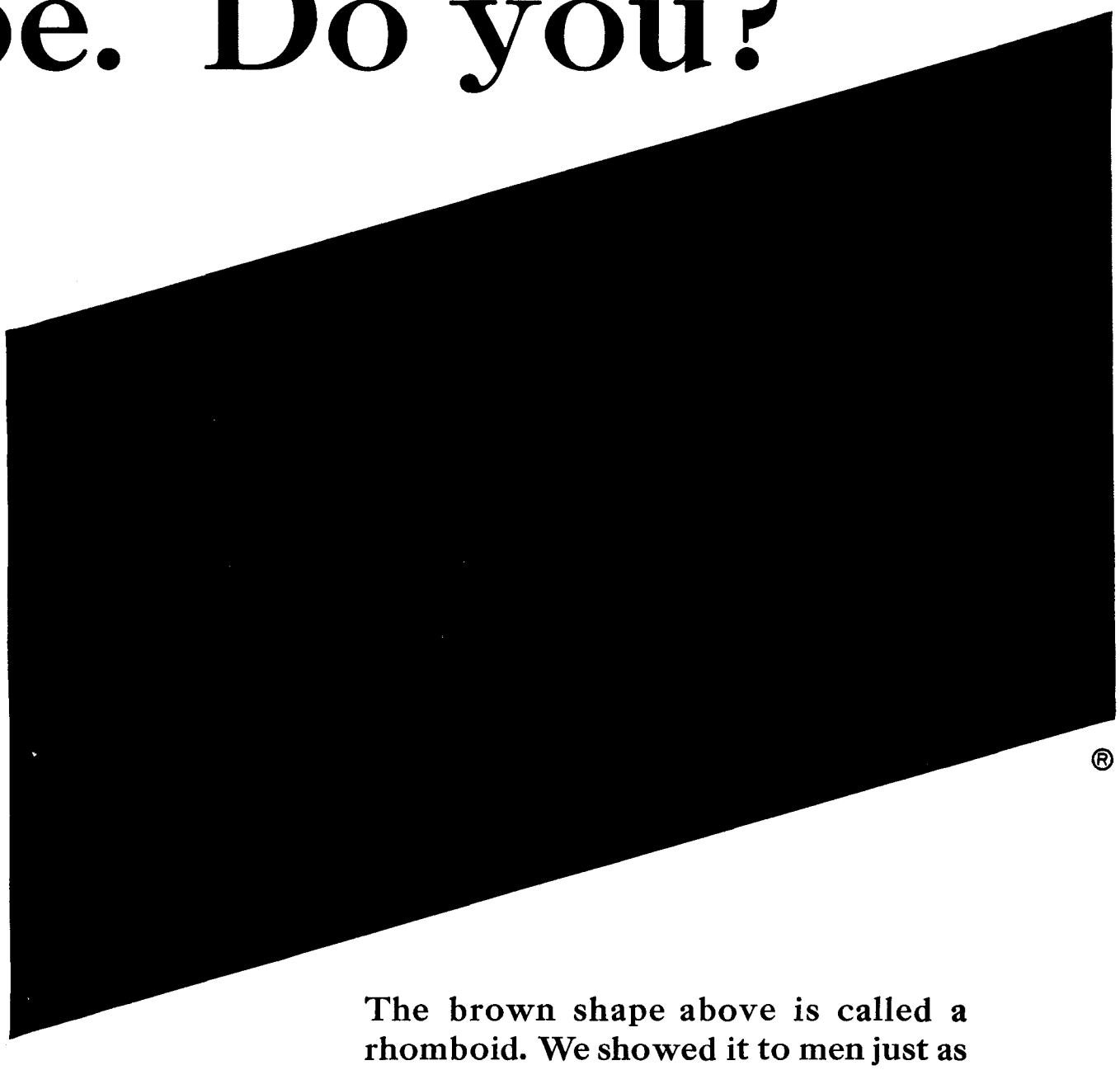
"I like you—you're different from other girls."

"They think I'm their mother."

"Ah, just what we need!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

72 out of 100 men recognized this shape. Do you?



®

The brown shape above is called a rhomboid. We showed it to men just as you see it here and said, "What trademark is this?"

72 per cent of them said, "Schlitz!"

Those men recognize the mark of a great beer.

When you taste the beer behind this famous shape you'll recognize the *taste* of a great beer, and that's a lot more important.

How about a Schlitz?

© 1961 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N.Y., Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEARTLESS HEIDI

continued from page 29

is no room for two cats in one bag. 'Raus with you—go elsewhere!" And so I did, but we remained on good terms and often met through the years that followed.

Let me say here that Heidi had no great versatility. She had examined herself with her habitual icy detachment—and she was even more merciless with herself than with her confreres—and discovered that her perfect role was that of Little Fifi.

Now you will ask me, "Who and what is Little Fifi?" I'll explain, for perhaps the term has become obsolete. Little Fifi is not necessarily the name of a character. It is a generic term for a certain type of character—or used to be in Europe in the old days. Little Fifi is the girl who, suffering pangs of unrequited love for the handsome hero, dons boys' clothes—which happen to fit her as closely as a wet bathing suit—and, pretending to be a boy, follows him. Heidi evolved an interminable series of variations on this time-worn theme. Sometimes she was a sailor, sometimes a bandit, a soldier, a curate, a pirate, anything that came into her head—this vest-pocket Venus, whose feminine charms were overwhelmingly obvious to the delighted audience although the performers seemed quite unaware of them. And, oh, the situations she got into, and the predicaments she got out of! No, there never was a Little Fifi like Heidi Hohe. And what a pantomimist, and how she could wink—why, she could do as much with her eyelids as Mae West could do with her hips! In the last scene, Little Fifi appears in a stunning evening dress; the silly hero wonders where she has been all his life, and so, curtain.

All Europe went wild over her, and when she came to America, she made a furor in New York, Chicago and San Francisco too. It was hard at first for English-speaking audiences to understand what she was talking about; but that did not matter. Money poured in, and she grabbed it greedily. She paid her company regularly and well, but once her profits were in the bank, red-hot pincers could not have made her part with a penny.

Her admirers continued to make her handsome gifts. She accepted them as her due. "Take, always take," she said to me once, showing me a block of shares some financier had given her with a view to winning her favor. "Make it a motto. There is no need to be greedy; simply take and keep and give nothing. Some stage-door Johnny offers you a diamond, with a leer, 'as a token of admiration for your talent'—accept it precisely as such. If he offers to take liberties, say, 'Sir, you admire my talent. You have expressed your admiration. If you wish to continue to admire me, do so from the auditorium—I am to be seen best from there. Thanks for the diamond. Beat it!'"

She was a hard one, our little Heidi! But time passed, and most marvelously she rode with it. At forty she was still Little Fifi. At forty-five she had, she told me, a little operation to take up some loose skin in her throat. Approaching fifty, there she was, the same Little Fifi, with the same frenetic energy and as many admirers as ever. Only, close up, a sharp eye could detect signs of age in her face.

She was a phenomenon. She attributed her still-youthful appearance to the fact that she had never let herself be touched by human emotion. "Nothing ages a woman like grief," she told me, "and where there is love there is grief."

"Surely one must sometimes feel pity?"

"No. For where there is pity there is love," said she.

I said, "Thank God, I never had any looks to lose. One of these days, as the Americans say, you will get your comeuppance, Heidi."

"Comeuppance," she said. "Strange phrase! But look—how old are you,?"

"About thirty-six," I answered.

"And I am close to fifty," said Heidi. "And look—can you do this?" Bending backward, she touched her heels with her head and sprang erect again.

I said dryly, "No, I cannot. But I must practice. It will, no doubt, be a great comfort to me in my old age, to knock my head against my heels."

A few years later we met in Mexico City, where she was playing *Little Fifi at the Circus*. If she had been strong enough to lift twice her weight in her arms, she had not the power to raise the corners of her mouth one sixteenth of an inch from where they had to go, which was downward. The acid in her soul was making an etching of her face.

Heidi surprised me by saying, "Bella, tell me—what would you say if I told you that I was going to be married?"

Some women who wear slacks should wear them more so.

Vivian Thompson

I answered, "Who?"

"The Duke Otakar of Moldavia," she replied. "And he is not a fortune hunter. You may rest assured that I had him looked up. His title is genuine, and his credit rating quite substantial for a duke—he can draw on about half a million dollars, American."

I said, "Oh, has Heartless Heidi at last taken her emotions out of cold storage?"

"Maybe. If so, so what?"

"Cook them quickly, or they might go bad," I said.

Scarcely listening, she went on, "The other day, when I was doing my morning exercises, I felt something like a knife stab right between the shoulder blades. I cried out in pain. None of my friends were behind me, so it could not have been a knife. And all of a sudden I felt ever so lonely. Otakar loves me truly—I can read genuine emotion."

"How old is this Otakar?" I asked.

"What's the difference? I am old enough for two. The women adore him."

"Ah, bah!" I said. "You want only to irritate your enemies, nothing more."

"Why not?" she demanded. "One's greatness may be gauged by the number of one's enemies. Look at Napoleon!"

I replied, "Look at a rabbit. All creation is his enemy."

"Rabbits survive," said Heidi.

"By breeding," I said. "Well?"

"Enough! I will present you to the duke tonight," said Heidi.

So that night at a small and carefully select dinner party I met the Duke Otakar of Moldavia. He was a handsome man of something less than forty. Thinking of him as Heidi's husband, I said to myself, *Poor Duke Otakar!* But then I observed his friend and secretary, Monsieur George Pappas, who was always at his elbow, and I thought again. For Monsieur Pappas, to a reader of faces like myself, was as tricky as a skeleton key. His head was narrow, as if pressed between two boards, and he had hair like tin and cool tinny hands and a curious silvery-gray quality of skin too. Pappas was dressed all in dark gray, although the other men were in evening dress, and he had a peculiar little subdued voice that reminded you of someone cleverly picking a well-oiled lock in the dead of night.

After our respectable little party was over and the duke and Monsieur Pappas had gone to their suite—for we were all staying at the exclusive, the sumptuous, the horribly expensive Hotel Chirimayo—Heidi said to me, "Well, Bella?"

"Well what?"

"What do you think?"

I said, "This is what I think: I think that whatever I say I think to a woman like you when she has made up her mind must start an argument. Marry your duke, be a duchess, and bless you!"

"But what *do* you think?"

"Well, your Otakar is somehow too pliable, too sweet for my liking."

"So? Do you think I marry a husband to argue with him? Otakar is like a child. I think that's what I like most about him," said Heidi. "He loves me for myself. He ——"

"All right, all right! But I don't like Monsieur Pappas," I said.

"No more do I. But the minute we're married, I'll get rid of that one in just about as long as it takes to say. 'You're fired,'" said she.

Then we sat and talked of a hundred and one trivialities until nearly two o'clock in the morning, when she said, "Before I go to bed, let us take a mouthful of this nice cool night air in the gardens."

I agreed. We walked among the shrubberies in silence until we came to a stone bench under a great overhanging tree and there we sat in the starlight and the shadow, each engrossed in her own thoughts. Then she stiffened and said, "Someone's coming."

I listened. "Two men," I said. "Watchmen, perhaps?"

"Stupid! Since when did watchmen smoke fifty-cent cigars?" Then, listening intently, she said, "It's Otakar and that man Pappas! Hush, now. They're coming this way. They're talking. I love to hear what people are saying when they don't think I'm listening. Not a word—not a breath, not a motion. Wait!"

Sure enough, growing clearer as they approached, I distinguished the soft bass of the Duke of Moldavia and the oiled picklock voice of Monsieur Pappas. They stopped, not five yards from where Heidi and I were sitting.

They stood silent for a little while. Then suddenly Otakar said, "Damn it, no, Pappas! You drive too hard a bargain!"

Pappas said, "My friend, I have been very patient with you. Be advised—do not try my patience too far." There was infinite menace in his little voice. "I am not going to argue with you all night. You will do as I say and sign what I have told you to sign, or I cut my losses and send you to the devil."

"Our agreement was ——"

Pappas interrupted. "I know exactly what our agreement was, Otakar. Read it again yourself. My percentage is subject to fluctuations in what we call 'overheads' and may be varied, terms to be mutually agreed on."

"We don't mutually agree," said the duke sullenly. "Two thirds for you and one for me doesn't suit."

"We are going to mutually agree," said Pappas. "First, consider my outlay. The cost of living has changed somewhat since Nineteen Twenty. This is the year Nineteen Twenty-six, my friend. Up to now—I have your signed notes—your clothes, your cars, your entertainments and so on have cost me two hundred thousand dollars. For the look of your credit rating, I have tied up half a million dollars of capital. True, part of the miscalculation is mine, for I had planned on marrying you to that Californian heiress, and I might have known that you would have bungled the affair. Since then I have trained you in the art of wooing. I have even paid a hack to write your poetry for you! I overestimated you. My error of judgment has cost me dear ——"

"That half million is still yours, since it can't be drawn on without your signature," the duke broke in.

"The Californian girl," Pappas went on, as if he had not heard, "was worth eight million. I should have been perfectly content with one third of that. But time has passed, expenses have mounted, and this woman Heidi has, let me see"—I heard the snap of a cigarette case and the gentle tapping of a cigarette against it as Pappas counted—"Heidi has about two million dollars American; about one hundred thousand pounds sterling, a million and a half good Swiss francs and a few more assets. We'll write off her Russian, Romanian, Hungarian, Austrian and German holdings as waste paper. Still, that leaves about three million. It will have to do, but I must have two thirds of it. Is my time and trouble valueless? Why, the engagement ring alone is worth twenty thousand dollars!"

The duke muttered, "Was it necessary to spend so much for the ring?"

"Oh," said Pappas, "a jewel is always worth something. Besides, I'll get it back after the wedding. I have got that ring back six times to date."

"And I," cried the duke, "*I* have to marry that aged clown!"

"Listen, once again, Otakar. Why do you think I made you a Mexican? And why did I pick on this denationalized woman for you? She will marry you under Mexican law and will thereby become a Mexican. No? Well, are you not aware that under existing Mexican law a married woman may possess not one penny of her own? Her money falls into your lap. As for living with her—you'll divorce her, or she you, in a year."

"And claim her property back," said Otakar bitterly.

"Yes, perhaps But you will have lost the lot, you see, in 'unfortunate speculations.' That is my department. So, you come out of it all about three quarters of a million to the good. So sign. Agree, Otakar—no more discussion."

"And what if I refuse?"

"Nothing much," said Pappas. "I could have you killed or crippled, of course. Or I could have you pursued to the ends of the earth by creditors. I think, however, I should just cut my losses and leave you to try and find a job. Well?"

"You win, Pappas. I marry the hag, and you take two thirds."

"Yes," said Pappas, "that is good. Tomorrow—today, rather—is Sunday. We will have a betrothal party on Wednesday and a quick marriage. Now to bed."

They went, and when the sound of their footsteps had died away, Heidi put her face in my lap and wept like a lost child. I, trying to comfort her, said, "There, darling, it is like having your tonsils out. If it happens when you are very young, it doesn't hurt much. But after thirty ——"

"What are you talking about?"

"Love," I said.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why, you fool!" she cried. "What has love got to do with it? Do you realize that I shall never be able to play Little Fifi again as long as I live?" Then she sat up, haggard and tear-stained in the starlight. "Back to the hotel," she said. "I have to send a most urgent telegram."

And the contents of this telegram I entured a guess at two days later when, on the eve of her betrothal to the Duke Otakar, she received a cable from New York. It said: MOTHER CRITICALLY ILL. RETURN NEW YORK IMMEDIATELY, GEZA. The cable arrived just as she—woman of ice!—was thanking Otakar for her engagement ring, a superb emerald surrounded with diamonds. "Beloved," said she, "the banquet must be postponed for a week or so. My mother is eighty-five. I must go to her. Wait here until I return, dear Otakar."

Then she was off, like an arrow from a bow, to catch a train. As I kissed her good-by, I asked, "Do you feel no bitterness toward Otakar?"

"No," she said. "He is no worse than I am, only stupid. I feel bitterness toward myself."

"And Pappas?" I asked.

"Ah," said Heidi, "*that's* the one I ught to have married! But this will .it him where it hurts most." And she held up the engagement ring.

And in New York City she rallied her troupe, remodeled her program and set out to storm Europe again. But she never played Little Fifi again. She was what you might call mistress of ceremonies in *Heidi's Varieties*, a most lavish and elaborate show which she took to every city where, in the past, she had made a sensation. But this was Nineteen Twenty-six now, and tastes had changed. She had not. She lost money, but not confidence—so much the worse for her, because the more she lost, the more she plunged.

And so, one day in Nineteen Twenty-nine, while I was coming from the customs office in New York, I met Little Heidi on Broadway. She said, "Ho! Have you been buying stocks on margin also?"

"Not I," I said. "Have you?"

"I have. My broker has just jumped out of a fifteenth-story window. I have paid off my troupe, and that's that. I sold my jewels. But I saved this for you." She gave me a little watch, such as ladies used to pin on their bosoms. It was shaped like a coffin, and on its dial, exquisitely engraved, were the words, THIS, TOO, SHALL PASS.

"Oh, my poor Heidi!" I exclaimed.

"Not so poor actually. I still have my *schwung*. And some years ago I bought myself an annuity of a hundred and sixty dollars a month. A lady may live modestly on a hundred and sixty dollars a month surely? An old lady? And let us face it—Heidi has had it. *Na!* Let us have a glass of wine for old times' sake."

So we went to a decent little Hungarian café I knew, not far from Washington Square, and outside it stood a blind old man playing a zither. Heidi stopped and said to him, ı her barbarous East European ıngua franca composed of Romanian, Russian, Polish and Hungarian, "Can you play Miska Borzo's *csárdás?*" He smiled and began to play. Then, to my amazement, Little Heidi kicked off her shoes and started in to dance on the pavement! A little crowd collected, laughing and applauding. After a minute or two she stopped, breathless, and said to me, "Dancing to a zither in the gutter came I into the bright lights of the great world, and dancing to a zither in the gutter ——" She left the sentence unfinished, but snapped her fingers with great eloquence.

So we had our glass of wine and, since our roads lay apart, kissed each other farewell; and I did not see her again for many a long year.

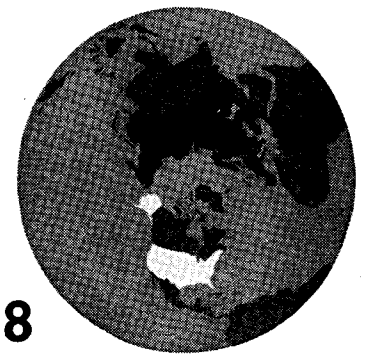
There you have the story of Heidi, and I am glad you did not say anything witty, because hers is the unquenchable spirit.

Bella Barlay sighed softly. "And still Heidi survives," she said.

I said, "One could live on forty dollars a week in Nineteen Twenty-nine. But this is Nineteen Sixty-one. How does she manage to live on that amount now?"

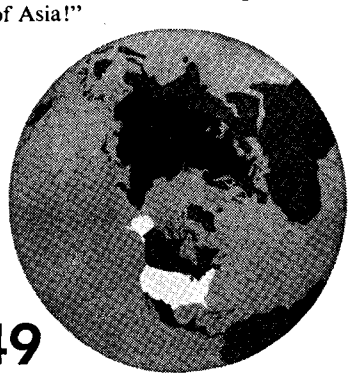
Ruminatively sucking the ink stain on her finger, Bella Barlay said, "One must assume that someone, somewhere, still likes her." Then she idly locked the drawer in which she kept her checkbook and went on to talk of other things. THE END

IS THE COMMUNIST TIMETABLE FOR WORLD CONQUEST ON SCHEDULE?



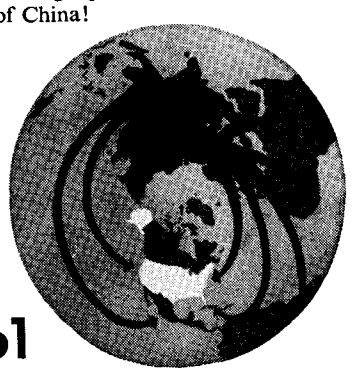
1918

By skillful use of propaganda and mass terror, the Communists seized control of Russia. Lenin set the Communist timetable in these words: "First we shall take Eastern Europe. Next the masses of Asia!"



1949

Lenin's prophecy was fulfilled by Stalin! By 1949, all of Eastern Europe was under Communist control. Stalin's military alliance with Mao Tse-tung spread Communism to the masses of China!



1961

Lenin also said: "We shall encircle . . . the United States . . . it will fall like an overripe fruit into our hands!" Now holding Cuba, the Communists plan to carry out their orders in Berlin, Laos, Africa, even Latin America!

Add It Up . . . The Recent Record Is Inescapable . . . The Speed Frightening

1949 China
1951 Tibet
1954 N. Vietnam
1961 Cuba

THIS VERY MINUTE, the Communists threaten West Berlin, Laos, parts of Africa and Latin America.

So far the Communist timetable *is running on schedule!*

How can they be stopped? What can a private citizen do?

Look at the one big problem spot for Communism—Eastern Europe! Here, over 5 million people have defected to the Free World. Here the Communists are vulnerable. Here you can help—by supporting *Radio Free Europe!*

What does it do? Every day, to 80 million captive people behind the Iron Curtain, it broadcasts the plain truth . . . religious services . . . the *real news* of the outside world. It keeps these people from succumbing to Communism. It keeps alive their belief in the Free World . . . their friendship for America. Broadcasting from 28 transmitters, RFE reaches over 90% of these people.

The fate of these people is of vital consequence to the cause of freedom . . . the future of your children. Eastern Europe is the strategic area . . . the area of decision between Russia and the Free World. These captive nations help tie up 26 Russian divisions stationed to prevent uprisings. These captive people pose a major obstacle to the Communist advance. *They depend on Radio Free Europe. It is their strongest link with the Free World!*

But Radio Free Europe needs money now to continue its important mission. It is privately supported and depends on individual Americans. *Your help is needed.* Will you help stop the Communist advance? . . . Give ten dollars? . . . Give five dollars? . . . Or whatever you can!

Mail your contribution *now* to:

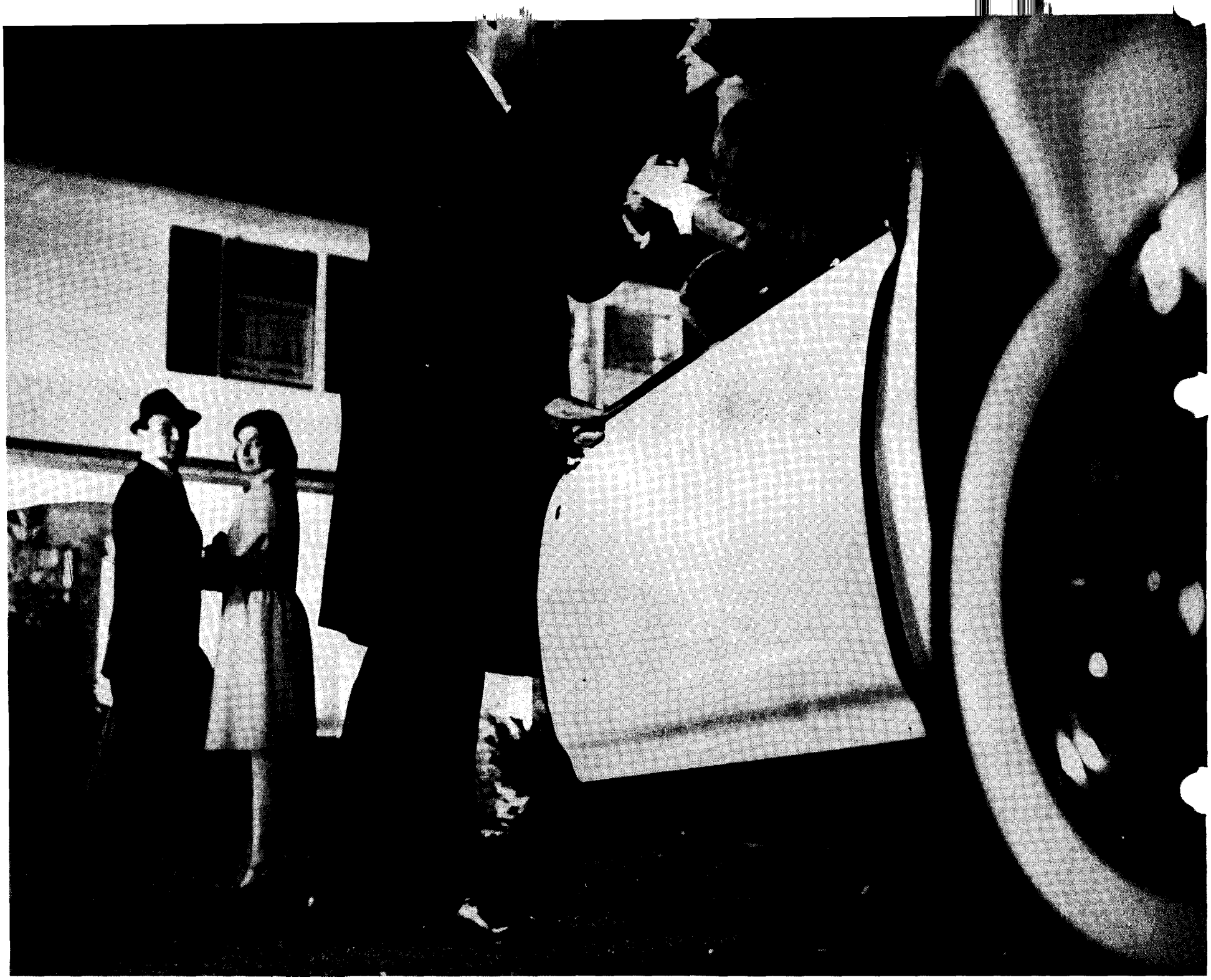
RADIO FREE EUROPE

The American People's Counter-Voice to Communism.

Radio Free Europe Fund, Box 1962, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

This advertisement is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the magazine publishers of America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Money-wisdom" is the key to making money travel further.

Do they get more mileage from money than you do?

This is not a matter of more miles per gallon, but rather, of more living per dollar.

In part, enjoying life fully is a question of attitude. However, it is also a question of *aptitude*. People who make the most of their lives also make the most of their money. Often, behind this "money-wisdom," stands a full-service commercial bank. It's the most *experienced* kind of financial institution.

You see, full-service commercial banks are not limited to savings and a few kinds of loans. They have no "blind spots." By law, they can help you in more ways than others can. Only a full-service bank offers you all this: a checking account, a savings account, all kinds of loans, and financial counselling that has depth and thoroughness.

And one thing more. The bank that knows you best can best speak for you. As you work with a full-service bank you build a solid business reputation . . . a "standing" in your community. And that, too, as you probably know, is "money in the bank."

Foundation for Commercial Banks, Phila. 1, Pa.

Full-Service Commercial Banks

Full BANK Service®

help you make the most of your money

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUR NEW LOVE POEMS BY

ROBERT GRAVES

THE HORIZON

ON A CLEAR DAY HOW THIN THE HORIZON
DRAWN BETWEEN SEA AND SKY,
BETWEEN SEA-LOVE AND SKY-LOVE;
AND AFTER SUNSET HOW DEBATABLE
EVEN FOR AN HONEST EYE!

'DO AS YOU WILL TONIGHT,'
SAID SHE, AND SO I DID
BY MOONLIGHT, CANDLELIGHT,
CANDLELIGHT AND MOONLIGHT,
WHILE PILLOWED CLOUDS THE FAR HORIZON HID.

IN HER PRAISE

This they know well: The Goddess yet abides.
Though each new lovely woman whom she rides,
Straddling her neck a year or two or three,
Should sink beneath such weight of majesty
And, groping back to humankind, betray
The headlong power that whitened all her way
With a broad track of trefoil—leaving you
Her chosen lover, ever again thrust through
With daggers, your purse rifled, your rings gone;
Nevertheless they call you to live on
To parley with the pure, oracular dead,
To hear the wild pack shimpering overhead,
To watch the moon tugging at her cold tides.
Woman is mortal woman. She abides.

THE TRANCE

Since the night in which you stole
  Like a phantom to my bed,
Seized my throat and from it wrung
  Vows that could not be unsaid:

Here beneath my arching ribs
  Red-hot embers, primed to be
Blown upon by winds of love,
  Scorch away mortality.

Like sledge hammers my two fists,
  My broad forehead grim with pride,
Muscles corded on my calves
  And my frame gigantified.

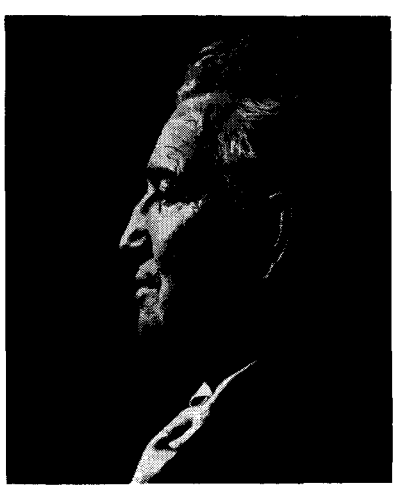
Nor can our desires concur
  Except where and how you will;
Desperation of which fall
  Grinds my marrow in a mill.

Yet your watching for an hour
  That our mutual stars will bless
Proves you more entranced than I
  Who go parched in hope of less.

VARIABLES OF GREEN

GRASS-GREEN AND ASPEN-GREEN,
LAUREL-GREEN AND SEA-GREEN,
FINE-EMERALD-GREEN,
AND MANY ANOTHER HUE:
AS GREEN COMMANDS THE VARIABLES OF GREEN
SO LOVE MY MANY LOVES OF YOU.

Robert Ranke Graves, a native of London, was born in 1895 and resides on the island of Majorca. He is one of the most prolific living writers. His works include archaeology, Biblical studies, novels (including the famous best seller I, Claudius), *criticism, history, translation, short stories and, of course, poetry. At present he holds the highly esteemed Chair of Poetry at Oxford University. His influence on many of the young poets of today in England is very strong and is best noted in the work of Philip Larkin and Thom Gunn. His reputation as the great living English poet is hardly questionable, although he prefers the epithet "good." At its best, Graves's poetry stands as a unique and major refreshment of the traditional English lyric. Mr. Graves holds no earned university degrees.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAVE OUR TEACHERS COLLEGES FAILED?

continued from page 31

result, according to one critic, is that "They surround themselves with men of equal inability and drive out the few intelligent students they get by chance." The president of one Midwest teachers college—a man with academic background—says, "They lack either the conviction or the ability to hire capable Ph.D.'s which they need so badly in English, history and other fields. They load their staffs with other education majors who teach academic courses about which they know little. Some of these people become department heads."

Scornfully he says, "They are 'idea' men. They season their comments with a smattering of John Dewey; they have read a book or two about American history, another about the evils of Communism, and have memorized extensively from Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* and other short cuts to culture.

"Underneath," he continues, "is a conglomerate of formal study in how to operate the free-lunch program, driver education, methods of teaching and the supervision of janitors. When courses are selected by such men, the result is Methods of Teaching Arithmetic in the Elementary Grades, followed by Improvement of Instruction in Arithmetic in the Elementary Grades; but there may be no arithmetic course itself."

In addition there is the problem of intellectual incest—the process of building a faculty from former students whose horizons are not much broader than the institutions which trained them. At Sam Houston State Teachers, for example, three of the six deans received at least one of their degrees from the college they are now administering; eleven of the twenty-five department heads have one or more degrees from Sam Houston, and three of them have their only degrees from Sam Houston. It must be said, however, that some of the younger deans are embarrassed by this inbreeding—as they are about a baton-twirling course they offer.

Not all teacher-training institutions, of course, have genetic problems. Transylvania College in Lexington, Kentucky, for example, has recruited its faculty from some of the nation's most respected liberal-arts colleges. It is noted for its strong humanities courses and for offering no more education courses than those which are required for certification. About 40 per cent of its graduates become teachers, and these are frequently preferred by Kentucky school superintendents over graduates of the nearby University of Kentucky.

But Transylvania administrators are unhappy about the high grades granted by their education professors. Once Transylvania was so influenced by its education department that no student flunked a course—"Students might not pass, but they never fail," said its educationists. This custom has changed, but a recent Transylvania survey showed that the average grade given in education is B, while in English, mathematics and natural sciences it is C.

This kind of grading is common in teacher-training institutions throughout the country. Liberal arts deans throw up their hands at the practice. One told me, "We can do nothing except exert mild pressure when we find an education professor granting all A's and no failures." Some educationists argue that "reward is more effective than punishment." George W. Ebeling, head of Transylvania's department of education, told me his professors were justified in granting high grades because they "are better teachers and get better results."

Last year the college of education at the University of Georgia came under close legislative scrutiny after Harold E. Davis of the Atlanta *Journal* reported that prospective teachers had intelligence levels below university average, but received grades in education courses that were well above university average. Testifying before the legislature's subcommittees on teacher education, Davis quoted an education professor from another Georgia institution: "We must consider that principals who hire teachers don't want those who have made C's. Some of us who teach education are not convinced of the validity of the grading system anyway, so we give a B even though the student has done poor work. Also, people entering the teaching profession are people-oriented rather than academically-oriented. We tend to do the kind thing and give our students high grades."

Since Davis's testimony, Georgia requires more subject matter and has toughened requirements for a master's degree in education. "There has been a tightening of spirit," Davis says, "but it's difficult to measure results. The schools of education are going slowly and reluctantly."

One reason for the plodding progress of teachers colleges is that state legislatures have neglected them, often setting teachers-college faculty salaries lower than those at state universities, thus making it almost impossible to hire topflight professors. However, the intellectual climate is so bland at some institutions that more money might be wasted. The 3300 students at Eastern Kentucky State College in Richmond rarely read newspapers, magazines or books other than textbooks. The campus bookstore does not sell them. Richmond itself has no bookstore. The tiny public library is open only a few hours a week. The campus library offers newspapers and periodicals, but it is rarely visited by students for any reason. A dean told me, "We know this, but we don't know what to do about it." Obviously Eastern Kentucky professors cannot consider books or libraries very important, for they do not make sure that their students use them. And it would seem that the professors themselves do not read, for they cannot read what they cannot get. If they did read, a merchant long ago would have found it profitable to open a bookstore in town, and the campus bookstore would be more than an office-supply shop. However, Eastern Kentucky is changing, at least physically. New buildings are rising on the campus; near the silent library the sound of the jackhammer mixes with the laughter of young people at the soda fountain.

There is also new construction at Sam Houston State Teachers College. It has a new $1,000,000 science building, dormitories are under construction, and there

Pep rally at Arkansas State Teachers College. Is the education of today's teachers really worth cheering about?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are plans for a library addition and a new student-union building. Sam Houston, with its 4500 students, is in Huntsville, a warm, friendly town of 12,000 which thrives on timber, cattle and college students. Despite its eighty-two years as a college town, Huntsville has neither public library nor bookstores; and the drugstores carry no out-of-town newspapers.

On the campus every building is air-conditioned, but the college bookstore, like Eastern Kentucky's, is merely a distribution center for required textbooks. It sells no magazines or newspapers, or any of the hundreds of thought-provoking paperbacks that challenge students in large universities. A senior, who will teach in a Texas high school next year, told me, "Oh, if you want something to read, there's a *Times Magazine* that comes out every month or so, I think. That's supposed to be pretty good, you know? It has stuff about politics and foreign lands, and that sort of thing, you know?"

Despite these shortcomings, the American teachers college at times measures up surprisingly well. Sam Houston, for example, supplies most of the teachers for the local high school. Last year Huntsville High produced three semifinalists and two honorable mentions in the National Merit Scholarships, and its graduates are receiving large scholarships from M.I.T., Harvard, Texas A.&M. and Stanford.

Like many other teacher-training schools Sam Houston is in transition. In addition to its new admission standards it is discouraging elective courses in education and insisting that English majors take a foreign language. It is recruiting professors from other colleges to bolster its faculty. The education department has become so sharp that it is known as the college's "hatchet division."

Other colleges are hiring new heads and submitting to reform. Two years ago Western Washington State College installed James L. Jarrett as president. Jarrett, a vigorous, forty-three-year-old philosophy professor and former president of the Great Books Foundation, has strengthened his faculty with men from Harvard, Columbia, U.C.L.A., Stanford and Iowa. He has acquired an Irish short-story writer to teach English, an English painter for the art department, a geographer from India, a Polish demographer, a Lebanese sociologist and a visiting professor from Ghana.

Western has a new honors program to push high-ability students and is recruiting the top 5 per cent of the state's high-school graduates. It has a fine new campus bookstore and is offering its first instruction in philosophy.

Teacher education throughout the nation is improving, but the system is so huge, so entrenched, so much the product of intellectual inbreeding, that it will be another decade before the majority of our graduating teachers will be the intellectual equals of our liberal-arts-college graduates. In the meantime the nation's hope lies in existing teacher-training programs which take only superior high-school graduates, rigorously train them in an exciting intellectual atmosphere and find no room for professors who "do the kind thing" with high grades.

There are too few of these programs, but they can be found, usually in private colleges and universities with tough entrance requirements; sometimes in state universities; occasionally—but rarely—in institutions primarily designed to train teachers. At the moment throughout the nation professors of English, history, the sciences, are counseling their weaker students to transfer to education before they flunk out. "You'll make it in education," they say sadly. "And then you can get a job—teaching." In many institutions prospective teachers refuse to register in the education departments because they want their diplomas to read "liberal arts" instead of "education." A dean comments: "They fear the stigma of a teachers-college degree."

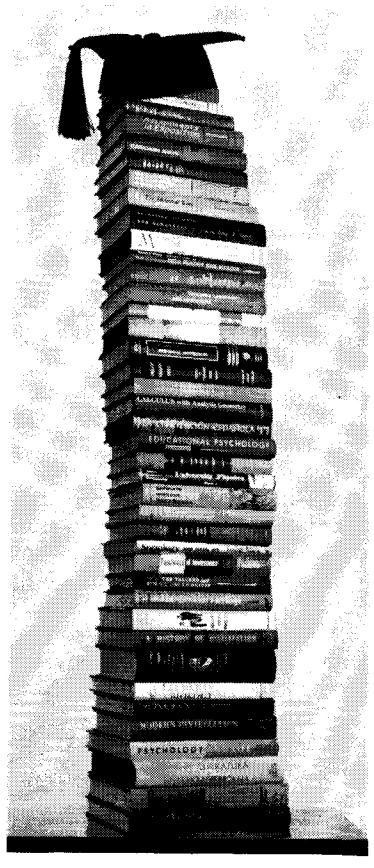
In general the stigma has been earned by those inbred education professors who accept the rejects of other academic disciplines and encourage them with unearned high grades while making them indifferent to knowledge.

However, the blame must be shared by others: school boards which hire substandard teachers-college graduates; parents who criticize teachers at home but rarely at school-board meetings; intelligent school superintendents who want to tighten standards but fear "public opinion." And there is blame, too, in the universities where liberal-arts professors scorn their education colleagues, satisfied to sneer but unwilling to help by working for reform in the academic councils.

Chiseled into the stone library of one of the nation's largest teachers colleges are the words: VIRGIL—GOETHE—POE—HUGO—TOLSTOI—HOMER. Yet these authors are poorly represented inside. A dean explained to me, "It must have been the architect's idea. And I bet he hasn't read them either."

Any massive reform of teacher education will come slowly and laboriously. But there is healthy dissatisfaction among teachers, students and the public. If their voices are heard, the libraries at all teachers colleges may one day contain the great books now advertised on their stone façades.

THE END



The books may be sound, but do the students *learn* to understand them?

The Saturday Evening
POST

READER OF WESTERN STORIES

Only $3.95

From 60 Years of Fine POST Westerns . . .

Here, in book form for your lasting enjoyment, are 20 of the best Westerns that have appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST over the past 60 years.

Luke Short, Bret Harte, Owen Wister, MacKinlay Kantor, Paul Horgan and Conrad Richter are but a few of the talented writers included in this rare collection. And they'll bring you the West in all its many moods—mountain adventures, prairie warfare, the gun-slingers era, gold fever, cowboy lawlessness, homesteading and the rest.

The book includes 18 short stories and 2 novelettes—all of them distinguished and memorable tales of the great American West. Until they were reprinted in this book, many of them had been unavailable to the general reader for quite a number of years.

And this unusual collection is yours for only $3.95, handsomely and sturdily bound to give you years of re-reading pleasure. It makes a wonderful gift, too!

Use the handy coupon on this page to place your order now. Your credit is good—there's no need to send cash with your order. We'll send a special greeting card to announce each gift you order. Mail the coupon today!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Dept. 1443 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

☐ Please send me___copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Reader of Western Stories

Name_____

Street or R.D._____

Town_____ Zone____ State_____

☐ Please send THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Reader of Western Stories as my gift to:

Name_____

Street or R.D._____

Town_____ Zone____ State_____

Sign my gift card_____

☐ Payment of $3.95 per copy enclosed (Penna. residents please add 4% sales tax)

☐ Bill me $3.95 per copy plus a few cents for postage and handling

If you are not completely satisfied with the book, return it within 10 days and receive a full refund—or pay nothing if you've asked to be billed.

Order additional gifts on a separate sheet of paper

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TERROR TIED WITH A BOW

continued from page 25

forward, giving him no chance. Aristide went to kneel behind the parapet of the fountain. Only when Perrier turned and gestured fiercely did he lie down.

He felt the hardness of the packed earth beneath his ribs and smelled, with sharpened senses, the shaly scent of it. Presently, because his desire to be involved less passively in something which so dangerously concerned the peace of the *Palais Royal* was too strong to be resisted, he edged his way forward until he could see round the curve of the parapet.

Perrier had reached the parcel and was examining it by the light of a powerful torch he had brought with him from the car. A few seconds later, with the deliberation of the expert, Perrier pinned the parcel firmly to the plinth with his left hand and took from his coat pocket a pair of wire cutters. He started to slide the lower jaw of the snips under the bright new string.

In the distance the noise of a detonation sounded. It was menacing—more vicious than the sudden blare of a motor horn, less sonorous than thunder.

Aristide felt taut nerves leap inside him like stretched springs. He saw Perrier freeze, becoming motionless and at the same time more alive, like an animal testing a scent on the breeze.

Thirty seconds passed. Then Perrier moved again. He squeezed the handles of his snips. The string parted. A second detonation broke the stillness of the night. This time it was more distant, and yet it was umistakably of the same kind.

Again Perrier became still. Then, with a gesture of decision, he turned to walk away from the parcel. He did not seem to hurry. Aristide could see that the strings were cut and laid neatly aside, but that the wrappings were undisturbed.

Perrier came to squat beside Aristide. Aristide waited until his companion had lighted a cigarette before asking the question that was urgent on his tongue. "Were they not explosives?"

"I think it very likely," Perrier said. "I preferred not to stay to make sure."

"Because of the other explosions?"

"Evidently," Perrier said. "Do you not see the pattern? For me, the first was suggestive, the second conclusive. These are protests surely—against the referendum. Small, nearly harmless charges planted in public places where they cause loud noises, alarm the public and aggravate the police. With them goes the inference that larger and less harmless charges could be planted in more vital places."

"So you mean to wait until this one explodes?" Aristide asked presently.

Perrier nodded. "They will have been timed to go off at the same moment; that, too, is in the pattern. It is only my good luck that the mechanism in the one we have here turned out to be slower than either of the others."

"What damage will be done when the parcel explodes?" Aristide demanded.

Perrier gestured contemptuously with his hand. "Zero," he said. "A few chips off our marble friend over there maybe, a few windows broken. No more."

Aristide ran his tongue over his lips. "Perhaps ——" he said huskily. "Perhaps I should go round to warn the residents."

"No," Perrier answered. "For one thing, you would probably not have time to warn more than one or two. For another, it would be likely to start a panic. There is no danger to people inside the buildings, I assure you."

Aristide scowled at the package, hating it bitterly. "Had it gone off while you were examining it, *mon lieutenant*, what would it have done to you?" he asked.

"It would have killed me," Perrier said casually. "Or perhaps merely blown off my hands and blinded me."

"How would you have disarmed it, had you been able to continue?"

Perrier chuckled. "Are you thinking of taking up my trade?" he asked. "Be careful; it is underpaid and tends to cause indigestion."

Aristide grinned. He liked Perrier. "I am sorry," he said. "I am very interested, and it is hard not to be curious."

"I try," Perrier admitted. "I generally succeed. Mine is a profession which demands the businesslike approach."

Hatred of the parcel had grown in Aristide—grown to a degree that was making waiting nearly impossible. "To hell with it!" he said. "Why does it not explode? It must be ten minutes since we heard the last detonation."

The sound of a third explosion reached them, answering Aristide's question not directly but, as it were, by echo and *sotto voce*, for it came from a long way off. Perrier stirred. "They must have been as busy as bees," he said. "I am going to telephone headquarters in case something may have been found in a less harmless location. Wait here and watch, please."

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

Perrier sucked gently at the wet end of his cigarette. "From the weight and shape of the parcel," he said in a professorial manner, "one would deduce that it contains four cartridges of high explosive—probably plastic, because considerable quantities of this have recently been stolen from army installations in Algeria. It will also contain a time fuse of the chemical type. These fuses are about the size and shape of a propelling pencil, unless they are homemade, when they tend to be bigger and less neatly finished. The time fuse will incorporate a striker and cap and will have a detonator at one end. At least the detonator, and probably the entire fuse, will be buried in the explosive. To render the whole affair harmless one merely has to separate the fuse and detonator from the charges. This, needless to say, should be done with great care and delicacy, for inside the time fuse there will be a fine wire already half eaten away by the action of an acid, and shocks are liable to accelerate this process. That's about all. Have I made the matter clear? It is not a complicated business, generally, because explosive mechanisms decrease in reliability as their complexity increases."

Aristide said solemnly, "You make it sound very ordinary, *mon lieutenant*."

"Yes," Aristide said. "All the gates are locked, by the way, except the one that we entered by."

Perrier nodded. "I shall not be long."

A fourth explosion split the silence of the night. In the seemingly deeper silence that followed, Aristide realized that he had stopped breathing. When his breathing started again, it was deep and stertorous. He clenched his fist and stared at it. He opened his hand and beat hard with the heel of it on the cool stone of the fountain basin. Presently, trembling slightly, he stood up and walked forward.

"A few chips off our marble friend," Perrier had said, "maybe a few windows broken." Not important to Perrier—and reasonably not, by comparison with the risk of mutilation. Aristide admitted this, saw the reason and sanity of it—for Perrier. For himself he saw it differently; as a guardian he knew that he had to guard, or try to guard, and that if he did not he was meaningless. He matched the danger of death against the negation of love and, knowing that he would be thought a fool, calling himself a fool, he walked toward the danger.

With a steadiness of the fingers that astonished him, Aristide parted the wrappings of the parcel. The parcel's contents were exactly as Perrier had prophesied. There were four cartridges of a yellow substance resembling Plasticine; three of them still wrapped in greaseproof paper, and the fourth, stripped of its wrapping, cut longitudinally like a hot dog and wrapped round a device which resembled, at least in its dimensions, a propelling pencil.

Aristide separated the wrapped cartridges from the unwrapped one, allowing the wrapped ones to fall heedlessly to the ground at his feet. The unwrapped cartridge he delicately prized apart, using his big, spatulate thumbs. He detached the pencillike time mechanism from the explosive. At one end of it there was a copper tube which had been squeezed flat—in order to break an acid bottle, he realized—while the other culminated in a slim aluminum tube which he was able to recognize as a detonator.

Once the time mechanism was free of the explosive he slowly straightened his legs and stood upright. Then he held the time pencil away from his face at arm's length and walked like a cat for ten paces. He stooped and laid the mechanism on the ground. He turned his back on it and walked away. When he had gone three paces it exploded. He did not turn round, for there seemed to be absolutely no need.

Perrier was standing by the fountain. As Aristide came up, Perrier took the half-smoked cigarette from his lips and flicked it contemptuously into the fountain. "You are a fool," he said icily. "You are disobedient, insubordinate and a fool."

"Yes," Aristide said. "It seemed—it seemed that it had to be done. I have been on duty here for ten years, and I expect I am a little foolish about the place. I am sorry if I caused you anxiety."

There was a silence. Perrier took out his cigarettes. He was breathing deeply, and Aristide could see the muscles of his cheeks working. Then Perrier sighed, and his right eyebrow cocked sardonically. "Did you not cause yourself anxiety?"

Aristide shook his head. "It seemed so very easy."

Perrier scratched his head and for once inhaled deeply from his cigarette. It made him cough. When he had stopped coughing he smiled. "They have found another one rather too close to the Russian Embassy," he said in a level voice. "I am instructed to go and deal with it. I must not delay, or it may go off before I arrive."

Aristide chuckled. He was immensely happy. He said, "Yes, *mon lieutenant*."

"Please collect the remains of the charge and let me have them later. They may give us a lead on the perpetrators."

"Yes, *mon lieutenant*."

They started walking slowly in the direction of the car. Presently Perrier asked, "Do you want this officially reported?" Aristide shook his head.

"By doing as I did, I did not mean to criticize," Aristide said abruptly. "It was something that I felt the need to do, personally. For you to have done it would have been stupid and unprofessional—I know that."

"Yes," Perrier said. "I know." He got into the car, and the driver started the engine. "You have my admiration," Perrier said. "Good night, *mon vieux*."

"Good night, *mon lieutenant*."

They shook hands through the open car window. A second later the car moved and Aristide stood back to give the driver room to maneuver. A distant explosion sounded, coming from the direction in which the Russian Embassy lay. Aristide saluted, smiling. Perrier waved his hand. Then he was gone. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This critical operation allows no margin for error

The men in the picture are assembling a "repeater" for use in undersea telephone cable. They work in a dust-free atmosphere, under precisely controlled temperature and humidity conditions. Their goal: perfection or as close to it as man can come.

It has to be. For repeaters like this one are used to maintain the strength of communications signals in the deep-sea telephone cables that connect continents together. They must work unseen and untouched for at least 20 years at the bottom of the ocean. Repairs would require lifting the cable from the ocean floor, a costly and time-consuming operation. That's why the repeater is manufactured by Western Electric with a precision and care unmatched in commercial manufacture. That's why all of the over 2,000 parts in its six-foot length—even the selected materials from which they are made—have to pass exacting tests to assure that they will work, not merely now, but years hence under the enormous weight of ocean.

Whether it be to connect continents or neighborhoods, providing high-quality telephone service takes more than skill. It takes teamwork. It's essential that the people who design, make, and operate telephone equipment share a common goal. And they do, as members of the Bell System.

Bell Telephone Laboratories developed the repeater.

Western Electric makes it.

And the Bell Telephone companies—as part of a nation-wide telephone network, together with communications agencies and companies overseas—use it to speed communications for an ever-busier world.

Thus Bell System teamwork, joining people with a shared responsibility for ever-better telephone service, creates communications progress.

We work best because we work together.

Western Electric

Manufacturing and Supply Unit of the Bell System

LICENSED TO MI6.COM
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURIOUS CULT

In the formidable person of one Mrs. Frank O'Connor, a best-selling novelist and philosopher of Russian origin, known to the public as Ayn Rand, a group of far-out right-wingers believe Free Enterprise has found its Joan of Arc. Saint Joan rode into battle brandishing the Cross of Lorraine. As the emblem of Miss Rand's implacable campaign against collectivists, and in defense of a totally unregulated, laissez-faire economy, she wears pinned to her sturdy bosom a solid gold dollar sign. "Money," to echo one of her fictional heroes, "is the root of all good."

In the course of her fifty-six years Ayn (pronounced Ein) Rand, who allows she is "the most creative thinker alive," has produced five books. They include two elephantine novels, *The Fountainhead* (754 pages), which has sold, despite mixed reviews, about 1,250,000 copies since its publication eighteen years ago; *Atlas Shrugged* (1168 pages), published in 1957 and deprecated by most critics, which has sold close to a million copies, and a recently published summary of her philosophical theories entitled *For the New Intellectual*. In her books, as well as in numerous pamphlets, lectures, newspaper, radio and TV interviews, Miss Rand expounds a code of ethics likely to appall even the greediest dollar chaser. It calls for nothing less than the repudiation of the entire moral and spiritual tradition underlying western civilization.

A militant atheist, Miss Rand considers the Sermon on the Mount evil. To her, altruism is a cardinal sin, "rational self-interest" the loftiest virtue. An exemplar of Christian ideals like Albert Schweitzer she terms monstrous. On the other hand she bridles when historians refer to nineteenth-century American businessmen of the stripe of Commodore Vanderbilt as robber barons. The present generation of Rockefellers, with their vast philanthropies, strike her as morally reprehensible. The last U. S. president she admires was Jefferson. As for philosophers, she agrees only with Aristotle and then not entirely.

Interviewing Miss Rand some time ago for his column in the liberal New York Post, Mike Wallace observed, "You sound strangely like Cain, crying, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Aren't you your brother's keeper?"

"I am not," retorted Miss Rand in a Russian accent rich as blintzes with sour cream. "I do not believe in the sacrifice of one man to another."

"If you see a man starving, lying in the street, ill—nothing moves you to give him help?"

"*If* I can afford it and I know nothing evil about the man—yes, in an emergency, I would help him."

"You are anti-Christian?"

"I am not merely anti-Christian. I am antimystical. The cross is the symbol of

Backed by the hard gaze of a fellow literary lion, Ayn Rand muses on altruism: "I do not believe in the sacrifice of one man to another."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OF AYN RAND

BY JOHN KOBLER

torture, of the sacrifice of the ideal to the nonideal. I prefer the dollar sign—the symbol of free trade, therefore of the free mind."

Such sentiments typify a philosophy Miss Rand calls Objectivism, and with missionary ardor she preaches that it can lead mankind to the ideal social state. Now the credo of a steadily growing little cult, Objectivism has its scripture, *Atlas Shrugged*, whose idollartrous superheroes both the founder and the faithful quote as reverently as clergymen quote Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; it has its prophets, five in number; and it has its converts, predominantly young people, scattered throughout the country.

The chief prophet is a thirty-one-year-old, Ontario-born psychologist named Nathaniel Branden, whom Miss Rand has designated her "intellectual heir." In a message appended to the paperback edition of *Atlas Shrugged*, the author announced, "For those who take ideas seriously and who want to learn how to apply my philosophy, Objectivism, to their own lives, a course of lectures is being offered in New York City by Nathaniel Branden."

The response has been encouraging. So far 800 enthusiasts have signed up for the course in New York, where Branden, or one of the lesser prophets, delivers the lectures (twenty of them, each lasting ninety minutes), and 300 in Philadelphia, where Branden's wife Barbara, a cool, trim, efficient blonde, usually graces the podium. In twelve other cities groups averaging twenty students receive enlightenment through tape recordings. The fee for the live course is seventy dollars, for the taped sessions thirty-five dollars. Last year Branden grossed $30,000. Though he distilled the course with Miss Rand's guidance, mainly from her voluminous outpourings, she demands no part of the profits, considering herself adequately compensated by the dissemination of her ideas and the consequent stimulus to the sale of her books.

The New York students are the most privileged, for in New York, at the end of each lecture, the oracle herself mounts the platform to answer questions. A stocky, square-jawed woman, with huge, blazing, hazel eyes, she projects a personality as compelling as a sledge hammer. A woman in the audience once asked, "How can we condemn the Russians when we discriminate against the races?"

"If you don't know the difference between America and Russia," replied Miss Rand, in tones like rolling thunder, "you deserve to find out."

What percentage of Miss Rand's immense readership subscribe to her tenets is impossible to estimate. But to judge from the letters that inundate her and her current publishers, Random House, thousands of people appear to be, if not entirely convinced, at least sympathetic. Ayn Rand clubs have popped up on several college campuses. In literature courses at the University of Illinois and at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, and in a psychology course at the University of Bridgeport, *Atlas Shrugged* is recommended reading. Branden has at this writing received 7000 requests for further information.

When the playwright, Gore Vidal, ran for the House as a Democratic nominee from New York in the last congressional elections, he gathered the impression that Miss Rand was the only writer his fellow politicians knew and talked about. "This odd little woman," Vidal wrote later in a review of *For the New Intellectual*, "has a great attraction for simple people who are puzzled by organized society, who object to paying taxes, who dislike the 'welfare' state, who feel guilt at the thought of the suffering of others but who would like to harden their hearts."

It should be noted, however, that a sizable number of critics value Miss Rand's philosophy. John Chamberlain, a distinguished right-winger, feels that it is "directed toward the creation of an entirely new mental and moral force in the world." Dr. Ruth Alexander, a political commentator for the New York *Mirror*, believes, "Ayn Rand is destined to rank in history as outstanding novelist and profound philosopher of the twentieth century."

What precisely is Objectivism? According to Miss Rand's first premise, whatever exists exists independent of any perceiver. Man can perceive and understand reality, but only through reason. Intuition, emotion, faith have no validity as paths to knowledge.

Reason, however, the argument proceeds, does not function automatically. Man can either apply his mind to a full, conscious perception of reality or he can evade it. In the latter case he can be guided only by such irrationalities as the automatic workings of his unconscious, traditional and religious beliefs. "To think or not to think," says Miss Rand, "therein lies man's only form of freedom."

Why, Miss Rand asks, does man need a moral code? Her answer: except for man, all living species have an automatic code of values to guide the specific course of their actions required for their survival. Man needs to discover a code of values required by his nature to his proper survival. (This is the essential difference between a man's moral values and an animal's values.) Thus, all that which is required for the life of a rational being is the good; all that which negates or destroys it is the evil.

What man must do to survive, Miss Rand declares, what constitutes his noblest activity is to think and produce. It is obvious that those who try to survive by physical force need the existence of the producers they rob and destroy. The looters and moochers—terms Miss Rand applies to all collectivists—can live only by exploiting their victims.

Man's highest moral purpose is his own happiness. How, then, should he treat his fellow men? He should grant them the same rights. He should deal with them as equals in the sense that he claims nothing from them without their consent. The ideal social relationship, as Miss Rand conceives it, is that of traders: one trades goods and services for other goods and services; one trades affection for virtues. "I consider altruism evil," said Miss Rand, "because it treats man as a sacrificial animal. Man should neither sacrifice himself to others, nor others to himself."

From these propositions flow the dicta which variously amuse, shock and nauseate Miss Rand's detractors. For example: One of the most contemptible human symbols is Robin Hood, because he assumed the right to steal goods he had not produced and distribute them to others.

Government should function solely as a police agency to prevent people from initiating physical force against one another. Taxation for welfare is legalized looting. Economy and state should stand as separate as church and state. Under this system every man will be free to choose his own work and to work for his own profit, the amount of which will be determined by the voluntary choice of everybody who wants to trade with him.

Among the critics who deplore Miss Rand's works, opinion is divided as to which is more stupefying, her philosophy or her fiction. They have variously described her doctrine of self-interest as making "well-poisoning seem like one of the kindlier arts," as "crackbrained ratiocination," as "a pitiful exercise in something akin to paranoia," and they have pronounced *Atlas Shrugged* "execrable claptrap," "longer than life and twice as preposterous," "the worst piece of fiction since *The Fountainhead*." The Objectivist zealots tend to dismiss such disparagement as "smears" and possibly part of a Communist conspiracy to discredit the movement.

Quite a number of critics, however, accord Miss Rand a narrative power, a skill at weaving intricate plots and creating suspense, that sweep her millions of readers breathlessly along despite her cardboard characters, improbable dialogue and frequent bursts of logorrhea. Nor do these friendlier critics totally discount her politico-economic jeremiads, especially if they have heard Miss Rand herself, with her flaming, messianic sense of urgency, belt them out. Raking the world around her with verbal grapeshot, as she relentlessly does, she can scarcely fail to score a bull's-eye now and then. Many an American doubtless shares her conviction, for example, that bureaucracy has grown oppressive. But probably few Americans are ready to adopt egoism as an ideal, the one plank in the Randian platform that alienates what might otherwise be a much bigger following.

Atlas Shrugged, the capstone of Miss Rand's literary career and the bible of Objectivism, which has so far earned her more than $100,000, is an apocalyptic fantasy laid in the United States a generation or two hence. Combining elements of Buck Rogers, Mickey Spillane and the Rover Boys, it previsions the horrors awaiting humanity unless it mends its ways according to Randian precepts. A depression grips the country, the result of the Government's tampering with the economy. Most other countries have become Marxist "People's States." Sickened by it all, John Galt, a prodigious physicist, stages a "strike of the men of the mind." Deep in the Colorado Rockies he erects a secret citadel, rendering it invisible even from the air by a shield of "refractor rays."

To this capitalist Shangri-La (or Utopia of Greed, as a climactic chapter is headed) Galt leads the nation's few remaining kindred spirits. They include the heroine, beauteous Dagny Taggart, operating vice president of Taggart Transcontinental Railroad (Miss Rand has a gift for nomenclature a comic-strip artist might envy); one of her former lovers, Francisco Domingo Carlos Andres Sebastián d'Anconia, the world's mightiest copper tycoon, who has scuttled his own global holdings in order to thwart the villainous collectivist governments (Dagny playfully calls him "Frisco," and he calls her "Slug"); Midas Mulligan, a banker ("If an applicant for a loan ever mentioned his personal need, the interview ended."); Ragnar Danneskjöld, a Norwegian pirate, who loots and sinks ships carrying relief cargoes from the United States to the starving People's States . . .

All these archetypal Objectivists are not only mental titans but also noble, strong and handsome as gods. By contrast the collectivists, the likes of Wesley Mouch, top co-ordinator of the Bureau of Economic Planning and National Resources, and Claude Slagenhop, president of the Friends of Global Progress, are both morally depraved and physically repulsive. Indeed, altruism and its corollary vices have so corrupted the nation that, though the striking "men of the mind" number barely a dozen, nobody can run anything right without them. Power failures paralyze the cities. Trains are wrecked. Planes crash. Famine stalks the land. Galt decides to give America a last chance and, in a radio broadcast as prolix as a Castro tirade, he enunciates

What attracts the disciples of this eccentric novelist-philosopher who prefers the dollar sign to the Cross as a guiding symbol for mankind?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AYN RAND the Objectivist manifesto. But the degenerate collectivists in office will not heed him. So he and his fellow Utopians of Greed abandon the country to its doom. Only when darkness and ruin have engulfed the continent do they emerge from hiding. "'The road is cleared,' said Galt. 'We are going back to the world.' He raised his hand, and over the desolate earth he traced in space the sign of the dollar."

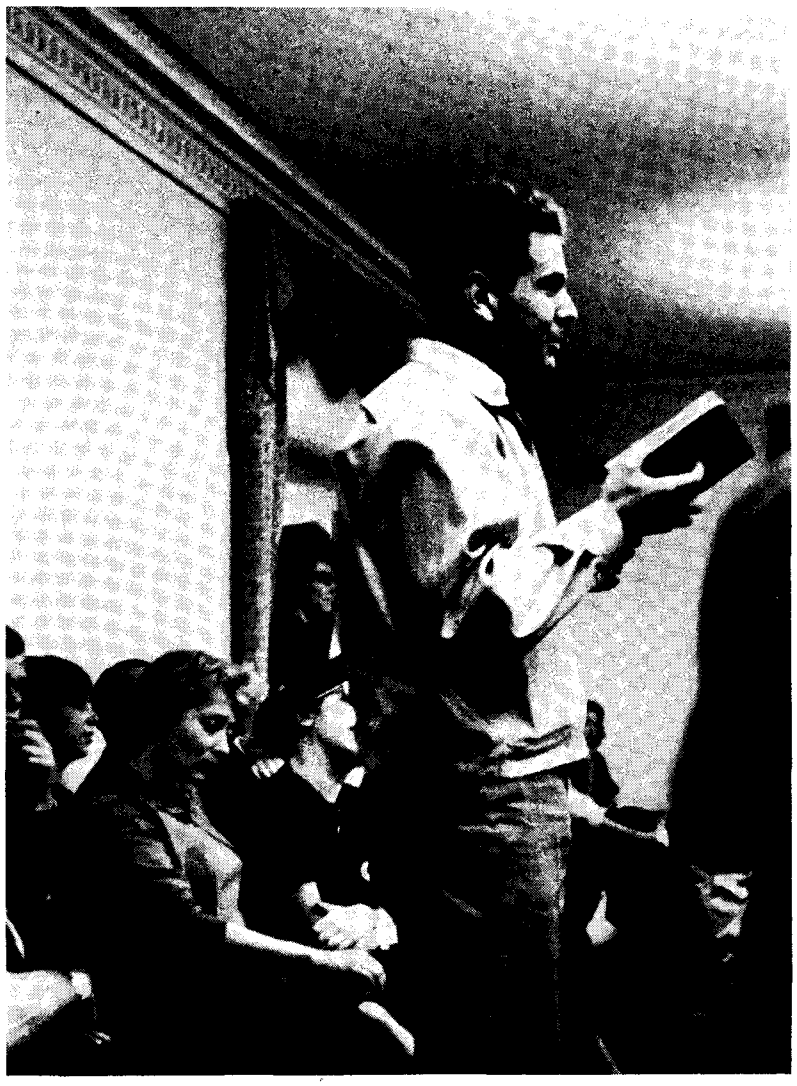
Recalling the Bolshevik propaganda to which she was exposed during her girlhood in St. Petersburg, Miss Rand says: "I knew it was evil." Born during the Revolution of 1905 to a moderately well-to-do Jewish merchant ("Rand" is an Americanization of her maiden name, and "Ayn" a substitute she invented for "Alissa," the name her parents gave her), she attended private schools and the University of Leningrad, where she majored in history. The Bolsheviks, meanwhile, had confiscated her father's business, and the family subsisted for four years by secretly selling their remaining valuables and taking odd jobs. Eventually he landed a post in a government store, while his wife taught foreign languages in state schools. Miss Rand thinks her father was probably an agnostic, but her mother was religious.

When Ayn was twenty-one, her mother's cousin, Mrs. Sarah Lipsky, who ran a movie house in Chicago, suggested she visit her. The Soviet Government, then eager to win recognition from the United States, granted exit visas more readily than it ever did again, and Ayn happily departed with fifty dollars in her purse. She never saw her parents again, and she doesn't know whether they are still alive.

In addition to her philosophical bent the young immigrant harbored literary ambitions. But pending mastery of the English language, she had perforce to seek another occupation and, carrying a letter of introduction from her Aunt Sarah, she headed for Hollywood. There, during the next eight years, she earned from $7.50 to thirty-five dollars week as a movie extra, junior writer and wardrobe stock clerk.

On the set of Cecil B. de Mille's *The King of Kings*, while wandering about in a mob scene, Miss Rand beheld a bit player with the face and form of Apollo. Instantly smitten, she maneuvered herself into a position where the beautiful stranger could not avoid stepping on her feet. Eighteen months later she became Mrs. Frank O'Connor. The marriage, now in its thirty-second year, has produced no children. "By design," says Mrs. O'Connor. "I take motherhood too seriously. I knew my career would be a struggle, and I could not accept two such great responsibilities. Many women have children only because it's the thing to do."

Once Miss Rand learned fluent English she achieved astonishing literary success. She sold the first movie story, the first play and the first novel she submitted. The movie story was *Red Pawn* (gallant wife rescues husband from Soviet slave camp) and, though never filmed, it enriched the author by $1500. The play, *The Night of January 16*, an adroit little courtroom melodrama, innocent of philosophical overtones, ran seven months on Broadway, became a staple of summer stock and was bought by RKO for $10,000. The novel, *We the Living*, also depicted Soviet villainy and foreshadowed Objectivism. Though some of the characters bore a closer resemblance to human beings than any Miss Rand has delineated since, it sold barely 3000 copies in the United States. Since 1960, however, reprints have sold some 500,000.



Aroused by the gospel according to Rand, a listener inquires about the revelations of "Objectivism."

Between *We the Living* and the next novel, *The Fountainhead*—a seven-year period which the O'Connors spent in new York—they had a thin time of it. "I wanted a writer's contract in Hollywood," Miss Rand recounts, "but the Communist influence there was too strong. My agent said he couldn't sell me, because I talked too much against the Soviets." Instead she read scripts part-time for Paramount's eastern office, while O'Connor, whose heart had never really been in acting, worked as a cigar-store salesman. Every spare moment Miss Rand slogged away at her new novel wherein the architect-hero, a precursor of Objectivism, designs a housing development, then dynamites it in protest against a government breach of contract.

Twelve publishers rejected *The Fountainhead*. Then Bobbs-Merrill took the gamble. They soon had cause to rejoice. The novel made the best-seller list, and Warner Bros. paid $50,000 for the screen rights, casting Gary Cooper as the aggressive architect. All together *The Fountainhead* earned Miss Rand a quarter of a million dollars. Hal Wallis Productions, moreover, restored her to Hollywood with a five-year contract starting at $500 a week and climbing to $1500.

Thus rewarded, Miss Rand bought a Neutra-designed, steel-and-aluminum house in the San Fernando Valley formerly occupied by Marlene Dietrich, and there embarked upon *Atlas Shrugged*. O'Connor grew flowers commercially. But the tempo of Southern California life proved too languid for the energetic author, and in 1951, after renting the house, the couple returned to New York and a modest four-room apartment. They have lived in New York ever since.

When, six years later, Miss Rand finished *Atlas Shrugged*, there was no dearth of publishers eager to acquire it. Random House bagged the prize with one of the biggest advances ever offered for a novel—$50,000 and a $25,000 advertising guarantee. Money alone, however, did not suffice to win over Miss Rand. She hesitated because she felt Random House had published some books that leaned far to the left. The president of the firm, Bennett Cerf, reminded her that he had also published *The FBI Story*.

"I advocate absolute laissez-faire capitalism, you know," she warned him. "How do you stand on that issue?"

"The prospect doesn't bother me," Cerf replied soothingly. "I guess I'd make out all right in any free competitive system."

This Miss Rand heartily approved.

"But," interposed another officer of the firm, "don't your views clash with the Judaeo-Christian tradition?"

"Of course they do," said she, delighted by his perceptiveness. "That's the whole point. I am presenting a new morality."

At length, in an atmosphere of mutual admiration, she signed the contract. The editors later implored her to shorten the mammoth novel (which one reviewer would call "a masochist's lollipop"), but not a syllable would she delete, and the Niagara of 645,000 words flowed undiluted into print.

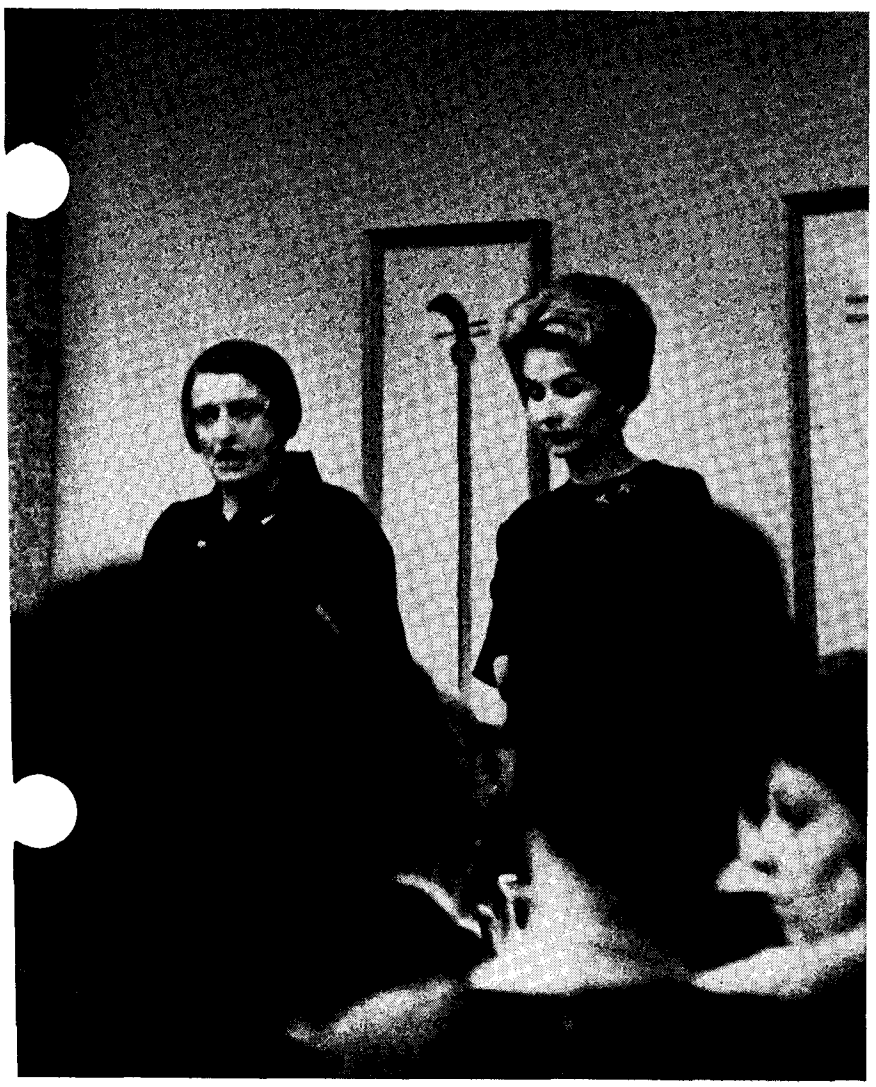
From Miss Rand's writings and public pronouncements one might assume her to be a misanthrope in whom the milk of human kindness has curdled to the last drop. A superficial acquaintance tends to confirm the impression. Brave men, meeting her for the first time, have been known to quail under her glacial stare of appraisal. When arguing her philosophy, she will suddenly stop dead, transfix her opponent with a long, hard look and ask, "Are you in focus?" Slow to laughter and seldom attempting a joke herself, she has little patience with conventional social pastimes. Her only hobby is collecting agates. She goes to few parties and rarely entertains, though given an interested listener, she will happily expatiate on Objectivism until dawn, chain-smoking filter-tip cigarettes all the while through a filter-holder. "I don't know how to make small talk," she says, "and I don't enjoy listening to it. I'm a wallflower." Pitying people who admit to frailties they can neither understand nor control, she insists, "I have never had an emotion I can't account for."

But the few friends close enough to peer behind the chilled-steel façade—and outside the Objectivist inner circle they are very few—have discovered a warm, compassionate, unpretentious woman, as humanly prone to foibles and inconsistencies as any ordinary unfocused mortal. Her favorite theatrical hero is that shameless altruist, Cyrano de Bergerac; her favorite composer, the romantic and frequently sentimental Rachmaninoff. At the same time she places Mickey Spillane in the front rank of contemporary writers. "He's a romantic realist like me, a true moralist," she explains. "His characters are all black or all white, never gray. Grays don't interest me." She lavishes indulgent affection on a half-Persian tomcat named Frisco—after Francisco Domingo and so forth of *Atlas Shrugged*—who rips to shreds every piece of upholstery he can get his claws into. She refers to Branden and his associate lecturers as "the Class of '43" (the year *The Fountainhead* was published). Her nickname for her husband is "Cubby-ho."

A quiet, courtly, diffident man of considerable charm, still lean and handsome at sixty-two, who recently took up painting, O'Connor would seem to be incapable of the ruthlessness practiced by the Randian heroes. Nevertheless Miss Rand speaks of him as the prototype, both physical and moral, of John Galt, and Random House used a portrait of him to advertise *Atlas Shrugged*.

The novel is dedicated to O'Connor and Nathaniel Branden. The latter entered Miss Rand's life during her San Fernando Valley phase. He was then nineteen, a freshman psychology student at U.C.L.A., which his future wife attended as a philosophy student. Since age of fourteen he had read *The Fountainhead* forty times and, responding to its message as fervently as Moses receiving

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mrs. Nathaniel Branden (right), the wife of Miss Rand's "intellectual heir," moderates as the author discourses in a question period.

the Torah on Mount Sinai, he wrote Miss Rand a fan letter seeking further knowledge. There ensued the first of many colloquies in the valley retreat, some lasting through the night, after which Branden would snatch a few hours' sleep on a sofa and resume the discussion upon awakening. He spent an average of forty dollars a month in toll calls to his mentor. "Nathan," Miss Rand attests, "was the first budding genius I had ever met. But he didn't know what capitalism really was. He thought it was what prevailed under Truman."

By his own accounts, too, Branden was an adolescent prodigy. He had barely turned twenty when he crystallized a tentative Objectivist theory of psychotherapy. Without claiming to be a psychologist, he then proceeded to apply it, at their request, to several acquaintances suffering from emotional disturbances. All of them, he reports, recovered after analytic sessions lasting six to twenty months in which he plumbed their subconscious, a record few professional analysts with long clinical training can match.

Two years later, while doing postgraduate work at New York University, he went into professional practice, charging ten dollars an hour. (Psychologists then needed no license to practice in New York State as they do now.) "I treated eighty-nine patients all told," he says, "in most cases I got at least symptom relief. It's too soon to tell how many cures were real." In 1958 he called a halt to devote himself to writing and to the Nathaniel Branden Lectures. He is now embodying his theory in a book. "My interpretation of neuroses," he predicts, "will provide the most successful means of cure." But the afflicted need not wait that long. There is an associate of Branden, a Dr. Allan Blumenthal, who practices Objectivist psychotherapy.

After their marriage the Brandens rented an apartment and office near the O'Connors, the better to work with their preceptor, and into the Objectivist fold they gradually introduced friends and relatives who, like them, had been overwhelmed by *The Fountainhead*. Every Saturday evening the Class of '43, originally numbering a dozen, packed the small O'Connor living room while the philosopher dispensed wisdom and her husband sat opposite, serene and benign. Advanced class members were privileged to read parts of *Atlas Shrugged* fresh from her typewriter. Following publication of the novel, Branden launched the first lecture course.

Under the conditions of enrollment applicants must not only have read *Atlas Shrugged* ($6.95 in hard covers, ninety-five cents in paperback), but must concur in its doctrine. Curious outsiders may attend a single lecture upon payment of $3.50, but are forbidden to ask questions. "We don't like to waste time covering ground already familiar to those taking the whole course," Branden explains. The enjoinder further serves to eliminate hecklers. Occasionally, however, some visitor is so carried away that he breaks the rule, thereby risking Miss Rand's ire. One evening, after Branden had finished lecture No. 4 (*The destructiveness of the concept of God*), an overwrought young visitor jumped up, shouting: "Talk, talk, talk. I'm sick of talk. What are your practical plans?"

"Plans?" said Miss Rand, training the full incandescence of her magnificent gaze upon the upstart. "This is not a political-action committee. This is a philosophical movement."

"Then what's it all about?" the youth persisted.

"Are you a student?"

"No. I just dropped in."

She demolished him with a look. "You are here under false pretenses . . ."

Such interlopers are hard to exclude from lectures open to a heterogeneous audience. Miss Rand is equal to any challenge, however. Her 1961 winter schedule, for example, included an afternoon and evening lecture on altruism vs. self-interest at Syracuse University. In advance of the event the student *Daily Orange* reported, "She has been accused of being a Nazi sympathizer, because of her neo-Nietzschean philosophy of extreme individuality." The afternoon audience waited for Miss Rand in vain, and she consented to appear that evening only after a university spokesman apologized as follows, "The story was unfortunate in that it gives currency to an accusation which is grossly unjust and erroneous." Still smoldering, Miss Rand was quoted by an Associated Press reporter as saying, "What they said about me was inspired either by Communists or namby-pamby compromisers."

Few proselytizers ever moved their disciples to fiercer loyalty than the founder of Objectivism, and woe betide critics who speak slightingly of her. When a *Newsweek* book reviewer, *Leslie Hanscom*, wrote, after reading *For the New Intellectual*, "Although Ayn Rand, the philosopher, is of questionable stature, compared with Ayn Rand, the novelist, she towers like Aristotle," the faithful fired a barrage of menacing letters at the magazine: "Vicious, vile and obscene . . . an act of unprecedented depravity . . . irresponsible hoodlums . . . Since you propose to behave like cockroaches, be prepared to be treated as such." A Philadelphian warned Hanscom, "Stay out of Philly!" Three *Newsweek* advertisers also got letters suggesting they take a closer look at the kind of magazine they were doing business with.

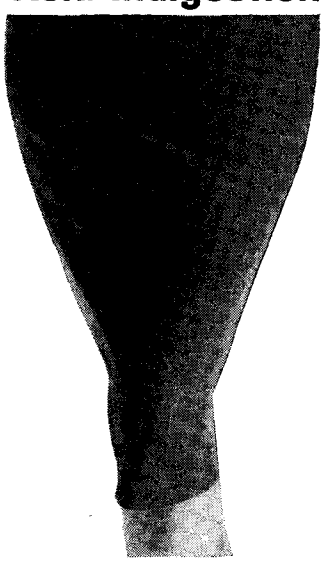
The New York *World-Telegram* TV critic, Harriet Van Horne, drew equally hot fire for bracketing the Objectivists with such hate groups as the John Birchers. She published a retraction of sorts: "Obviously, a true disciple of Randism does not hate any particular group. He is much too busy hating everybody."

The coming months promise to be busier than ever for the Objectivists. In addition to the lectures, the Brandens are writing a study of what one Randian calls "the greatest individual who ever lived." They are also bringing out, in partnership with Miss Rand, a monthly news letter with a first printing of 2000. The philosopher herself, meanwhile, will be hard at work on a definite text of Objectivism. It may take many years to finish and run to several volumes.

THE END

NOW!
RELIEF FROM ALL 5
ACID CAUSED
STOMACH TROUBLES
in seconds!

Upset Stomach
Heartburn
Gas Pains
Nervous Stomach
Acid Indigestion



Whether tension-caused or due to over-indulgence in food or drink, Phillips' brings relief from all five stomach troubles — *in seconds!* For the cause of all these stomach troubles is excess acidity. And scientific tests show Phillips' starts to neutralize excess acids in seconds! Yet stomach and lower intestinal walls remain completely free to do their digestive work. There's no digestive interference.

So when the fast pace of living gives you one of these stomach troubles, take Phillips'. You'll feel fine in practically no time!

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF
MAGNESIA

REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

NO STATE NEED PERMIT ITS CITIZENS TO BE FORCED INTO UNIONS

"Right to work" laws have received both a kiss and a blow in recent weeks. The blow was struck by the National Labor Relations Board in a ruling concerning Indiana's right-to-work law.

Indiana, along with eighteen other states, has a law which outlaws compulsory membership in labor unions—as well as compulsory nonmembership. Under the Taft-Hartley law, union-shop contracts may not be made in states having right-to-work laws. However, the NLRB, recently reinforced with "liberals" appointed by President Kennedy, has ruled that, although union leaders cannot force Indiana workers to join their unions, the workers can be compelled to pay an "agency fee" equal to what they would have paid in dues had they joined the union. They would get none of the benefits, but would pay the same amount in dues! The NLRB majority declares that this "agency shop" is "an acceptable form of union security" which leaves the freedom of the individual worker unimpaired.

Thus the NLRB not only reversed its former position on this matter but did so with a touch of hypocrisy. Even the labor bosses must have got a laugh out of the board's statement that the worker, who has to pay the equivalent of dues to an organization which he doesn't want to join, is "free." The correct view was expressed by the board's lone dissenter, Boyd Leedom, who said that "the agency-shop clause, through the disparity of benefits provided as between union members and nonmembers—all paying the same fees and dues—would permit the union and the employer inevitably to coerce the employees into joining the union. In this way, for all practical purposes, the very thing is achieved that the Federal statute guarantees shall not be required of employees in a right-to-work state, quite as effectively as if the union contract expressly provided for union membership as a condition of continued employment."

The "kiss" for the right-to-work laws was bestowed by the Supreme Court, which refused to overturn a Kansas high-court decision that t "agency shop" was an evasion of the Indiana could doubtless amend its right-to-work law to include a clause forbidding unions to collect from nonmembers "dues, charges, fees, contributions, fines or assessments," either directly or by such subterfuges as the agency shop. Even the newly conditioned NLRB would find that one hard to handle, and the courts, according to current form, would sustain it.

RED CHINA LOOKS FORWARD TO AN ERA OF ERSATZ BABIES

The Red rulers in Peking are delighted to learn that scientists in Europe have succeeded in growing human embryos in a laboratory. The possibilities are pointed out by the official Peking newspaper of the Communist Party, *Jenmin Jih Pao* (*People's Daily*): "If children can be had without being conceived, working mothers need not be afflicted by childbirth. This is happy news for women."

This "planned nonparenthood" is even happier news for dictator Mao Tse-tung and his economic and military planners. Here come the babies, by the thousands, rolling off the assembly line in the lab! And "working mothers" can stay in the factories, without taking time off for childbirth—or even knowing that it has occurred.

Love, too, is the subject of a pronouncement by the Communists. The Red Flag Literary and Art Critique Group of Peking University lately published an article in *China's Youth* magazine, notifying young people that it is impossible for persons of different classes to fall in love.

Can it be that the students at Peking University have no knowledge of the youthful life of the revered father of Marxists all the world over, Karl Marx himself? At eighteen, while a student at Bonn University, Marx became secretly engaged to a girl of noble birth, Jenny von Westphalen. Marx had neither money nor social standing, while Jenny's father was a rich government official descended from German and Scottish nobility.

It is true that one of Marx's admiring biographers, Otto Rühle, suggests that the student was less in love than embarked on "an act of conquest," of "self-assertion on the part of a youth who at heart was dubious as to his own prestige." But all wooings are self-assertions, and the fact remains that Marx married Jenny.

Communists lay down the law about beauty too. According to their literary magazine, *Tu-Shu*, nothing is beautiful unless it serves "the political ends of the proletariat." When Communists say "the proletariat," they usually mean the Communist Party—which is controlled by intellectuals, not workers. The real meaning of the new edict is that no work of art is beautiful unless it helps the Communist Party to maintain its grip on the people.

Chinese musicians, as well as pain ers, sculptors, and so on, have been complaining against being forced to go into the fields and the factories to increase production. The toil has often worn them out. But now the Communist Party Committee at the Peking Central Music Conservatory has announced that heavy labor is good for artists. There is nothing like pick-and-shovel work to pep up a violinist.

NOW IT'S THE WIVES OF RETIRED MEN WHO ARE THE PROBLEM

After years of agonized debate over what to do with people when they become too old to work, or were so judged by common consent, came Social Security, followed by hundreds of corporate retirement plans. We are now faced with widespread consternation over what a man can do, once retired. There have been rather nauseating suggestions of morris dancing, basket weaving and "discussions of public affairs with others of one's age group." Ed Streeter, who saw the twentieth-century male through World War I (*Dere Mable*) and the marriage of his daughter (*Father of the Bride*), now comes up with *Chairman of the Bored* (Harper), a novel which makes retirement about the grimmest experience this side of the grave.

However, the University of Michigan's division of gerontology has been "researching" this retirement business and concludes that retired men seldom drop dead or go mad. Indeed, according to Dr. Wilma Donahue, whose findings are published in *The Handbook on Social Gerontology* (University of Chicago Press), the health of retired people tends to improve. With the wives of retired men the situation seems somewhat less rosy. Doctor Donahue reports that wives of executives hate to have their husbands retire for fear of loss of status and because "they do not want their husbands to be home all day."

There is confirmation of this latter anxiety in a recent column by Red Smith, the philosopher among sports columnists. Mr. Smith cites the case of Mrs. George Weiss, wife of the former general manager of the New York Yankees. Her husband had been separated from his position with the Yankees and between jobs was pretty much at home. When he eventually got another job, somebody said to Mrs. Weiss, "Must be a relief to get the old grouch out of the house." To which she replied, according to th ever-reliable Red Smith, "Brothe married the guy for better or wor but not for lunch!"

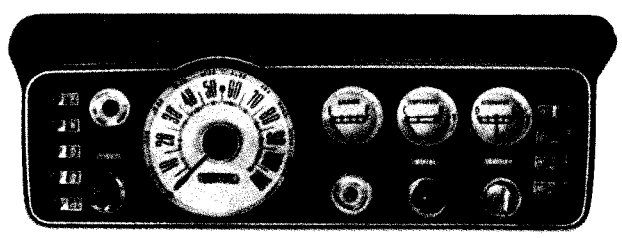
While the gerontologists are working on that one, the defense rests.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inside and out— Valiant looks like twice its price!

King-size bucket seats—beautiful enough for a queen—distinctive jet-scoop grille and cockpit-cluster instrument panel are just a few of the fine-car innovations you find in the exciting new Valiant Signet 200, America's lowest-priced hardtop with bucket seats! Why not come test-drive one today?



Valiant, with Trim-Line Design, has a lively looking new-car personality all its own—and it has the 101-horsepower spirit to live up to its look of motion when you say: Scat!

Some difference between Valiant and other low-priced American compacts. Look at the luxurious interior of the exciting new Valiant Signet 200, for example. Hard to believe it's actually the lowest-priced hardtop with bucket seats built in America today! But here it is.

LET'S STEP OUTSIDE...

nlike most American compacts which resemble nothing so much as their full-size relatives, Valiant's distinctively different design started with Valiant. That's the reason so many people interviewed in survey after survey, throughout the country, voted the Valiant's lively styling America's best-looking compact car design!

GO? IF YOU SAY SO!

To top it off, Valiant has gumption to go with its good looks. Matter of fact, you have to pay extra for an optional engine in most other compacts at Valiant's low starting price to match Valiant's standard horsepower. And for all its get-up-and-go, Valiant still puts many a carefree mile between gas pumps! A Valiant scored 26.13 mpg in the last Mobilgas Economy Run, for example! Other Valiant savings—oil changes are needed only half as often as last year—and there's Valiant's new 32,000-mile lubrication cycle on the major chassis points. Durable? Believe it! Valiant's sturdy one-piece Unibody is dipped seven times and sprayed six times to help prevent rust. You'll see what a difference that makes three winters from now!

COME SEE FOR YOURSELF—TODAY!

Drive the King of the Compacts. You know where—see a Plymouth-Valiant dealer! Select your favorite among the exciting new Signet, elegant V-200, or economical V-100 series. All quality-engineered by Chrysler Corporation!

Nobody beats VALIANT for value!

STYLE LEADER OF THE COMPACTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1961, Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Florida

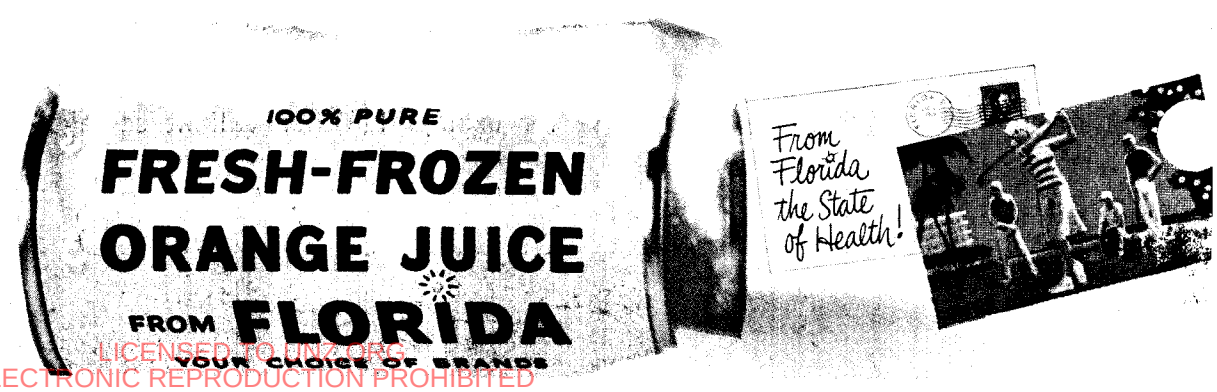
She's been burning up Vitamin C all day

A refreshing orange juice break replaces energy and the Vitamin C she's used up since breakfast

Get the real thing: If the label says "orange juice drink" it's not pure Fresh Frozen Orange Juice —Nature's Powerhouse of Vitamin C!

Get the real fresh taste: Shake vigorously before each serving for more delicious flavor.

Get real economy! Two sizes: 6-ounce can and the 12-ounce family size that makes 8 glasses.



LICENSED TO GINZ PRO
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED